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In the Garden

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In the Garden

in the dewy mesh of string bean leaves

I find a bird so used to precision flight

that its tangle in the furious wheels

of a passing car must mark its only,

fatal, miscalculation.

The flight feathers beneath the snapped wing

tremble like petals of new squash buds,

the shiny eyes still black as marigold seeds.

Come back, I whisper, but it can not hear me,

is empty as a hollow wing bone.

Tied to tomato stakes, white rags

shudder and mimic flight, fall back,

earthbound imposters pinned like laundry on a line.

I pluck the bird from the leaves.

make a nest of squash vines and bury it like a bulb,

knowing that if I wait long enough

something made of the bird's will to taste the marigolds

will be yielded up from the dense earth

copper-wingéd and whole.