

Dear Devotional

Bird, that I did not mean your song
to make you target, only more a part
of the menagerie, should absolve

this ringing in my ears. The sepulcher
swings upon its chain, a thick of incense
goes up. The hounds are in pursuit

of such wonder—the pilgrimage
as begun by Dante, your plumage
now stained irrevocably. No shirt,

no soul, no service, reads the altar
at which you labor. Breath interred,
the engine forgets, remembers,

forgets. The figure fades to vestige,
becomes glyph rather than image,
a vacant tent. Augur, they hold onto

your breastbone's embraceable light.
They wait for their eyes to adjust,
to be pecked out by birds.