

Hecatomb eighteen

cold
wind moans in the window
frame

crunch
of rubber tires over frozen
ground

silence

caragana
pods pop in high summer
swelter

lone
fly's buzz, mourning dove from
shade

silence

cricket
by cotoneaster, owl, distance,
dusk

cackle
of magpie ruins saturating first
light

silence

(silence)

moccasins
hit the Missouri with a
smack

float
side by side down
stream

in silence

*whether to go where,
how,
or if to stay,
why*

*and why to go
there,
and if to stay,
how*

cottonwood
leaves' susurrus on westerly
breeze

distinct
voice cross-country: but a
murmur

silence

(silence)

Hecatomb ten

Leaving Montana:

Awake to that prime world
and thrilled with this road.

The way goes forward, yes,
beyond hesitation or doubt.

Favorite country, open country.
Clever, articulate devil, cred

and such power! Naturally
not thoughtlessly, no, but as

flows the Big Muddy, so flows
slow talk; watch close: mine ashes

cast there, please, once over Jordan.
Plangent bells toll Angelus.

Companions of such trails, Arise!
All smiles, collect the prizes. Plural.

Delighted *to have known youse*,
by wind and pluck impelled...

Hecatombs

Guy Birchard



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