

Baby Giraffe

Poetry • Kayla Burrell

Born at three past two—
new to light,
and wary of the day.

Awake, debout;
a tumble, taste of rock—

a sky, a leaf,
a flock, a distant rain.

The shaping of a tune
upon a tongue—

beneath the sun,
the young one longs for night,

where hums will still the quake
of untried legs
and newfound sight.