

When you left

I caught one
of your feathers as you flew.
Soft, white,
it drifted into my palm
after the sand and grit had settled
and you disappeared
into the blaze of the sun.

I watched
the white heat of it,
searing my eyes

fearing, wishing, that the fire
would send you tumbling
to where I stood, watching.

But it was not wax
that held your wings together -
hollow bones, blood and muscle -

there was no trace of you.
I uncurled my fingers to find
a dirty feather, crushed and broken.

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