Stephen Campiglio directs the Mishi-maya-gat Spoken Word & Music Series at Manchester Community College in Connecticut. His poems have appeared in journals and in the anthology New Hungers for Old: One-Hundred Years of Italian American Poetry. His translations of the poetry of Giuseppe Bonaviri (1924–2009) won the Willis Barnstone Translation Prize. He has two chapbooks, Cross-Fluence and Verbal Clouds through Various Magritte Skies.
AT HAND

While hiking a rail trail in late summer sun,
I doggedly revise the poem in my head,

a division into mutual parts that simulates
the two phantom rails of the bygone train.

In the abutting field of goldenrod and brush beside a pond,
the spectacular dream-bird appears and lifts off.

Its sharp utterance issues forth in meters;
the sense of it beyond my grasp.

But its measured wing beats remain impressed upon me
after the form and sound fade away—

the unstable stanza in my head—
a leaky beaver dam feeding the braided flow downstream.
MAGIC STRINGS

Bunch grass on the roadside intimates a sentient body—a sentinel of grass that appears in the headlights through snow fog above the soggy ground—corridor for *souls in transit*.

A bog’s specialty: resounding croakers.

The ridged bark of the hardwood resembles a riverbed.

The road home, mindfully marked.

The next morning, my four-year-old son, watching me tie my shoes, says, “Those are funky socks.” “Where’d you learn that word, funky?” I ask him. “I found it,” he says.