

Light, Now

by Tina Barry

It's 100 degrees in your tower
and that braid you're so proud of
is one hot ladder to nowhere.
Why not lop it off?
Call to the crows,
"Listen. Take this thing.
It'll make a great nest."
Let them have you, too.
That'll be your moment.
Your hands hot stars against
the inky carpet of their wings.
And you, so light,
bald as a baby bird.

