

## **One-wingèd**

Your single wing was beautiful  
sometimes  
like the song thrush on the forest floor  
this morning  
confined to the understory  
one wing taut  
towards impossible sky  
I was fooled by the handsome array  
mistook lopsided shadows for my own  
dark ravens cawing in the canopy  
folded bones and feathers in bed  
snug against a side of you  
I watched your chest rise and fall  
the chest that filled with what we thought  
was love  
and the chest that crushed it