The Unleashed Song

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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.