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# A shadow looms. And the bird feigns a broken wing

Marianne Boruch

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*A shadow looms. And the bird feigns a broken wing*

A shadow looms. And the bird feigns a broken wing,  
dragging away from the nest. She makes a sound  
never heard before. Fear hotwired to hope  
is sacrifice. You can pretend to be broken, the pretense

still a wound. As for a higher power: of those  
chicks in the nest oblivious, beaks bigger  
than any part of them, wide open, the great pin  
of dark in there. Anthony, saint to recover the left-behind,

the hidden, who came when I *dear St. Anthony, please  
look around, something is lost that must be found*  
over and over as we tore apart the house for years, looking.  
Was it always keys? Or words on a scrap of paper?

I know it's funny. *Works for peace of mind too,*  
the nun too fragile for the front of the room  
barely, then couldn't say. I'm here to tell you  
that other ache: please, nothing find us.