

Losing the Rainbow Sheen of the Bronzewing's Wings

It's going, the sheen. Reconstructed from memory
and comparison with birds in sunshowers, prismatic
reflection cast over another bird, half a world away,
a bird more familiar with heat. Déraciné
as irrelevant as species to particularities
of range, the no-migratory life led by a bronzewing
whose sheen rubbed off, whose rainbow was anything
but Romantic, who rebuffed the atomic art
movement. Idiot politicians who conflate
uranium with flight, with the light we read by.
A sudden flap of wings withdraws the pigeon,
the bronzewing, bronze-age echo or ricochet,
plates of a naturalist's book resonating
from museum all the way to a poet's infusion,
bird in the garden, the *here* without pinions
to grip light where air is a different pressure.