Kelly Morse is the author of the chapbook *Heavy Light* from Two of Cups Press. Her work has appeared in *Gulf Coast, Mid-American Review, The Cincinnati Review, The Journal,* and elsewhere. She is the recipient of residencies at Vermont Studio Center and the Kimmel Harding Nelson Center for the Arts.
GRACkLE

running though the rage the running
the long hot field
sparrow’s eye pierced like a cherry to its stone

used to pretend I could outrun wolves
playground’s grassy edge frayed at the fence
skirt a clapping flag as I ran and ran

body bracketed now by age and injury
the field congeals beneath
thighs knock orbits and not fast enough

I always wanted to feel their scratchy feet
but was afraid of the beaks
snipping through a blanket of seed

sparrow with its packet of life
spilled in my hands
I look for stones

body was a pole to push my raft downriver
every pistil holds a stone
in the arms of the roots that raised it

stones to kill the grackle
cars pass by on the old highway
but there is only grass
BICYCLING BY ST. MARY OF THE ASSUMPTION CHURCH, 11 PM, BOSTON, MARCH 31ST

The sky licks itself out
and down over the city

a fine mica paste; night refracts
with cold. Licks and seals

itself, like an envelope
flap, a mouth that closes

round a communion wafer,
holds shut the white

fibers that spackle the tongue
and wake in darkness.