



It is a neighbour; home early from work who sees  
this new birth through

the dappled light  
and tells his father –

[At least Judas left the trace of pink lips  
A kiss on Christ's cheek his legacy]

How easily a young boy in a dress becomes  
a vanishing thing.

The croak of a loaded staircase  
A nervous hand on a doorknob  
A revolution against dead wood  
Futile.

Then the command –  
Loud.

To *come out*  
Bellowing.

The freight of hate is burdensome to the voice  
shame makes homes from the bones of lost children.

Breath of sky through a transom runway  
an invitation, of sorts

white netting  
masking the day

whispering

*A bird must fly.*

Those

xylophone feet

a tentative melody

across a window ledge

then –

the stillness

that always comes

before a fall.

Open wider

Step further out.

Know

these are a different kind of wings.

Watch:

- eclipse

manhood: an abortion

in reverse,

a slow traverse

backwards

to time

immemorial

Look –

how it even stops

traffic.