Glass

By A. R. Ammons

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.
