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.