Two Birds

We were on a shaded porch in the quivering light of the moon
his eyes like large round plums held me fast
his hand crushed mine against the fluted wood
until I flew
a breathless current of air

Like a homesick dove, I alight on the highest bough
I flutter my wings and examine them
my native feathers float gently against my skin
my eyes see
beyond the highest peak

I lift my wings and fly . . . I hear him echo behind me
he grasps my neck
digs his fingers into the caverns of my bones
he places me beside him
in our cage

we are two birds
the one origin
the other extinction

The Funeral

I wear lipstick the color of death,
and my stomach is a casket with wings attached.
I flutter like a wasp
   hovering over
   that hole in the wall of Dad’s garage,
   drinking in the sanity that bleeds out with the cigar smoke.

   I snake along the side of the house like a vine of the thousand fingers of my brain,
   feeling
   their way
   to the Promised Land.

This ceremony of erupting desire
   cascades like a waterfall of birds,
   spreading their wings to rise as they fall,
   while the first shovelful of dirt hits his black box and rolls off in all directions,
   like ants fleeing a poisoned hill.