

Trust

Suzanne Marshall

Downy thump into glass—
a soft gray body trembles on my deck,
bobbing head, pulse at throat.

Eyelids blink, then close.
Behind the pane, I wait in stillness.
Soft breath, in and out.

I stood like this long ago, watching
my baby sleep. Who was I
to care for such a fragile thing?

Now, outside my window, my son
brushes off scuffed knees, climbs
on his bike, doesn't look back.

The phoebe shifts, twitches his tail,
lifts on twig feet—a balance point.
Cocking his head, he opens

his beak and mimes a cry.
I hold back the wanting to hold.
Blur of wings—

then gone.
Squinting into light, I witness flight.