

Song for Two

Two birds discuss what it is to be birds:
how heaviness would feel if it were possible
what light it is that grows over them.
Boomerang moons, their wings
whisper to the dark -
now a nick, now a cut, now a curve.

They carve through the night
with white threads in their beaks.
Little whittlers. Sky calligraphers.
Air chasers, who screech into the morning.

Their lives are a complete act of faith:
that someone will hear
and someone will answer
a note will open a note.

Anna Selby