

2005

Fragmented Grief

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Recommended Citation

Humbert, Jen (2005) "Fragmented Grief," *Exile*: Vol. 52 : No. 2 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol52/iss2/9>

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at least four phone calls—quick, hushed—came to life
in her eyes. her half of the conversations were soft—she quoted
her bible, her father, the Atlantic monthly—she clicked her nails
against the telephone’s black body.

at least two jackdaws—pert, slick—sat upon the ledge
where she grew sparse herbs. the jackdaws lectured one another—
they spoke in chirps, in silence, with extended wings—and in their noise,
neither bird felt the touch of its body against the window.

Jen Humbert, '06