For a Child Born Dead at Home

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CROW

Missile holed to the sky
whorling ships
cherries split to stone

Birch is finite
  crows
magnify the source
dive the
absences framing
dusk

Winged sonata
  the song does not
console, the music
strapped to birch

There are no
umbrellas for this rain
too few hands
to map the wings

There are broken
laws in crows, a
general cadence of
defoliation

FOR A CHILD BORN DEAD AT HOME

The belly was its own reward, the
seed a window into all things hanging.

There is more to clean than memory.
The linoleum is stained with the heat
of him, the dishrags swell with his
stony voice.

She's like a moonless planet now,
apologetic, unlighted, moving silently
in the dust of her explosion.

    Tomorrow
we will learn the map of still life,
the terse land where oranges contradict
the touch, the tapestry of classic
imitation.

But the belly was its own reward, the
seed a scale of all things passing.

Outside the owls fall from the hardwood
diving on the abandoned skins of snakes;
both of them are right and tonight
I want to kill something.