

# Notes for a Life. In a Swing. No Wind to Speak of.

*by* Sam Rasnake

— *Sally Mann, Untitled (Deep South #23), 1998*

The field is the mouth of the dead.  
Starlings drift the summer's late amber  
as though a photograph's gelatin silver

has come to life, and you breathe in,  
you breathe out — that other world.  
Your lungs are sadness, full-measured.

A faultless tension. The scarred tree's  
gift is silence. At the edge of hearing,  
the slow river's story — all moss and

bush — slips its bridge between darkness  
and darkness — while the sky, always  
the patient doppelgänger, sits on water.

Whole forests & towns & time swallowed  
in ivy. One trickle of sweat beside the ear.  
Somewhere a banjo, somewhere a hound.

