

Bird Boy

Luke Abraham

My bird, my only friend,
given to me by my mom,
stops squawking in the middle of the night.

I awake early
to find him at the bottom his cage
not moving.
His head twisted backwards.

My father snores
in his bedroom.
A woman who is not my mother
lies next to him.

In my room,
I cry in silence,
pull a crate from my closet.
Away I will go.

I apply my beak:
a fragile waffle cone
saved from the fondest memory
of my mom before she passed.

My wings: feathers stolen
from the hospital pillow
which supported her head,
so she could look at me during her last moments.

Talons: broken plastic butter-knives
she used to make my breakfast
which I woke up to every morning,
along with a kiss.

The screen falls from the window,
with ease.

Dead insects are crushed
between my feet and the sill.

The clouds: I wonder
if they will look the same from above
as they do from the bottom.