

3:08 AM

CATERINA DONG

i have given up on grief.
a bird dies in the window it saw a life for itself in.
i hurt people and they
hurt me. sleet falls at the exact
angle you leave me. a bird
flying straight ahead has no idea.

i cannot bear the idea that i hurt
people i love
and their slanted faces
when love is so round.
i'm tired of shaping grief
when it circles back to you.
snowballs pelt our faces, leaving
sharp cuts behind. if we curve the
window, the bird only lives seconds
more before sputtering open.