Poem for a Favorite Poem

Don McKenzie
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POEM FOR A FAVORITE POET

the words are swift and clean:
small birds
dawn-silver pale pure blue
bright birds
for breaking quietly the heart
(the mind dies into terrible stone):
little birds
for whom the dew is utterable:
your words
flung swiftly sweet down robust vastnesses.

your thoughts
(gay child-thoughts riding
bareback galloping gayly the unworded
untitled)
are a shimmer of steel sweeping the amazed air.

there is in you something
of furrows in the wet spring of
wild bright plunging
pistons
and of sunlight smoothness.

you are a child running
fleet in the sharp mist of morning
(naked feet in zestful stinging grass)
a little child
gone gathering wonders for a wise delight.

with certain sudden sentences
you startle
you playfully undo our careful world.

From Pagany, a Native Quarterly,