

## Uccello

the wind is what  
the stillness  
    desires to say  
    each instant  
collapsing into itself  
like a bud  
    returning  
    to the seed

    listen  
the birds in my tree  
are silent  
    as echoes  
before their brief  
lives are  
silent

something thrashes  
in the leaves  
    the feather  
spiraling  
    slowly  
is not only what  
it is

as the candle  
    is more  
    than flame  
or a moment

curling  
to darkness

the question  
is of clarity

    I built a frame  
but placed  
nothing in it

    the wind  
    blows through  
quietly as if  
between silences  
    there exists  
only silence or

light  
the familiar embrace

unfolding