

MARY MOLINARY  
If we were birds once

Then fold feather into ready ink  
Then a drowsy eye  
Then our inconsequential selves  
Then *bury them and keep quiet*  
Then elegy then apology then what will emerge  
Then what is possible resembles free fall or flight  
Then that any of this is possible dispels determinacy  
Then the hands gone then the thumbs can do no harm  
Then strands of continuities  
Then prehensile nostalgia  
Then what can it mean to be idiopathic & interstitial  
Then trade acquaintances & valuable objects  
Then *reason and the angel of militancy*  
Then the body executes itself  
Then take the wind in one mouth & expel it from the other  
Then the prohibition of scattered flower petals  
Then scatter them  
Then beckon with a wing  
Then the prohibition of scattered leaves  
Then scatter them