

Nesting Code

by Gabriel Orgrease

Let loose the cassette guts
brown and unwinding in the wind
they spiral from the tenth floor,
a magnetic transcription
grips small buds of winter trees.

The answering machine
scratches an overly rehearsed --
Hello.

(In quest of sand and bubbles
sharpening the first name
power from innocence in darkness
“tree frogs sing moon,”
my son tells me.)

In early spring sparrows weave
reflective nests of the code
of words.

