

AMELIA KLEIN

Intent

Then, overnight,
new leaves, their newness

astonishing as a stranger's
trust. And again it seems

possible to live
differently, my mind

veined with green as a blackbird
chases his shadow

back and forth between
the wires. Simplicity,

intention wedded perfectly
to action, lines

of current, lines
of flight. The bird, the human

and what the human makes,
all hierarchies washed out

beneath the leaves. Until I
build them up again.

I have no choice:
I choose. All summer long,

I constellate the shadows
as the slur of pollen falls.