

# The Blackbird

*i.m. Francis Ledwidge*

Fair-haired Ellie shared  
with me her sacred memory  
of you, and your story

and the twinning  
of you both  
for only a short time

before she left you  
for another; and you left –  
heartbroken – for The Front.

You recorded your presence  
there, in a palm-sized mud-  
and-blood-stained notepad;

timeless words, in pencil,  
recovered from a pocket.

I feel your essence  
in the painful perfection  
of her regret  
as I am flooded  
by a plaintive music.

I hope you too can hear  
it; that you now can rest  
lighter – as a feather –  
within velvety dark wings  
contingent to her being.

At the tip of my pen  
let your beak break  
the surface tension  
of this awkward silence.

Let your voice  
find a way to stage a bleed  
and slowly seep  
not far from my blunt nib.

Let a *nom de plume*  
– without a name –  
infuse into the fibre  
of my blank page  
and coagulate  
as love-loud verse

in the guise of a dark  
ink-blotted blackbird.

***John D. Kelly***