When a bird dives from a powerline, it lands on its feet

Sally Cannon
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Poetry • Sally Cannon

My chest, it never stops hurting me these days, like a bird growing but not quite ready (read willing) to fracture its shell. Somehow the pecking at my ribcage takes

second place, though, to the lake of tar—that weight in my bloodstream, coagulating. The birds use it to cement their nests to my spinal cord, wingbeats making waves in

my stomach. Maybe that’s why I can’t sleep or why when my eyes crack open I can’t wait to go back to bed—her pursed lips dam the flowing flowing flowing of symptoms—

*Maybe this is all just inside your head*

*she says, Come back soon if nothing changes*