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) enthralls,
    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)