

These Birds of Mine

by Tamar Love

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I used to cook for them.

They flocked to my home,
migrating birds, pausing
to rest, for comfort.
I made them spaghetti, bread, tacos.
I made them cake.

Some stayed the night,
head under wing,
nestled in bits of blanket;
some did not. Many
returned for a time,
but some simply vanished.

Now I cook less frequently:

they come to me wounded, wings
clipped, feathers torn and bleeding,
plucked, beaks bent. They
are not hungry: they have
learned to forage
in the wild lands.

Some need blankets; most want
warm hands, cupping them,
enfolding them in sleep,
to stroke and calm,
to ward away their loss.