

Year of the Cardinal's Song (IV)

Just like the average colony to find the poor bird
growing in & made to depress

I am homeless again
with the news of your ascension

Among the dunes of sour fig a gleaming set of bones
the Bay Bridge fissuring in the distance

The songs roll in & the birds have been dreaming this
since the last incarnation

Take me for example when I collected your hand
a sorcery of rejection made to thaw & to rot
while your daughter watched in full eclipse
stowing the colony right into the marrow

your daughter stroking the bombs
in our minds free of light & shrapnel

Beggars as we come
we could not make you
into ash
a wish sealed
away

& yet the sea holds you unlike
the graffitied cypress tree staked beside me
my head full of sweet taro tea

We are each nursing
from a veil so thick
we must allow ourselves
the myth now

Our feet intact
for the long haul