



*...may 4, 2011...*

*inside the winter of your cry  
i feel a child's abandonment –  
as if the substance of your breath  
aches for what it cannot get –*

*words are gone – you sulk inside  
the fragment child you once were  
victimized inside a fear  
you cannot see or touch or hear –*

*the backyard finches dart and swoop  
while tiny hummingbirds explore  
hovering green to disappear  
through undulating cedars boughs –*

*none of the birds coordinate  
their flutterings to your desires –  
nor do deer request consent  
to graze the flowers of your yard –*

*so why do you require me  
in my humanness to be  
your happiness – but only if  
i do what you expect of me?*