Allowances

As when fruit trees blot the constellation’s head
and lose it—thoughtless and blind—to assemble
itself

in the West;
as when the aviary nets itself, again;
as when they plant a single terrace at a time
to keep from losing light;
as when, under crows,
the shadows totter back and forth

through trash; as when the trash-fires crown
in December’s trash;
as when astral charts

include rescue flares—and we are, so briefly,
who we are.