Catbird [1]

December 14, 2020 Featured Poetry [2] TW at Ten [3] Nature [4]

Poetry by Lesley Wheeler



Catbird

Mimic the mimid, heavy with midges and a trashy mewing song. She swipes stalks from the bed, hops to the shortest post of the fence, sidles up it then glides with a beakful to build, somewhere low down, a steeply-angled nest. A jaded scheme; no effort wasted. Why work one wingbeat harder than this untidy world requires?

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.googlege 1 of 3 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');

Catbird

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The only possible reply: a screech from the lilac, its flower-cones gone brown, valentine leaves concealing a clutch of blue-green eggs, or green-blue, dubious tint but hot with obstinacy, late spring luck, and all her cupped refusals.

_[5]



Step One

The news outside is nothing good. Catbird flirts her tail a while then gives it up, too hot to cry. A black walnut fruits hard, concealing fists beneath serrated leaflets. Creepers strangle laurels. The creek's a drip over dusty scree. Crabs gleam like planets

of ill omen. But at least that world's alive

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to rage and mourn. Step from the insulated box where vents exhale, dreamless, sedated, and a washing machine simulates a grief you do not feel, to share the evil weather. Let half-dead grass crackle underfoot. Sweat. Be observed. Trees will whisper overhead in another language. They're not happy, either.

_ [5]

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Lesley Wheeler is the author of two new books: *The State She's In* (Tinderbox Editions, 2020) and *Unbecoming* (Aqueduct Press, 2020). *Poetry's Possible Worlds*, her essay collection about twenty-first-century poetry, is forthcoming in 2021. Her poems and essays appear in *The Common, Crab Orchard Review*, *Ecotone, The Massachusetts Review*, and other journals, and she is poetry editor of *Shenandoah*. Wheeler lives in Virginia and teaches at Washington and Lee University.

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