

“BIRDS”

Kenlie Rohrer

the day it snowed birds
the day the sun died
smoldered soot and candle flames
burnt out to a lingering wisp
cast out felonies: summer
turned to ash in my hands
to snow; clear water in a tin cup
and the birds began, to fall
they had wings of clipped ivory
a blankness in their eyes
a blackness colder than any ice
to salvage yet any one life
was something I could not muster
as they tumbled down the sky
their white bodies; of course, all white;
whipped, protruding. they looked like bones
of small children, spring animals
borne only to die at winter's frost.