Woodcock: Exhibit A

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Recommended Citation
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Keywords
Poetry

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The skull lies in the forest, a delicate
Long drawn-out drop of water, white—
What lethean, quiet-feathered bird bore away
The body, leaving only the large-eyed head
Under quiet pines? The floor is bare but for
This bone spoon, this worm-eater’s relic.
I’ll tie it with a string round my neck,
I’ll pass a string through its wheedling beak
And walk beneath the moon, nights—looking
For the stygian, soft-feathered bird,
A questioning oracle: “Who cooks for you,
Who cooks for you all?”