

Her Moods Caused Owls

To say the great horned
sits like a mask
in the tree. To say false face,

death mask, implies
I know the story.

The little snowy, light as powder
on a branch, is capable of cruelty
when her mood demands it:

ten torn crows turn up,
black feathers from bones.

To say the hollow bones were dead limbs
in a blowdown, sticks
strewn three miles wide, her moods
violent bursts, implies
I hold a story,

or that stories demand:
we want what is real
we want what is real
don't deny us.

Once there was a girl who spoke
garlands; blossoms unspooled
from her mouth. Confused,
she tried to flee her own fecundity.
And her fear caused gardens.

I'm swallowing a story
that ends with bloodstained snow.
I know how this looks.
It appears to be true.