

AILISH HOPPER

BIRD IN THE HEAD

It is a good day when I see you,
powder-red bloom
on a floating branch.
Or hear you, sliding your one note

barbershop style.
You are always a distance
from me—I try

to get close.
When the sun has hardly risen,
I step quietly
through the woods,

find your shape. Say
to myself: hide,

desire. Yours are not the kind
of hands

to catch this kind of bird.