

cancer grows like a nest

Beth Everest

cancer grows like a nest, the crows
on the top of the lamppost, their funny
dance from foot to foot, and throaty burble,
the clicking from under a tongue.
feathers alight and the bird returns with mud,
twigs, feathers, a silver ribbon. it's the glittery
things.

in the morning, looking for eggs
hidden by my father while we are at
easter mass. how many can we find?
one two three. where's mine?
and the others? look. it's the whiskey
jack who took them. or the magpies.
they take the robin eggs too, suck
the filling out, like candy.

it's spring. rain on the first
crocuses.

it's spring. i'm waiting. listen
it's the rain. i hear it. i know
it's the rain.