

Federico Federici
Scarecrow peasant
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so the light paralysed
his fist across the dark,
the resonating light
at a certain angle from
within his throat, the bare-flailed
tongue, graft to all the languages,
damping down to words
founded in one own breathing,
the leaped up shouts
spread out air-hooped lips
like noise in gears of spikes

the straw body on its stilts
watches wide stretches of hills,
fields, islands of birds,
dumb dusky landfalls

after thousands of collisions
leave the winds a wake
upon the awns, warm
ash of fire-flies