

The Birds

One morning you lock me out of the house.

Eyes see through my Emperor's robe as I bang on the door.
Eyes see between my naked legs as I call out your name.
I am clothed in stares.
Inside fragile eggs crack open.

One morning you lock me out of the house.

When you let me in, I am angry with you.
You feed the fledgelings' sucking mouths
with platitudes but the words fly empty
and still, I am angry with you.

You ask *how many times do I have to apologise?*
I part my lips and a torrent of wings swirl
up and scream out my mouth.
My ravens flee like a squall of distress.

One morning you locked me out of the house.

I wanted to tell you how I felt, locked out
and naked under my robe,
but I had nothing for you except the birds.
And now you are angry

with me, for locking you out.