

Invention No. 12 in A-fl at major

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for two voices

```
A scant handful, if I'd dared to touch.
                    Tender, the young jindallaekkot,
                    Soft gray feathers, an olive undercoat,
   wild azalea, the kind which won't survive
  spring green throat.
         transplanting. Or how I twisted
            Bom chorok mok.
  and tore off branches, still leafless,
                Blood still red against concrete,
  trusses of rose-purple scattering
  cracked by the gingko's roots.
           as I lay them in the snow
  Looking down to keep my footing
                  at your feet,
[ I lost it, seeing you.
  to hem you in.
        Upsujussuh.
   Still you disappeared.
                     Were you vireo, did you sing,
  Like Bede's swallow arrowing
```

```
    ∫ I am green, I am verdant,
        out of darkness,
    ∫ I am fresh? Not knowing
        through the fire-lit hall
        yet I swear, you were here, mattered
        straight back into winter storms.
    ∫ still matter, even gone.
        ∫ Flickered, fluttered, gone.
```

