

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Nestings

by Olivia Sprinkel

sentences, summer grass long, dense silky bent,  
these heart openings, a thatch of underlines,  
a gathering of glittering, words which meant

a shelter for the pilgrim, as under pines,  
a surprising archaeology of me,  
the consistency of the landscape of signs

pointing in this direction i could not see  
of the branches and arteries of trees, veins,  
the inherent pattern of things, Chinese *li*,

not fixed compass points of north, south, east nor west  
but the form and energy weaving a nest

*“Language is the mother, not the handmaiden, of thought.”*  
*WH Auden*