

DONIKA ROSS

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*Perhaps you tire of birds*

But the yellow-beaked night  
bird—in the moonlight,  
in the clover,  
in the deep deep grass—  
could hold me,  
always, in the swell  
of her little eye.  
O my scouring eye  
that scrubs clean  
the sky and the blossomed  
tree. O my heart that breaks  
like a bone. O my bones,  
full and flying.