

Becky Kennedy

Outside

Outside our large bedroom
window, the gray half-light
rides its wedge of sky;
the sun nests white-yellow
in the eastmost steeples
of the trees where morning
will find its way. And
the wind will fill the window
with leaves to empty it
again; the language of the wind
is not language but the scuff
of wind against the horizon
that there is no moving from,
and the language of
the angels is not language
but angels, likewise.