

The Storm, Her Blood

Carol Deering

She folded garlands of birds
into her hank of river-shine hair,
then knotted it 'til her scalp
fairly prickled with distress. Rain
pranced and muddled, pooling
through her days. When the tide
swelled, mud suffocating in feathers,
she loosed the birds, climbed
onto their tiny backs, and tried to fly
to a mound of flattened cars
riding out the storm. Her blood,
warped as a flame in wind, cried out
for light, for cells only I could give.
This time let's say she lived. The sky
brandished sunshine,
parted the flood, smoothed
the hours with birds,
and waited.