

## Song

- Matthew Thorburn

Sky of finger-smudged glass. Spikes  
of wild asparagus in the wet ditch at the foot of the drive.  
Someone roll out the piano, please,

the old Chickering in need of a tune-up. Now the yellow  
elbow of the river in what's left  
of the light. The river that remembers

and forgets, that one. A bright blade of light glances off  
the trees; the trees  
glance back. Give me the grace of distance

and, if at all possible,  
a pearly moon masked with a bit of cloud.