# **Promise of Angels**

# The songbird sits just

# outside the cage and shuffles his feathers

# with the carelessness of a practised

# magician. From our slanted view

he looks like sunlight condensed

into shadow

the focal point of everything in the room.

Peering through bars his obsidian

eyes are sorry for he sees the rust

of our joints and remembers the way

his wings ached for the salve of the wind.

In that moment we think we are

saved. He opens his beak and out

pours the world

the crescendo of the rising sun

the opera of the moon

ebony breast swelling like the landscapes

he translates into song.

Long after our silence has displaced

his last notes, he takes off.

Our fingers chase his retreating

silhouette and feel along our spines

for the beginnings of wings.