



Angie Macri

Round the World

Where trucks come to harvest stone,
a kingfisher hunts an olive pool.
Chase that pretty girl round the world.
The cottonwoods are still bent
from the flood when fourteen inches fell.
We sit on the horizontal trunk of a sycamore.

C-130s practice a turn in a unit.
Everybody dance, everybody swing.
A hundred hearts the cottonwood on stone,
and rocks touched with iron, maroon,
burgundy, and plum are overrun with the wash
of trees, debris, and twisted fibers.

Flycatchers meet in their greens
around the flow of the Sylamore,
and rock perch school as clouds. We peel
the bark of the sycamore as if we help it grow,
counting the planes, steady, slow.
Chase that man all round the room.

A backhoe sits in vines below
blackberry canes. I group stones like a cairn.
The kingfisher waits, part of wild sky,
patient to fall through the pool
like sky burrowed on the bank. Turn my lady,
turn my gent, in your figure and back to place.

