

Rebecca Givens Rolland. After Searching Acres of Field. Volume 2, Number 1 (Spring 2012)

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After Searching Acres of Field

This winter only a muddy-winged one curses in a Mason jar then crashes

clear moon levitating around it scours improbably hastens away not

shouting platitudes even to earthworms shuttered to even the thought of sound

ice-blown fields bleat with distraction alarmed body shimmers in response

streaked spotlight on everything I'd never lunged for since I'd convinced myself

bones hid like rock salt in delicate slabs shallow under inscribed obsidian

I'd kept every bracelet as poor proof at least once I'd had something to care for

that love didn't leave though the gold spun and flickered for years in the ground