

## MATH OF THE HUNT

---

*Tanya Larkin*

1.

A bird in the hand a bird a hand.  
Is worth more than two.  
As in the quailing bush they leave  
Separately. Separately parting,  
Leaves rending sky they fly  
So fast through.  
Fasten me to you.  
To Paraguay. Solitude.

They, little black blurring,  
Ink bleeding, bled invisible, lost  
Abandon their nests shoved down  
Into the throats of branches.  
Too hard to name that once were  
The birds of the bush.

Should I renounce my wildest no  
To you instead?

2.

A bird in the hand (My hand!)  
Is worth. The ruin of timing.  
Is worth ruins. Ghosts intact.  
Swallow in the open skull.  
Of a soldier. Wingbeaten.

Cranium. If you can't come  
To New York. Can I have  
Cappodocia?

Screw the beak. In farther.  
Feathers should follow.

Can love have a beak? Yes.  
A finch's beak? No.

This is called love's catechism.

3.

Pry open your hand. Find me still.  
Recovering from your grip.  
Count my feathers. Are they  
All there?

Yes. Could you. Tell them. The birds.  
Of the bush. Could you tell them.  
I am worth two of them.