

*How All Our Making's Made*

The swallows had long gone south again  
down their old ley lines when I found their nest tight  
against the transom of the byre door. Bound  
together: grass, dross, feathers, shit, perched light  
as light on the top shelf out of harm's way  
while on a different continent the code  
for its design, location, usage, lay  
lodged deep in a bird's brain, an unknown lode.  
Such rough perfection.

What was found, hidden  
neatly within the double helix called  
deoxyribonucleic acid  
wasn't just why eyes are blue: warrens, walled  
cities, motorways lie there. Its charmed braid  
transmits and stores how all our making's made.