

I.

to see the world  
from the shoulder  
of a single still blackbird

to see the world  
that it sees, feel  
the sudden motion of its head

to see the world  
reflected  
in its onyx eye

II.

to feel the world  
as moss on stone,  
rocks in the stream

to feel the world  
moving,  
such stillness...

to feel the world  
round like a rock  
in a pocket

III.

(winter is here, behind  
a mountain;  
we enter it like a room,

like children  
crossing the street,  
looking both ways;

blackbirds  
surrounded by snow...)

Poetry Group 11/29/90