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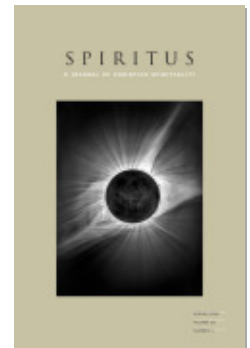
Still the Heart

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MARK S. BURROWS

—with thanks to Wallace Stevens for the opening line and a half

*It's not every day that the world arranges
itself in a poem, though some days it does,*

a redbird singing brightly from somewhere
in the last creases of the night as the sun

braids her cords through the maple's arms,
still hidden in the veil of early-edging gold.

This is prayer, whether the mind agrees or
the ear attends, whether the bird has a name

or a tree. Most days, though, it's a world
of creatures and things keeping their own

counsel, the days and nights cycling by
without any purpose we can ever tell.

And all the while the redbird's simple
song lifts a burst of joy into the rising day,

rhyming the light and tuning the silences.
And still the heart sings.



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