

Nest

Crouched in its corner
at the elbow of the joists,
huddled under their bare wood,
it is as big as a human head
and, for all I know, as full of spite.
I could judge its weight like a home-baked cake,
reckon its contents like marbles in a jar
yet miss the point.

For this thing grew from its heart,
folded itself layer on layer,
crusted its dry floors from the forest stuff of its making.
If I could guess at its entrance
and dream along its tindered passageways,
I might fly or creep or delve
to reach the maze of its beginning,
sup at its table, seek out its secret, seeded orifice.

I can feel the pull of its call
across untended gardens, through brambled skeins,
a shrill thrill seeping into runs and tunnels,
past the puckered heads of blossom
and the wallow of fruit,
but still not tell what lies
within the creamy ooze
at its dark, loveless heart.