

Bird

Perfect tiny hand-of-god feathers
Scattered carelessly in the brown, crackling leaves
Below the reflective pools of polished glass
Stunned mass of hollow bones and vivid color
A creation of the universe
The broken wing of mankind

A life lived for the violent rush of beauty
A flash through the magnificence
Making pale the blue summer-sweet-sky
That ho-hums in the afternoon sun
That becomes like nothing
In it's huge something

Now, the flight slams to Earth
Halted immediately by the mirror trick
Gazing from afar with bird acuity
Mysterious visions of herself and the holy nature
Of god's own creation
Too perfect to last

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