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my brother; bronzed grackle

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my brother; bronzed grackle

at home in the densest areas of hiding, kept close to the breast the nest—made in any cavity. open he flits here and there and there and then nowhere discernable of a moment disappears in the space wing open then closed then gone from sight comes and goes in the blink of a wide yellow eye twitching through rooms and doorways and stairs to open sky how the pitiful strange sound from the beak of a boy. how strange the fear that coils through my own chest at the sight of a bent wing. the halting gait the curling how strange the pained trill. the eyes scanningthen darting assessing any threat and all the through my own chest while fear coiling sight of the wounded boy bird opportunistic threat voice strained through the beak picking and pulling and reaching for anything soothing and like the mother dipping into the youngs' mouth to feed, so the bird's boy's mother leads him to what must sustain him his body hunched into defensive will unfurl the itself protective moment his need is met and so my fear coils tight as his hunching but will not uncoil at the sight of his spreading and what to do when neither know how to fly kept close to the nest wings tucked tight bodies knowing only the scent of home no migratory instinct in either at home only in the densest of hiding.