

Birdie's Eulogy

Daze Dayne

you never looked as golden as that morning
stained windows dressed your sacrifice in sunshine
in offering a hand that makes you noble
fair fortune favors those who do their duty

still trembling on your knees before the altar
still singing through the bars, a white-faced goldfinch
startling every time the bells chime glory
still standing on the scaffold of your nightmares

your lashes flutter, wet with grief and sorrow
allergic to the wreath that crowns you husband
locked in a kiss you look over her shoulder
I dare not meet your eye before the lord

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