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Love Needs No Wings

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Love Needs No Wings

I try not to think about what happened to the bones of the robin on impact.

"They are hollow, poor dears!"
Old doves titter in their puffed
feathered hats, skitting around the corpse.
"Never learned to tuck enough coins in their empty space,"
goes the tutting of their tongues.

Wrinkled ravens guffaw as they look down through monocled eyes from the wire, they walk "Well, that's a bloody disasta!"

They light a smoke off scorched tree stumps, kissing stripped wires. Because no blood means there must be no harm.

But the magpie kneels down, and lays a single bottle cap over the robin's open eyes and lays there a while in silent vigil. Loving this stranger back to the ground.