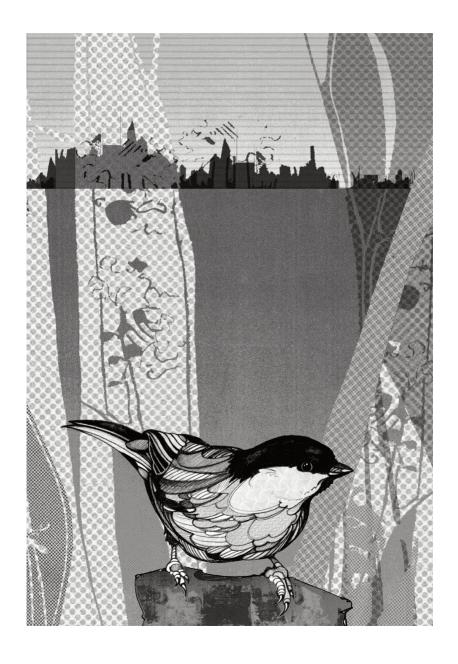
Willow tit Parus montanus



JOHN CLEGG Willow Tit

Her beak is a split thorn carving a zipline, undressing the seedpod.

Ignore her calls, those sudden shudders of breath in a pinetree.

Ignore her completely. Some birds in China sculpt nests from spit;

she'll hammer a home in your huge neglect, eyeshadowed, black-capped.

In the land of the dead the judges will balance your heart and her feather.