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Willing

E. Evans

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Willing

E. Evans

In my sleep I dream endlessly of birds,
the mathematics of jazz.
Grey-winged finches in a fan kick.

Rain shutters the morning.
The dogwood closed,
their buds in a lockbox of limb.
The azaleas, like children,
climb onto anything that stills.

The showerhead drips onto the tile,
almost a song.

Let this, all this, be a lesson, it hums.
The waking,
the distance,
the bluebird

crushed in the polished parking lot.