

## Birdboned

I thought that it was only heaven I'd hollow out my marrow for.  
But there are lines you make over ends of days  
like the upborne rippling of a sheet of starlings.  
Like those I used to watch twist, snap,  
and spread with the wind. Watching them,  
I saw you, though I thought it was only heaven.

You turn now,  
and the soft-lit drywall of our bedroom  
might as well be autumn sky  
as you stretch your arms upward  
in my t-shirt, birdboned.  
"Are you a dancer?"

a woman once asked you,  
having seen us in an art museum,  
you framed against an Impressionist dusk.  
She was convinced that she'd seen you in the city ballet.  
We laughed about it afterwards, but I know just how  
she needed to believe you in your lightness

to be fluent in the language of air.  
You are heavenspeaking  
to me now, as you alight now,  
you, who have spent today  
rhythming against the sky.