

Woodcock Feather

As light as whatever you wish,
some fostering fall, perfection
of snow or the tiptapping brush

of a leaf. November, and look
we're still here. I've thought
how we once broke cover, our quick

double flight shaped out
of moss and grass, leaving
this scapular feather. Soft, is it

slate? Is it ash? Gray, my love,
shading to rufous, a form
interfusing, allusive:

spreckled, barred, streaked, a gather
of mottle and margin, or touch, or
breath we also have drawn together.

Peter Sanger