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)