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)