

The Birds – Revised
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The shapes in my head are like birds
whose feathers are words I haven't learned, yet.
(Haven't heard yet.)
They stretch their wings in the corners of
my dreams.

And ideas flicker through skies:
Blue and gray matter and cloudy some days
when it rains and I can't see those shapes
as they soar, dive through memories and sentences

and align on the wires.
Words form in the cables between claws,
between clauses. Along the lines of phrases I won't recall
when I wake from these dreams.