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Poem Beginning with a Line From Patrick Kavanagh

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—Garrett Pinder

at the window

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