

I scrambled up a dusty trail—

Instead of attending the funeral
 bluish-black feathers darting down.

I lost it just as quickly.

Knew the nest by its roof—
 a domed structure of sticks and twigs,

 clumsily placed forever called home.

The ways to build a nest, endless make
 material symbols of becoming—

You're leaving me.

I had to squat down to look up.
 I doubt this nest will be used again.

So much of the large greasewood is dead now.

You were the entire world.
 The mud and sticks stand exposed—

I'll miss the life it held.