

Eric Weiskott

Quatrains

Four squirrels roll semicolons
between cold beeches; their thin tracks
radiate from this beech, perhaps
the source. The squirrels know a fifth.

Four grackles hough Scrabble tiles
onto the snow. They need a G
to redeem their vulgar present
progressive. The grackles shit shit.

Four beeches argue in a leaf
strobe. The green suede middle finger.
The white U. The beeches cannot
recall who has persuaded whom.

Four snowdrifts smooch the central beech.
If one could extract plierwise
the quotation marks, the snowdrifts
would be three, or one, or grackles.