

## Song of the Lark

I could love the man at dawn  
in the field. if the wheat  
murmurs at my ankles  
and the mares-tail clouds tremble  
and rise in gentle inflame –  
the grass under its lamina of  
dew, the reliable gold  
of sheer cirrus washing  
and passing over his serious face,  
his form from a distance  
like an oak with a gypsum-white collar,  
his sleeves pales to cross. if he  
talks under his breath, half-sleeping,  
with his back to the west,  
the curves of his shoulders like  
scythes – their dulled shadows –  
I would unsettle from branches  
as dark as his hair. Venus and Sirius  
lightening, paired. if a dog barks once  
from just past the thicket, then again  
to the fruit as it thuds. if the pasture  
at first blush steams like a wetland  
and he discovers the far tangle  
of silver-birch copses  
where the bright horned lark  
flutters over small, speckled eggs –  
if each of those pebbles  
at the base of the hillside cleaves  
out through its thin husk, wetly,  
to fly, and she opens  
to the sun – and begins to receive it –

Ekphrastic: *Song of the Lark*, 1876, Winslow Homer