

JOELLE BIELE

To Andrew: at Four Weeks

The barn doors yawn into the night
and the two tall pines hang their hats
on the moon and you sleep your milky sleep
while the pond swirls the clouds
like a new spoon. Even the inch-long peepers
have finally piped down and your cradle glides
with the sea's long pull as if your heart
never whirred like a bird's and your body
never heaved into the bloody light
and your mouth never let out that filmy cry
when you sank into my arms. Where does
a birth like that go? Will your arm bristle
when you put your hand on the door?
Will our skin sting when the air falls?