

# Crowning Glory

Poetry • Ava Shutze

The sparrow withered till the morning,  
In his sleep, an emerald gem shone

Cut me once my darling,  
Bury the knock at your door,  
Crushed behind a velvet war,  
Willowed away in the gore

The fellow caught in the mourning,  
Trying to pull the sword out of the stone,

There's nothing left for  
Him, but growling golden glory

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Honey, honey,  
Bleed out in the water,  
Sunny, sonny,  
Lead the lambs to the slaughter

Scarred scarlet letter,  
Why did your Ship sink down under  
Arrows clung to his heart, a smeary gape  
Among the glass rain and thunder  
Nothing but his moonless shape

Hunting a bruised debtor  
He ran through the tundras to guard his keep,  
Thorn upon thorn,  
Ivy and vine,  
Bells tolling to his weep,  
Warned and worn  
Barely alive

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A sorrow hung low in the scoring,  
He arrived before the gilded throne

He wore the crown the sparrow spun,  
Face still burrowed red,  
Froth foaming upon his jeweled head

Notice me, notice me

“Can you not see,”  
The yellow feathers sung

The diadem you wear atop your green and brown gown  
Will only reap you a reign of terror  
because it meant cutting down  
Its bearer