

Maureen Alsop

Dear 1949

Burdock spreads through fields where the waiter
once served soup-black

 burls of brine. In February
the lady's gown rations inadvertent mauves.

 Sun speechless, they lean close
 as one leans into words, affectionately
the smaller bird's softly song by dozens —

ankle-height, moorcock scurry in the grass. Oxen
carry sleep's reflection. Heat billows, he shelters
the angle drawing light from the candle, then
pins weeds against her breast. How well

it is understood to be human. The woodland river
bruised. Deer woke. At the table his hand grazed her thigh,
his fingers reaching into her hair as he listened. Moss strayed
in his button — once

as if they were saying it: soft-whistled
 through mirrors, their voices
a short trembling snow.

