

ELIZABETH T. GRAY, JR.

**The Owl Declines to Accompany the Other Birds on Their Quest
for the Divine Simurgh**

Like a crazy, I have shed the lived-in places,
chosen ruins. For the silence.
For those moments when the nameless dead
remove the talismans and you can sense
the blue dome fragment in the household wall.

It's *how* you see the distance:
all the oared ships at anchor
in the silted plain that was the harbor.