

SARA LUPITA OLIVARES

Drawings of a Red-Billed Pigeon

you can see only the shape of the red-billed pigeon
in the bathroom window, opaqueness
a distance the yard

repeats. the moon sinks—its
persistence a syllable swelling
through the day.

a child draws worry as a river,
its stones neatly pressed to one side.
when we take a photograph of the landscape

we find ghosts of the trees in ways dimming
around themselves to create
indentations of
other selves.

I come home and empty out someone else's
drawers. the blurriness of
trees deepens, though the periphery remains

pointed as if to highlight. the interiority being
a complicated resolve. the red-billed
pigeon halfway
hatched from its egg

its shell a root taken from
a landscape and turned upside
down, our own want left to

unplace its things within idled
forms. you can hear a singing still before
opening—the self quietly separated from its own being.