

Nightfall at the Jetty

Liam Porter

for Wendell Berry

I come not for answers
nor am I foreshadowed by grief.

I am here simply to listen
to the river song and robin.

Strange how they hide
when granted no thought,

how they wait for the gap
in the wood pigeon's call

like the gap between heartbeats
when man's presence is no more

and in whose absence
the world lifts into applause:

splash of heron, whisper of oak
and in the moment before return

a ghost-white owl
cutting the purple dusk in two.