

NOT GRACIOUS BUT HAIR THE WREN

Not gracious but hair the wren
weaves into nests is still an offering,
the human head a curious instrument
of giving and use up and get back.

Or hair once crisscrossed into plaster
even now stiffens a wall. The old days.
I told you, that island darks any winter
you want, but more—hurry—one

needs it long. I read he died. She grew
weak alone, iced in out there. No story
at all if not for the rabbit snares
she made with her hair. And watched

in snow, each month adrift. Delicate,
and hopeless it must have, must have
as she knotted and wove, each next one
to make it stinging up from the root.

