

ANYA SILVER

The Firebird

The wood of No-name grows closer.
Already, you hear the slow hoof beats
of elk crushing the moss, you wake
to cicadas trapped on the screens.

Your charms are trembling in your pockets,
longing to leap into dark pools
where the green tongues of algae will dull
their gleaming skins.

Now is the time to claim the burning egg
in the bird's belly, to win the crystal
in its shell of flame. To let your name
singe itself on your ribs—

Your body, a canticle.
The clouds will arrange themselves into minarets.
The bell ringing in your throat will drown
out the train's slow grieving.