

BOWERBIRD

ayten tartıcı

The male satin bowerbird chews
blueberries, dipping twigs in its juice. It weaves
butterfly wings, bottle tops and pink seashells into
the blue walls, lining the walkway with flower petals
and green broken glass.

So Paul Celan wrote to Nelly Sachs that his son
(upon seeing the birds on the window sill)
sprinkled bread crumbs: *Venez moineaux! Venez
pigeons! –sparrow! pigeon! –come,*

come: how likeness
is like nearness,

and has your face changed?

Your face spilling down my face in long black strokes—

Gravity on the end of the tongue.

When I close my eyes, I can't