

BRIAN TEARE

## LITTLE ERRAND

I gather the rain

in both noun  
and verb. The way

the river banks  
its flood, floods  
its banks, *quiver's*

grammar I carry

noiseless, easy  
over my shoulder.

*To aim* is—I think  
of his mouth.  
Wet ripe apple's

scent : sugar,

leather. *To aim*  
is a shaft tipped

with adamant. Angle,  
grasp, aim is a way  
to hope to take

what's struck in hand,

mouth. At the river  
flood so lately laid

down damage by,  
geese sleep, heads  
turned under wings

wind tests tremor  
in like archery's  
physics shifts

energy, potential  
to kinetic : flight—

but not yet :

this grammar's time  
to string a bow, draw  
taut the air, send rain

from quiver to verb  
to aim to pierce

the scent of such red

flesh. Hope's arrow's  
anatomy : thin,  
feather's fletching

trembling, it  
crests to end

in brightness.