

Mockingbird

By Hailey Leithauser

No other song
 or swoop (part
 quiver, part swivel and
 plash) with
tour de force
stray the course note
 liquefactions
 (its new,
bawdy air an
 aria hangs in) en-
thralls,
 trills, loops, soars,
 startles, out-warbles,
out-brawns, more
 juicily,
 lifts up
the dawn, outlaws from
 sackcloth, the cool
 sloth of bed sheets,
 from pillows
 and silks
 and blue-quilted, feminine
bolsters, fusses
 of coverlets;
 nips as the switch
of a juvenile willow, fuzz
 of a nettle, to
 window and window
 and window and ever
 toward egress, to
 flurry, pollen
and petal shed,
 to wet street
and wet pavement,
 all sentiment intemperate,
all sentience
 ephemeral.

Source: *Poetry* (November 2012)