

I want to say a thing important and alive

*in celebration of the City of Victoria Butler Book Prize
& Bolen Books Children's Book Prize finalists, 2008*

I want to pin the blueprint of a star behind the eye.
I want to bolt the worship of a stone within the brain,
screw the long fermata of the sea to ventricle and valve.

The field of brome at twilight,
the clearing crossed by deer, the creek on hush,
abandoned orchard apple trees gone wild –
I want to push them all inside the blood.

The killdeer's call, the wind's black howl,
the crush of moon-dragged waves on sand –
I want to lock them all inside the lung
and leave them kindling to speech
that's honey in the carcass of a beast.

Words, like breath in winter,
manifest and vanish.
The body, too, a mist
that settles in the grass, then fades.
How quickly it lies down
beside the greenness of the water,
how soon its shadow falls
under the anvil of the sun.

Though the world goes up in fire,
out of the skull of the village fool
dream-bleached and soaked in light,
burst all those common morphos –
blue wings flying up through temporary darkness,
through planet-tilt and interstellar hum,
back to the furnace and the cloud.

*Carla Funk
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