JORDAN ESCOBAR

Love Poem Featuring White Ibis

Blue eye buried in the ruddy face. Wings spread like supplicants. At night we prayed to wake into birds, if only our bodies could lighten themselves. Our faces elongate into pink bills, our mouths sifting water for an answer. But we were given to an earthbound existence. An edge of blessing in every tender nibble. The crook of your neck, avian and accepting. That flight was not our vehicle, frustration bubbled from the spring. Seasons froze and thawed and then one morning you were gone.

A southern migration borne out of impulse and necessity. But quiet moments keep me thinking: if only my fingers could break into feathers, I’d skim every surface, a backwards reflection gazing up at me.

I’d loosen my throat and let warbles flutter across the marshland. I’d look for you in every bramble.