

**KASEY JUEDS**

**Messenger**

What about sparrows    storm gathered  
in the maple            one crow lifted

toward the sky's            different dark  
inside your hands           it's already winter

in the silence-house            the nowhere hours  
in the book with            one name

written on the flyleaf            saying itself  
in fading ink            if you could

hear me            if I  
could speak            only wind

in leaves            dissolves  
this sleep            wind mistaken

first    for distant traffic  
mistaken then    for sea