

**sculpture**

*after James Wright*

when the trees  
are not trees

when leaves are  
flashing faces in sunlight

I pass  
parachute spider webs  
    ghost footprints  
        gossamer cities  
abandoned in a stretch of ivy

I avoid stepping on them  
    as if they are some secret whisper  
    stitches in the circle  
    of who I am

I do not know  
how many times I've come here  
following a thin deer trail  
past tiny claws of brambles

collecting rocks and feathers  
    vines and bones  
for the sculpture I'm building:

    a bird-snake  
loving and hating itself  
in all its curves and edges  
    sliding across the sky

    searching for a crack  
    in the top of the world

**from *Mudsong***