

Dead Bird Uncovered by Spring

by Will Shade

Left by a melting snowbank:

Cup lids, pine needles, a cairn of dog shit,
And the grey soggy shape
Of an eyeless winter bird.

His breast is an old accordion
Gone to rot in an old attic,

What is left of his feathers the bearer
Of a watery workshop clay.

Songs may have parted
His tiny, straining beak,
But the frail reptilian legs
Broken to one side

And the one broken, extended wing
Laid on the soiled snow
Lend him an air of the graphic,
The ancient and hieroglyphic.

In rivulet, bud, and shoot,
Petal and pistil,
Rumors of growth are spreading
Old messages of renewal

As the bird melts into the bank
And the bank melts into the street
Like a secret slip of paper

A child folds smaller and smaller.

