

MICHELE MARIE DESMARAIS

the aviary

she began when birds
fell from her mouth
instead of words

sometimes sparrow
sometimes hawk
often mourning

doves grey and sad
with stories perched
scratched the kitchen table

impossible alphabets
scarred her home
there were no songs

she drank
her prayers
turned into owls

death dropped feathers
she bathed in dust
floored

until one raven
hungry
pecked at a pen

then simple
as sound or sky
everything changed
like weather for wings