

MARY MOLINARY

Little known bird of the ribcage

Either 2 birds crossed
The blue air
Just in front of you or

Missiles were prepared
& placed on an X-marked border

Either a quiet morning marked
By blossomings-out &
Smallish vegetables or

The political prisoner
Awakes in the same
Cell with the same

First thought as yesterday

The cell we have in common
The target we share
What you believed once

Still holds: the body
Free or imprisoned

Your bird is your secret
A rod of carbon in an arc
Of light infinitely

Before we were fossils
We were merely
Hungry & chattering
Consequently

There is the body
Free or imprisoned there is
Justice or there is not

Prepare the cell we have in common
Sing your secret bird to sleep

*The ribcage is a cage for this
The ribcage is a fine cage for this
Marked little bird of a heart*