

Wren's Nest

Vic Chesnutt

Like at the wren's nest
Like at rock eagle
Ironies swirl and hearts are twisted taut
Around their pivot points

The stag scrapes his felt on a scrubby dogwood tree

Like at the warm springs
Like at key club
Residuals are what get to one
Reach toxic levels with time

Even the pretty fawn is full of wolf worms in the summer

Oh, so horribly intensely I prayed
Let me evaporate

But the dying autumn leaves are beautiful, too

Like on the flint river
Like at the mica mines
Conversations escalated
Voices trembled and cracked

The barn owl's white belly is like a flash bulb
Instantly illuminated by a moonbeam
As he swoops silently before us
Toward a fateful meeting in the forest

Oh, so horribly intensely I prayed
Let me evaporate