

Junco

On a deep white SKY
she's pressing her STARS
SNOW STORY of seek and find

pull of shrouded weed SEEDS, maybe,
an UNDER-CHART of many, or few,

and STEPPING winter time her
each DEBOSS is both call
and answer,
the TICKTACK pattern
both

her docket of the WORK
at hand

and one bird's ASTRAL
MAPPING, divine
TRANSMISSION through
her shoulders, back,
tiny PORTAL
for a greater MYTH

and by just this
she makes it SO.