

I Heard the Birds

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This morning
I heard the birds
and saw the
leaves
that must have stirred
when
electrified by time
my burning day
whirred
 whirred
 whirred
past me.

Only this day,
flaming
yellow
misted
twinkling
leaves
hung in silence like
dying fires

and in the somersaulting chill
every busy thing stood still

this moment I heard the birds.