

# The Birds: After: Two

written by Guest Contributor | November 24, 2015



Frightened of birds but remembering how  
in childhood birds existed theoretically  
as something beautiful, something named  
so lyrically—nightingale, starling—  
how language itself soothes  
makes a prototype

how tracing a finger around the globe  
provides an understanding of mountains  
their miniaturized roughness  
how this tactile knowledge prepares  
for nothing

\*

parcel together some semblance of  
an earlier life:  
blue angel wallpaper border of a bedroom  
a bottle of cologne refilled with water  
my father's clothes, stored in a hallway, all  
pristinely dried clean and pressed, large and  
untouchable

\*

if childhood is a symbol for something  
I don't know what

I don't know the deepness of shame  
anymore

how I thought myself such a large child  
but pictures prove my smallness  
small little boy-girl, wheat hair, slim wrists  
my body, birdy

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I am no child; no one carries me anymore\*

except for when I lay my birdy down  
against wind or rain  
and refuse to move

when in dreams strange men  
carry me

when my legs say husband  
when my legs are just legs, no joints  
no crotch, no movement  
to make a thing useful

when squirrels break into the bird house  
I celebrate their mammal superiority

I lie down, unmovable  
I wait to be carried

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\*Line from Inger Christensen's *Alphabet*