

*From "The Writing of an Hour"*

Heating soup in the kitchen, even though this is the hour of writing, glance at three french baguettes that need to be tossed into the woods for animals to eat: back on the bed, propped up and keyboarding, sniffles, and looking at blue socks on my feet, and this view of green grass despite the season, leaves of curled brown, like brown butcher's paper and the summer lawn chairs. Seed heads of overgrown border weeds, and what about that humpback whale videoed in Hudson River, a singular traveler, through heavy boat traffic and if the whale is lost or sick, how lonely or maybe not, is this mammal, who surfaces to breathe.

*Late hours/another hour/early hours/happy hour/visiting hours*

All the elements of the dying hour surround my laptop, in the dying blades of cut grass and in the dying battery. Finches continue their making of a nest of twigs and grasses, but I know the nest is early paper, the raw ingredients and pulp. I know the world is a page turner, a paper globe, and I know that the birds are the great writers of the sky.