Rock and Bird

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Rock and Bird

These lines were not meant to be you;
I did not plan to trace
Your cheek over and over with a soft
Lead pencil—the curve, a tiny scar—
The wrinkles smiling near your eyes.

But it happens. You continue
To appear in unexpected
Landscapes, in jumbled letters—
In the smell of ink, or when
Robins kiss the ground at every step
After a rainstorm.
Even the curl of an “s”
Creeps insidious into my eyes
Like a wisp of hair
When you lean over.

No, I would rather sketch lines
I could contain; this smooth rock face,
One bird; the smallest fleck of brown
On a grey field. The bright
Movements, the colors like your eyes.

Yet I circle always back to you. And the
“o”s stay round as mouths; they speak on
As your countenance rises
On lines beyond my hand.

Christy Scoggan