

Twenty Seven

WHY?

On this new anniversary of you
I give you not me pulling the first soft feathers
From a newborn robin fledgeling
Saying she loves me not she loves me
Like some killer's crazy form of petals from a daisy
For it to try and fail in flight and fall flailing

But twenty-seven brittle bird bones
To build a little fence from
And one shiny piece of amethyst
To top each tiny post with
And I leave you to decide what fits inside it
Be it spiders, ice, or pennies
Or all twenty of your first born's baby teeth

There is real peace in the regular order
Of my most intimate geometry
Real peace in the regular order
Of my most intimate geometry

I am no longer your unsure lover
I pull nothing from a flower

There is real peace in the regular order
Of my most intimate geometry