

## The Birds: Since The Catastrophe

By Guest Contributor

Categories : Poetry

Date : 16-04-2018

I want to love the crane.  
She surprises me bright against  
the blue of my morning walk—  
more omen than beacon—  
tiptoeing stilts around the open  
throats of empty bottles, foil  
wrappers peeking from the muck  
of this place we call harbor.  
Does she dream of the green  
choked world? Now drowned  
ruin. Not all disasters are natural.  
I've blown up my life, fucked  
a man not mine to make it so.  
I'm envious of animals with only  
biology to answer for. This bird,  
stock-still stands for all birds,  
I could come back  
tomorrow and have no idea  
if she is this one or another  
or if her bones remember  
dinosaurs or the first  
time she took the sky.  
All of us, colonizers.

---



**Lisa Mecham** is a writer living in Los Angeles and she finds her bio boring. Instead, please read the work of [María Isabel Álvarez](#), [Colette Arrand](#), [b: william bearhart](#), [Gwen Benaway](#), [Linda Chavers](#), [Maya Chinchilla](#), [Joyce Chong](#), [Jayy Dodd](#), [Miguel Morales](#), [Karuna Riazi](#), [Jasmine Sanders](#), and [Alice Wong](#).