

Winged Heart

Born a wild thing
That hides and flutters,
A bird is my heart,
A nesting creature
That flies in all weather,
In winter, ice on its wings.
It's blue sky now.

Sun.

The little bird swoops
From milkweed clouds,
Alighting on a branch,
Home,
Nest,
A shallow saucer of twigs
And bits of the old mare's tail.

Little bird

Preens,
Ruffles its feathers,
And begins
To sing.

**Published in *Voices of Women*, Baltimore, MD,
June-July 1993**