

EASTER SUNDAY

I knew she would come to me in the spring,
not as a heron or owl or steady cardinal flame,

but as a flash, years in the making—a moment
my hunger could not afford to miss.

And so I put out feeders, bulging with seed.
It was the year everything bloomed

too soon or not at all, the year
of extravagant finches: I couldn't get over

how yellow they flew. When the calico
brought gilded feathers to the door,

I knew what I loved was truly gone.
Still, those feathers littering the steps

were not without grace, which meant
I could love the finch—frail, electric petals

of light. But I could love, too, the cat,
taking and giving in equal measure,

and those vivid feathers, warm in my palm.