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The Unleashed Song

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Cover Page Footnote
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It was my capturing you,  
(I regret)  
while swinging from limb  
to corn leaves. Whom would  
land in the grass—patch shade  
and comb out the black beetles,  
outside my backyard.  
I would watch you with high-range  
telescopes through my window,  
watch you chase the sun  
in the east and rest  
in the South with the moon’s milk.  
Then on,  
I made a vow to catch you  
and your tempered songs.

Amidst the McIntosh tree;  
sweet tune melodies carried  
through your cherry beak,  
small, red feathers spread  
in your wings: mating season  
the call for another cardinal.  
Rather, I came to your songs  
swinging my nylon net to entrap  
then you fell within hopeless webs  
and white mesh.

I took your last breath of Spring  
and locked away your dreams in  
a steel cage,  
for a season your feathers ruffled  
and thinned:  
the once cheery beak  
broke out dry cracks  
refused to speak to me,  
nor my comforts.
Not a tune was warbled.  
It was that first day of snow  
when I awoke  
the sun was still rising  
and you laid dead in warm decay  
on the bottom silver pan,  
water and bird feed  
untouched, red ball in the corner  
stolen and cold.  
And no song came from my window,  
or head.