

MICHAEL LAVERS

SUN, BIRDS, AND LEAVES

Sun, birds, and leaves, outside my window.
Sun, and birds, and leaves, and a valley,
and a lake, and beyond that, hills. The sun
that is on me. The birds that are birds.
Small wings and frail backs. Sparrows
bobbing in a cold wind on the wheat stalks
near the fence, perched sideways, hanging on,
some nearly upside down, tearing off seeds.
Yes, I watched my mother die. She moaned
until she had no voice to moan but was still
in pain, and I have not forgotten. The seizure
in the bathtub, getting in with her
and holding her up so she did not drown.
Who's to say things should be different?
It is spring and there are birds, and sun,
and leaves, and my happiness in this moment
knows death. It has agreed to the moaning.
It seeks neither recompense nor relief.
Heaven is here, and I have not forgotten.
I smile because I want to, knowing.
I stare and stare. I ask nothing to change.

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