

lightness

in a slab of garden I learnt to pick a woodlouse from a beetle,
that if you forage in mud you won't find treasure

in the weak morning sun I meet with birds: a sparrow, no, a chaffinch,
the photos are too alike and I follow close behind its lithe spring

with heavy feet, crushing and snapping to snatch a look,
but now its darted into foliage and up into sky

and I'm leaping nowhere, stomping flowers,
as behind a beetle loudly revs its wings, lurching off a strip of grass

while a wasp idles over the patio and a bee bouncing
from flower to flower just barely rests on the bowing stems

promising with its nonchalant zipping
this is a lightness you'll never know