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## Three Sestets

Chelsea Henderson

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Henderson: Three Sestets  
**THREE  
SESTETS**

**CHELSEA  
HENDERSON**

**ON WAKING**

A winter wren sings from a fence post,  
a song twice his size. *Look—*  
how the light disrobes

the windows, stunned and wide-eyed in the glare,  
how it enters the house and finds the teakettle,

cool and drowsy on the front burner. *Say something,*  
the wren urges, as the sun sets fire  
to the copper belly, *whistle.*

**WALKING HOME IN EARLY AUTUMN**

There's a violin sketched on the brick wall behind the dress boutique,  
penciled pegs, strings & all,  
about as large & as quiet

as sadness. Surely the artist was an exile, a prodigal;  
there's the unmistakable shape of a woman's torso.  
To think

I could pass it a hundred times, unseeing. To think I could  
lay a hand on the maple tree & find myself suddenly reeling, lost.

Of course we had to go out.

The moon burgeoning,  
ready for plucking,

hand- & mouthful, lucid.

Bramble of stars, privets & hedges  
of constellations.

Tremor of earth mid-swivel,  
the night full of our endless looking.

ON WAKING

A winter went sleep from a forest post  
a song twice his shoe took—  
how the light shivers

the window stuns and whistles to the glass  
how it enters the house and finds the table like

cool and drowsy on the floor runner. Day snows  
the west night as the sun sets the  
to the copper bells, winter

WAKING NOW IN EARLY MORNING

There's a vision etched on the back wall behind the three paintings  
pencil page, stripes & dots  
about as bright as a point

as a single flower the next was an entire a probability  
there's the omniscient stare of a woman's face  
to think

like I could see it if I touched that window. To think I could  
be a head on the night too & that night, without waiting for