

POETRY

JACQUELINE KARP

I Shall Step

slowly into this poem
so as not to ruffle your *période de repli*. I imagine
you sitting, wings wrapped
tight around you, like the buzzard I saw today
somewhere between Champdeniers and La Crèche,
hunched into his tawny feathers on his lonely perch,
motionless above the flooded field, impervious
to traffic, trying to blend unnoticed
into grey and brown of winter hedge and old stone wall.

He looked for all the world
like a rough bunch of wool atop a distaff
waiting
to be teased out into thin thread.