A shadow looms. And the bird feigns a broken wing

Marianne Boruch
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.