

B.H. BOSTON

God Days

(for RWE)

No sign of the Dark-eyed Junco for weeks now—
evenings he'd flounce and call, black cowl and rumpled white vest,

assemble, vanish, reassemble
among the marigolds and pickle weed—

neutral territory of gathering dusk, sun snuffed behind
an ancient pine, a single rose unsheathed beneath the plums—

no mate we could discern, if discerning's ever what we've done.
Tonight, snifter of whiskey, flute of champagne,

some mute spell abracadabra'd in the hydrangea's etched leaves,
the black citrus, shadows proffering the promise of wings—

in the candle's pool of light on the warped white table,
our daughter's slender, trembling hands, waiting to be touched.