

RICARDO PAU-LLOSA

Nests, Nearing Key Largo

On the way down I tell my wife what she'll be seeing:
dozens of nests on old wooden electrical posts,
guarded by wardens, for osprey
and other fishing birds, because there are so few trees,
been blown away by hurricanes.
But when we drive through we only see
one or two poles.
I remembered abundance.
Must have rotted away. Dread to think
the birds have died or gone, wary
of umbrellas and binoculars, the flashing
hoods and the smoking engines.
Tired of our awe and wish, bored
of us who want the nests to burst with the new,
dream the beaks shiny with salt and fish blood,
the trees aflame with spring's tenacity.
We want so much.