Grief Bird

A hard shard in the upper cavern of my throat would catch if I swallowed
But I’m frozen and wait back stuck like a corpse with no idea what to do,
so the brittle bit shifts on its own, prods, pushes,
then plunges up through my throat;
as I jerk and gag it emerges—
beak hook, nostril, eyelid like waxed paper,
damp head, large clog of a feathered body,
miserable sodden wings. And perches
on my lip as if on cleft rock, talons fastened to my teeth.
Wet wings unfold. The beak parts. The throat thumps for centuries till everything dries.

* 

So I unhouse my bird.

It flaps at the sun like a broad crow
until the spread of brownblack feathers comforts like cloud cover.

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