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)