

Without wings

Rivulets and worn pathways
travel from my neck to my thighs.
Salted pools a refuge for lost seabirds.
I cough feathers like a magic trick.
Wings beat voraciously,
reminding me who inhabits
this home.
When I was seventeen,
you bloomed in my chest.
Nests of cockatoos erupted -
my heart was an open anemone.
Now I love the sound of birds,
calling wildly,
with desperate love.