

wilderness

Dear ~~love~~, lend me your name. Your silhouette depleted, I have nothing

to call you. What then, a blank dedication?

I write a late vow, ~~currawow~~, and stroke

your famed black gloss. I rinse a bluish muck, ~~laughing owl~~, and flick

your lantern tongue. Even on paper, you are lost.

~~Crackle~~, I know you from the search engine:

Endangered & Threatened, a torrent to sift. I find you, shattering.

The final ~~parrot~~ is no sky-raked plummet — rather,
you scrape a hole to die in. I scratch at each refuge,

as if vastness was completeness, as if either could make amends.

Did you notice, ~~petrel~~, my mementos — nests and
feathers and shells? Dear ~~night heron~~, you posed,

plucking frogs from the mud, then blinked and slid into the sea.

Dear ~~auk~~ shuffling ice, ~~grebe~~ rippling
a mirror, I am out with binoculars, spotting

your absence. ~~Passenger pigeon~~, your message a shroud

of wings, the sky dark with flight. Dear
silence, I know your name by your song.