

CHARLES SPRINGER

## Outing

Dawn I enter pasture.  
Dog, self-slung on the porch.  
Atop a timothy head one bobolink  
brings up its early moth gather.

Past my right periphery –  
a clearing, a downing, circle. I creep  
as if gearing down for a pileup  
up ahead.

Rib bones, long bones, de-marrowed.  
Fur, like milk weed seed, afloat.  
No jaw,  
no skull,

yet in the air – names  
of all who did this, who hide  
behind the spruce, gorge on organs,  
gristle and what gets a buddy

to lick your face for you, sing of running  
down the dark, its stars now dying  
among eye-teeth, in black  
holes of throats.