



POETRY DESK

Little Song

Bill Coyle

Shouldering bits of granite
on graveled driveways, wading
waist deep through polished green,

spreading like wildfire, penning
purple passages...and here
at our doorstep, and here at the foundation...

Crocus—a fistful, a flourish
worthy of an old-time magician:
ex-nihilo. What next, a rabbit?

The oldest trick in the book
of nature, the oldest profession
(make that profusion) of faith,

answering the grave's hollow
mockery with this infinite gesture.



The poems of **Bill Coyle** have appeared in the *Hudson Review*, *The New Criterion*, *The New Republic*, *Poetry*, and *The Swallow Anthology of New American Poets*. His 2006 collection, *The God of This World to His Prophet*, won the New Criterion Poetry Prize. In 2010, he was awarded a translation fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. His website is at billcoyle.net.