

## Roseanne Watt

### *Barnacle*

We find it in the salt marsh:

                    this single shock  
                    of goose wing

                    freshly  
                    torn

a soft cling

                    of sinew at the absent body's  
  join—

dropped like an arrow  
                    in the scrub;

*that way!*

(But only the rooks  
                    out that way,  
                    only the sky numbing the hills.)

The wind coaxes

                    feathers to a cruel muscle  
                    memory;  
                    tapered fingers crook, insist

*over there!*

But *there's* nothing—

                    only that blue bolt  
                    of sky, only that weight  
                    of corvid song

                                    like hard water  
                                    on the tongue.

So where can we go  
from here?

                                    Untethered as we are,

we'll follow the wind, no doubt—  
try to find some language in it.