

## LOVE SONG TO WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Cardinal alights  
on woodchips hopping for eats,  
on each descent, I hear,  
“William Carlos Williams.”  
I am confounded. Dark mask reveals  
scorches of voices

of love light  
pour  
uncontainable  
notes of silence

lines  
of  
enjambment

of William Carlos Williams

cascade  
of seven  
waterfalls

the things are ideas, too,  
images color voices

glorious love light  
black jazz  
red rock

for clarity clarinets

the immensity immersed in the  
density  
displayed  
red and black  
winger  
without a name