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at the window

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she was your little curled-up bird now she is a settled red smoke

and maybe at night in a wood you will still, in a way, get to hold her interrupted sunrise, and watch her play

your soul will still stumble when her small unraveled steps are wheeling and uncertain,

but she is no dream-child.
she is real, and
her eyes, hands, gills are real
and I hope that someday you
will give her a name—
I for one will call her Amaranta,
which means
'flower that does not fade'.

I bet she would have laughed like you. she came weighted to the world and without love but immaculate as flame, and she vanishes today.

December 8, 2005

Meg Hurtado.

at the window