

Qu'il Aile

There is not one bird that uses its feather to write in the sky.
It's only by falling it creates, for us to see, its marks.
When it dies, that is a note for us to interpret.

The crisis of conscious thought occurs
When we let elements address the little body we found instead.
When we don't kneel and scratch in the earth to fold its wings across its chest.

The crisis recurs in later moments and foolishness,
When we revise the scene, and when our fingers are clean.
The mind has a smell of its own now. It is an unpleasant smell.

I remember one little bird I found. It was yellow, it had not been born.
Its egg was blue as blue can blue and I carried it in my hand.
I forgot which color I couldn't see.

Its wholeness, its black eye and inability to sob,
was inside my closed hand.