



Pine Grosbeak

(inspired by Mandelstam)

Together we tilt our heads,
look out at trees all torn-red gold-edge autumn.
Grosbeak, do they dazzle your eye, too ?
Plump little flying machine, your
red head bled to pink past the nub,
do you know you're a grosbeak?
Do you know I'm a me-myself
nibbling nuts from a brown sack?
What are you thinking behind your unwary eye,
little seed-picker in the flaming mountain ash?
So close you let me be, so come-at-able.

Unlike you,
I have an untamed heart, an unquiet eye.
I might fly away.

PAMELA AHLEN

Barnard, Vermont



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