

Evolving

Intention is one wing.
The nest will always be
too distant from the ground—
 there is no going back
or up. Falling is our book
of nights, letters to cousins
written on someone else's fur.

Stories we sing
to each other shade
and creep around
the intricate margins, sometimes
infectious, sometimes running
 loose, all wildness
 and teeth. I am
 nine syllables
 from my knees
and I cannot do
what you do.