

Alex Trethbar

The Window

there is a fast-moving cloud

my head is upside

down at the edge of the bed

hanging

like a clockface my tongue

cloven to eleven we will have

to leave this place in an hour

so I whistle the song of the robin

and you gently correct me

no that is the cardinal

you mimicked for me

in a voice memo

when we were still five

hundred miles apart

and suddenly I wish the shadows
of leaves were something
I could also sing to you
I think I would like to arrange them
in a chord with the bells of St. Cecilia
box fan humming in the bass and I know
I have this tendency to take what is right
in front of me and displace the past
with it: like the robins' eggs that are not
cardinals' eggs in the nest outside the window
and I have been moving around this room
like an inquisitive wisp of smoke
convinced there is something here
that perhaps will find its name
in the newly minted medallion
of candlewax suspended
in the moment of its spilling
over the edge of the sill