

A shadow looms. And the bird feigns a broken wing

A shadow looms. And the bird feigns a broken wing,
dragging away from the nest. She makes a sound
never heard before. Fear hotwired to hope
is sacrifice. You can pretend to be broken, the pretense

still a wound. As for a higher power: of those
chicks in the nest oblivious, beaks bigger
than any part of them, wide open, the great pin
of dark in there. Anthony, saint to recover the left-behind,

the hidden, who came when I *dear St. Anthony, please
look around, something is lost that must be found*
over and over as we tore apart the house for years, looking.
Was it always keys? Or words on a scrap of paper?

I know it's funny. *Works for peace of mind too,*
the nun too fragile for the front of the room
barely, then couldn't say. I'm here to tell you
that other ache: please, nothing find us.