The Guardians

Again still the birds
surround you say always

though you do not
always admit them

collected as your thoughts are
blotting out their constant

high-up shiver the way they shape
this air stitching the invisible

net that holds you as you have wanted
so long to be held

you know them mostly
as rustle as tremble in the chest

in thickness of late leaves
singing infrequently now and seen

if they are only from the corner
of an eye admit Apostle

what tethers you here
amid foliage not yet kindled

only one branch of maple
reddened before the rest