Crow / Swallow

Laura Gibson

My mind may drift from the walls of my skin
But I will not wander too far
For those who are pulled by the ivory sun
Know that home is a labor of fireAnd I may have nursed their honey-bright wounds
And cradled their rhythms to rest
But I am no dreamer
I could not keep my hands cleanSo I will not grieve those bent to receive
Seeds that could never be sown
And I will not lust those courtesies past
They have flickered but not chosen meAnd when they march by in their motherly smiles
Swaying their motherly hips
I cannot follow
I cannot keep their paceTime has a way of stealing our breath
And milking the light from our pores
And many will fill their oak barrel wombs
With patience instead of desireOne cannot curse a crow for her course
Or choose where her feathers may fall
I am no swallow
I am no spring bird

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