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Evening Bird

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Burkard: Evening Bird

EVENING BIRD

Michael Burkard

You know something before you do,
and then you walk off without knowing you do
know, because the first part—the first note—
of the melody of not knowing is not—
it takes the form of a moth gently entering
your ear when you were suffering as a fifteen year old
from a disease—like whooping cough—when as in
some of life—then and now—you could not get
your breath—and the lack of breath would come
unexpectedly.

But the moth has entered gently as you now
know—and you know because the moth is flapping
its wings inside your ear—it sounds like the moth
it is—but to tell anyone as you did then and now
sounds like an impossibility—but the moth was
never gotten—not believed either except by yourself
and the melodies it contributed to over places and years
—places and years of breath in song sometimes—
the melodies and “ideas” would just start—often
with a trigger—often without.

Evening Bird.

O Evening Bird.

I knew you before I knew you.

Take flight if you need to, to another.

You have gifted me enough.

But if you choose
I will be more than glad to keep keeping you.
Evening Bird.

3/22/06

in memory of Charlie Bagley