Feather Lungs

Laura Gibson

Late when the night has swollen
and the edge of the sky is bruised
I'll wonder if the scene is cast
by accident or by design
We will leave our feather lungs, as nameless as when we arrived,
Every breath and belly laugh will teach us how to die again,
Each calloused hand and fingertip is a kite-string to a morning hour,
Where light will fancy you a friend and greet you with a wink and nod
Every breath and belly laugh will teach us how to die alone,
For light will pull her curtains closed and whisper every parting word
Late when the night has swollen,
and the edge of the sky is bruised,
marching with a flag in hand,
we'll be sending up our final flares

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