

KASEY JUEDS

The Guardians

Again still the birds  
surround you say *always*

though you do not  
always admit them

clotted as your thoughts are  
blotting out their constant

high-up shiver the way they shape  
this air stitching the invisible

net that holds you as you have wanted  
so long to be held

you know them mostly  
as rustle as tremble in the chest

in thickness of late leaves  
singing infrequently now and seen

if they are only from the corner  
of an eye admit Apostle

what tethers you here  
amid foliage not yet kindled

only one branch of maple  
reddened before the rest