

She's a bird

New mint chick,  
I coo, I flap.  
Flail kick the air,  
With soft tipped claws.  
Purse beak, shy lips,  
Frame thought of sound.  
Seek phrase to sing out,  
Bond sign to hark, call back.  
Winged pleas for cheap treats,  
Worm a bit of down,  
Tit bit of fluff,  
To make soft,  
On raw thin skin,  
My bald tuft self,  
The scratch stick nest,  
Strange rough hewn,  
Where branch broke,  
And I fell down.  
Flint bead eyes glint,  
Won't meet my gaze,  
Fuss too much,  
Hush chide me,  
Preen and poke,  
Make fun hide shame.  
Hands chuck chin,  
Grasp, take care to fold and pin,  
The span that spouts at my back.  
Peck and bite to quick,  
Each webbed foot wave,  
Scratch-mit cloak them.  
Stall first last song chords,  
Lag blocked pipes,  
Grate throat, slam beak.  
One hand grips heel ends,  
Hoists chub plucked thighs.  
I am rough cleaned,  
Trussed, told to be still,  
And let them change me.  
How do I, a bird babe,  
Hatch and come to be?  
Head still, tilt hear,  
I peck scratch ground,  
Find notes, word scraps,  
Weave dull sense of first nest,  
Patch self, sad show of a tale,  
To drag, grow worn,  
In the wake of my birth.  
Pale fleshed bird,  
No plumes to speak of,  
Wakes in once safe girls nest.  
Finds iron clad form,  
Crush weight on her,  
Vice clamps crest each hip,  
Right frail wing bone,  
Bends in, fends heart,  
Furls end tips in tight place,  
Press, push, what beats,  
Steals breath rib space.  
Mind screams cock,  
For sun to rise.

Barbed steel carves her,  
Wish bones are broke.  
Neck twist rings squawk.  
Deed done, great beak,  
Sinks her with swan mass,  
Floats, light as duck down,  
Near the bird she once was.  
Watch as she checks her crack,  
Chipped shell.  
Mine was the egg,  
When all went off.  
I blush for my clot of cells,  
Grasped, clung on in rich yolk,  
Spilled white.  
Fate hatched a bird girl,  
Born for flight and song.  
Made her cheap,  
Beat signs of shame,  
Cast shade at her back.  
She grows, split thing,  
More child, less bird.  
Tale sheds, fades, wears thin.  
A mute song bird,  
Not a peep said,  
Webbed truth hid,  
Claws dull as blunt nibs.  
Wings clipped, stumps bound,  
Flits from the itch nest,  
Finds twigs, leaves her own,  
To fish for her true face,  
Seeks, finds holes,  
Should turn round,  
Bath her wings.  
Bird soul beats at her pane,  
Flaps in the night,  
'Til stunned by glass,  
Grows weak, head droops.  
Young fledge chick sports wings,  
Like good girls her age.  
Light boned, left lone,  
Steals chance to fly,  
Kicks feet from the ground,  
Arms make stretch,  
Feels air gust passed,  
Sweet hint of soar place  
Wheels turn, time flies past.  
Full-grown bird,  
I lost the will,  
To hold in my breadth,  
Felt urge to spread wide,  
The span of me.  
Life was a cage.  
This game bird,  
Found perch on the stage,  
Grips with gnarled toes,  
In too tight shoes.  
Calves taught fake height,  
In four-inch heels.  
Fine pair of legs,  
Stubs plucked smooth,  
Tucks in the tale,  
That dragged her down.  
Swells chest, puffs breast,  
With pride of plumes,  
Hides beak in new wings,  
To dance from her guilt cage.  
Each night hear her sing.