

# CutBank

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## Migrations

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## MIGRATIONS

Children walk past the window  
in groups of two and three, their boots  
breaking snow like birds  
hunting crumbs or the apple core  
hidden near the juniper. This year  
the sparrows have returned too soon.  
They should know better: they'll die.  
Mothers hide the bodies in metal boxes  
no child can discover. Here is my room,

bookcase, desk and the red lamp  
bends toward me, cranes its neck.  
Children pass my window, their mothers  
lean from porches to call them home.  
Birds veering west above the river  
call to each other, and galoshes  
and soup in yellow bowls do not  
concern them. Light settles

in my hand then scatters the letter  
folded on the desk: there's so little  
to say. I watch snow  
drop back to itself in clumps.  
Twilight, I walk to the river  
trailing bread crumbs and sparrows  
circle close, one wing  
brushing my shoulder.