

## IV

## I.

the other guineahen  
died of a broken heart and we came to New York.  
I used to sit at a table, drawing wings  
with a pencil that kept breaking and i kept

remembering how your mind looked when it slept  
for several years, to wake up asking why.  
So then you turned into a photograph

of somebody who's trying not to laugh  
at somebody who's trying not to cry