I am ready for the next

thing: rows and rows of wings

lifting off the earth

and telling me to stay.

The sky wriggles with life

and still, the air is gray

like any rock

above a grave.

So let me have this now

before the blossoms

take my absence

from the yard

and I am again only one-sided,

a living thing responsible

to live, finding myself in tall grass,

whispering back.