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## Simon Perchik

“\*\*\*\*\*”

Loosened from the sand  
then wing over wing  
till the sky faces you  
lets you choose one shell  
rather than another  
among the broken open  
once seabirds.

She's used to it  
grins to please you  
keep the game going  
cries when you cry  
just by moving closer  
saved between  
the umbrella and morning.

You have so many cries  
so much, making room  
--you empty the sun  
for its ashes  
that circle her  
as air and the part  
that doesn't cool  
you use for breath

for wingspan  
and unending rock  
crushed the way all sadness  
weighs nothing now  
--she says she thinks  
she found a feather.