

A Thousand Syllables

Bibio

I saw your handprint in the snow on the gate to the churchyard
I followed your footprints on the path
Under the yew I saw a frozen dewdrop spider's web
And percolating through the boughs and branches:
A thousand syllables of silver bird song
Through the blankets of the falling snow
Like a single zero on a blank page
I saw a wreath upon your grave