

JACQUES J. RANCOURT

Wake

What seemed necessarily bleak became.
Two wet cormorants filling the branch of one tree.
More than just wading birds, more than just.
A lake, a dark scar at the center of my city.
More than anything I wanted to forget.
A time when desire named its price. In summer.
Two hummingbirds take turns sucking one.
Beardtongue dry. I was born over there.
I say, in a place between two hills.
When I checked the registry I was relieved.
That no one shared exactly my name.
That migration might mean the birds won't.
Come back. That six hundred thirty-six.
Thousand of us died, and I did not.
Know a single one.