The day is fastened
around the bronze irises
of the grackles as they flash
en masse through the yard.

An airplane’s dumb echo
passes over, buzz seeping
through clouds. A small toy
in my gut is coming apart,

the grass pounding fresh
spikes at the sky. One grackle
in the colony loosens
a heavy worm from the earth

leaving a dark inlet
in its place. So these

are the shy, unlit mines
of the body’s abiding.