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The Homophonic Translation of Birdsong

—after Alan Sonfist's Time Landscape

Like leaves to the trees, the leaves come—
Serrated, palmate, lobed, entire.

Never a sycamore leaf to a birch or a birch to a maple branch.
No errors, no revisions. Natural

As in according to its nature, the code inscribed
In its green charter and by-laws.

Which is not to say the coming is easy.

Like a sparrow pecking among the gravel
Or winnowing dust for seed,

Like a catbird eating ants from a witch-hazel wand
Or a towhee thrashing about in dry leaf-fall,

The titmouse sings. From inside the nightshade
She sings *cheater, cheater! teacher, teacher!* Repeatedly.

Which is not to say she is wrong either way.