

Augury

by Donika Kelly

Your voice, broken as a body when you
speak of loss—of losing her— awash in
the grief that comes, I know, when the one you
love lets go and it is nothing you've done.

This morning I dreamed again of birds, blue
and dead, wings lifted in a parody
of flight—and yes, I'd sworn off the birds, love,
so they died, as any living thing might.

That's one reading, I suppose, another
way of letting go after having held
you once, for a while, content with the shape
of what was—and perhaps the birds were

an augury of myth, but who knows what
promise will rise or perish come morning?