

If I were to land

as a woodcock, in your hands,
rescued from the street and be offered to you,
suppose by a passer-by who might have considered,
that with your feathery face and egg-blue eyes
you seemed like someone who would know what to do
with a broken bird, with a bloody nose, two miniature
tears, dripping scarlet as a pierced heart would
in a painted manuscript, then if you assembled
a cage of ribs, lined it with hair from your own brush
and draped it with a sickbay hush, left me saucers
of water and worms, left the night to heal me and if I
dissolved as coloured light in rain, would you weep,
kneeling like a gilded saint, illuminated as you were,
when the rescued woodcock woke and walked
along the garden path, looked back twice then flew