

Wren (Invocation)

Then came: ruin.

I wonder where you are.

Then came: ruin.

I walk along the scars.

I turn to scarecrow, crying out.

I worry about the dangers.

Wren, almost shouldered, almost wind:

*I was not made of stones.*

Wren came: ruin.

Wren reckons, widens: *clench*.

pose questions, run astray.

. . . and?

We walk along the scars.

Then wren wry and dry. I

Wren flies, thicket out

## Wren (Convocation)

We are not *exactly* fused.

I walk; wren stutters.

It was almost almost right.

Honestly, wren frightens.

I write *wren stutters*.

I try to, often, get things close.

I sing about the crevices.

Wren rots; I welter.

I sing about the sighs.

We pass sounds back like this between us.

I, to wren, says: *breath of kings?*

The gesture folds, unfolds.

The crowned-bird watches, watches.

The poet sits as always in their chair.

We count us up an inventory:

*Dust, weeping, and there, the gnashing of teeth.*

## Wren (Revocation)

And though I went in silence I stood out amongst the whole.

*I try, I say, I try, I say, I try.*

Wren says: *disappear.*

*And yet, wren tells me, here.*

I do my best explaining wren to friends.

They don't always understand.

*Wren is out today*, I say, into the air.

*Wren is (almost almost) gone.*

I, wren-clasped, grasp at straws:

Wren . . . risen?

No . . .

. . . ridden?



Wren says . . .

Then says . . .

I say . . .

Wren says . . .

Wren, riven, exits: gone.