

# The Bird

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on my left knee sits a blue heron  
and in these precious seconds  
where talon meets skin and  
sonnets of entanglement falter on lips  
she is my something borrowed and something blue  
rising in the wake of shattered old  
and piercing flesh in a reminder of what is new

perhaps she will collapse dead at my toe  
poisoned just as I am  
from the sickening passage of time  
and though my body rests crippled  
a gaze of pity will drown her wilted feathers  
as if it was not my own infectious flesh  
wedding us as cripples and dwellers

in simple truth, wishes of flight dance across tongue  
to see her wings pump violent and  
though my skin may bleed and wrinkles tear  
my body is carried with her away  
for she came to me, i did not call  
and i'd be her victim and she my salvation  
just the same and willing to fall