

Anna Ross

## Flight

I

Too late, we find her:

a pinned heart already slowing

through the monitor's static, each beat

slipping a further cog. O difference,

half-brother to chance, we watched for you

monthly, our landscape shortening

to horizon. We know now:

to begin is difficult, to stay, impossible.

Each evening, the grey owl flies out

and each morning returns to the creek aspen.

Walking the back fences, we find the other

caught against the barbs,

its skull all beak and socket,

the wing still feathered.