The song
   sparrow puts all his
   saying
   into one
   repeated song:
   what

   variations, subtleties
   he manages,
   to encompass denser
   meanings, I’m
   too coarse
   to catch: it’s

   one song, an over-reach
   from which
   all possibilities,
   like filaments,
   depend:
   killing,

   nesting, dying,
   sun or cloud,
   figure up
   and become
   song—simple, hard:
   removed.
