

GARY LARK

Song

In the goose-down air
of spring a song drifts up
the row of trailers.
The voice, pale and unprofessional,
lingers like a scent
on the porches, under eaves,
rises through cottonwood leaves.

Neighbors have stopped talking,
as if accepting a blessing
of the unsayable, the unknowable.
After it stops we hesitate,
unwilling to let go
of something we never held.