

Ben Barker-Benfield

[Walcott begins *Omeros*]

Walcott begins *Omeros* with cutting down some cedars:
We shudder here with the jarring noise of chain saws,
Beginning to write essays that in some wise start to feed us,
When from the trees in Girton's driveway come the caws
Of rooks opposed to any sawing of their trees,
Choosing, building, flying, feeding in the fields,
Walking, hopping, stirring earthly leas,
Serenading us among our garden's yields,
When flying to their messy, tree-top nests,
Settling down in comfort comparable to ours,
Coordinated purpose which only they know best,
As we linger in our lovely, darkening bowers
Of bushes, trees, and living, dying flowers.