

## **Nesting**

I didn't smear gold paint  
under bridges.

There was no word eater  
beneath me. I didn't

burst into feathers or  
grow a single wing.  
If I found a string of keys,

I don't remember. The doors  
will stay shut

for now.

Cabinet after cabinet  
overflowing with

marmalade. There  
used to be bread  
for moments like these.  
Now, there's only sticky

sweet wood and  
memories.

I didn't pick blue from  
the down of my hair,  
or drown in the Midwest

in a lake on a hill.

There was no speakeasy  
for yarn at the bottom.

I was looking

for something soft  
and sturdy,

but only found  
your pajamas—  
the ones with the purple

cats and knee patches  
that you lost  
when you were nine.

My pockets are still wet  
from that night.

Where do butterflies go

to hide from the rain, again?  
I know your green  
eyes must be dancing  
by now.

Bird nests will cling  
beneath our brows  
for another two years.

I'll wait for you  
where it's warm.