

*Greg Billingham*

**Distinct**

At dusk my mind collects  
what's left of crows  
(their bones and voice)  
their feathers darker,  
their echoes thinner  
across a half-bloomed space.

Like wind passing through shadow  
a black serpent of mist-  
                    the night creeping on...

Then daily,  
when light falls out,  
In spirals over breathless oceans  
And the calls of  
formless birds  
Introduce me to the season  
I recall their natural oaths  
To fly distinct in a blind day-  
one that  
is not emptiness.  
To be a visible,  
half-broken night  
Closing above me like a confusion of birds.

**Passing Time**

on the porch the vase sheds dead petals one by one  
the wind leaves its laughter of dew on the windowsills  
the young stream flashes by me  
traveling a road of sweat from day to night

the hours band together like the wind  
they project their songs upwards  
as if calling for a witness

**Change of Season**

Accept the mysterious charges of light-  
The sudden bloom of forgetting-  
And night too will follow your footsteps  
Towards the deepest corners of the sky.

Leaving trees tipped with quivering laughter  
The infant swells of darkness pass you by  
And lift the weight of moonlight off your shoulders  
Unearthing fragile skin and a wordless message

That left you with what is unseen  
Haunted by the last fall of your worn out sweater  
That once or twice crept back into the river  
To erase the missteps of your blood.

How long since those days departed?  
Maddened by the storms of backdoor summer  
Leaving honey-drenched myths to a cradled December  
You now hear awaken in the dark.