

The Bird in the Glue Trap

06 April 2017

It wasn't meant for you,
that much is clear. But how
those little wings beat such
a fearsome rhythm
just to pull you
those two-hundred bird-lengths,
sticky trap in tow,
I'll never know,

Or how you ripped your body free
to soar on lighter wing.

Ah, those feathers left behind
were not worth dying over.

I am only glad, my friend,
that I did not extinguish you
to put an end to pain.