

CARRIE GREEN

Green Heron (PLATE XXVII)

First she draws the limb,
 branches stripped to gnarled joints.
Then the pile of twigs,
 stark as November

and so brittle she can hear
 the snap. Virginia settles
the familiar curves of eggs
 into the jumble

and admires the lack
 of fibers and feathers—
knowing, as the birds do,
 that you may as well

lay your babies down
 on a bed of bone.