

FROM THE WINDOW

The sister siren up the street—
“Oh human children, what has happened now?”—
Fading from voicetop only to repeat,
It makes me wonder how

I could be brought to that impasse,
To yank the stopcocks on my tanks of fear,
Loosing in seven-colored clouds the gas
That lights on striking air.

You minstrelbird, you nightingale,
Injury, death, and sickness have removed
Your every holding-back; yours is a wail
That Greeks would have approved.

Could I be sent a grief so wide,
My voice would rise, irreparably unbound,
The future would fall away like a buildingside,
And men would jump from windows at the sound.