

DOUG RAMSPECK

**The Phlebotomist's Song**

This is what slips into  
the world: a cardinal

on a fence post,  
morning filling

with wet light.  
It is a kind of love,

it seems, this rushing  
forth, the ache

that gathers with  
its dark red sorrow,

the vein arching  
its living back. Is this

what it means  
to be a ghostly

blossoming? To want  
and want the wound

we are becoming?