**Figure of Song**

 *for Jimmy*

Annette Sisson

A high-wire finch

plots his tones,

a five-point graph.

Orion migrates,

its turning a refrain,

figure of song.

If wind were silent,

would my tumbling

hair, the shuttering

lid against my pupil,

disquiet you?

Night sky points

in every direction,

paths of rhythms,

soundless intervals,

vibrations like chords.

A chaos of maps.

You are the hastening

air raucous

in my ear, a birdsong’s

inflection of stars.