

# Bird, Singing



Then, every letter opened was an oyster  
Of possible bad news, pried apart to reveal

The imperfect probable pearl of your death.

Then, urgent messages still affrighted me, sharp  
Noises caused the birds not yet in flight to fly.

Then, this was the life of you.  
All your molecules

Gathered for your dying off  
Like mollusks clinging to a great ship's hull.

Ceremony of wounds, tinned,  
Tiny swaddled starlings soaked in brine.

A bird, singing in his wicker cage, winds down.

Now, a trestle table lined with wooden platters  
Neat with feathered wings of quail tucked-in.

Until you sever the thing, from self, it feels.  
Thereafter it belongs to none.

You have nothing to be afraid of, anymore.

Outside Prague, I find you warm

Among the million small gold bees set loose  
In April's onion snow, quietly

Quietly, would you sing this back to me, out loud?

—Lucie Brock-Broido

