A rest made of wheels and lamps
as when travel stopped at night.

A pause, a purse under the pillow,
the wagon built of forward pinned still
as a keepsake moth. If the woods
were a mouth the kiss

was dodged. But not the panting
of the little dog, the tinsel-haired horses.

In dark they scuff and tic in camp,
the mourn of the meant to move.

You claim not to sleep on planes,
too much in engine, too many roofs

sucked back streaming nameless
and gone. I would claim not to sleep in beds

when each nail of each toe says out
and my teeth keep twisting unretained

for farther off. But you’ve seen me at it,
bad guard of an old wish that’s lost

the trick of wheels. I know of bluebirds
and indigo buntings, one looks

brown in the bush. Can never remember
which needs flight to blue.

Probably the birds don’t either –
know which is set off
gusting, wings
raving like a gas range stove.

Who among us knows what she needs,
throw that bird a stone
to stir its going.
Who among us can stay,

let the wing be dun but with some lift,
a ribskin shiver in sleep.