

Wallace Stevens

Vic Chesnutt

I saw a blackbird
Thirteen ways
Then strew a fist many
Mountains away
My evangelism felled
Brutally taken
By breezes that rubbed me
And lifted light raven

I stretched to borrow
Fine antebelleum
To encase all the scrapings
Of us civilised fellow
I wanted to stash them
To secretive cages
With that fabulous blackbird
Of thirteen stages