Elegy In Which A Bird Appears

Jody Rambo
I will make of my mind a scrape nest for your absence. Clear a swale for silences. Hollow it deep. Let it wild be with sorrow. Let it small psalm home again. And when it becomes difficult to imagine nothing as solid as a mother’s arms, I will keep on moving through the grasses in search of smallness, seeds & husks blowing in the paper air of your voice as I remember it—a quiet abyss. For this parting takes muscle unnatural. Lift me into the sun again. I hardly have hands to touch my sutures. Even the clouds coldly sway. My wrists—pale fish—move through the surfaces of winter ponds. Edges, I hover. Every hill becomes a ruin. Beneath my nails—dredged earth of heaven, black moon-slivers in shades of hair. And I wonder, in this un-day of your leaving, why all you send me is a bird? Hungry, wing-fluttered, jawing for a song.