Adrienne Rich (1929-2012)

Amends (1995)

Nights like this: on the cold apple-bough
a white star, then another
exploding out of the bark:
on the ground, moonlight picking at small stones

as it picks at greater stones, as it rises with the surf
laying its cheek for moments on the sand
as it licks the broken ledge, as it flows up the cliffs,
as it flicks across the tracks

as it unavailing pours into the gash
of the sand-and-gravel quarry
as it leans across the hangared\textsuperscript{1} fuselage\textsuperscript{2}
of the crop-dusting plane

as it soaks through cracks into the trailers
tremulous\textsuperscript{3} with sleep
as it dwells upon the eyelids of the sleepers
as if to make amends.

\begin{footnotes}
\item[1] hangared: inside a hangar
\item[2] fuselage: the body of an airplane
\item[3] tremulous: quivering
\end{footnotes}