**Woodwinds**

John Muro

They make the most of the raw

poverty of our breath, taking

leave from the blighted canyons

of our lungs and, in haunting

timbre, give eloquent voice to

anguish. Barely able to hide

their sadness, they make visible

the holes in our hearts, our bent

towards darkness and the beautiful

blemish of afflictions that often

come upon us like a sudden

abundance of dusk rising through

a narrow embouchure or the

moist lip of a wooden reed.