

Can the Birds Tell that I Am Not From Here?

by Elizabeth Drawdy

Winter removes her heavy cloak from my too pale shoulders to thrust me into light
melting down from the treetops, kissing the ground with Midas' lips.

Sleep pulls at my eyes, begs me to return to bed,
but sounds of awakening are all around
and I have been asleep for too long.

Months of frigid detachment, suffocated in darkness;
uncertainty rippled out from me.

A heavy stone dropped in a creek

I sank, complacent.

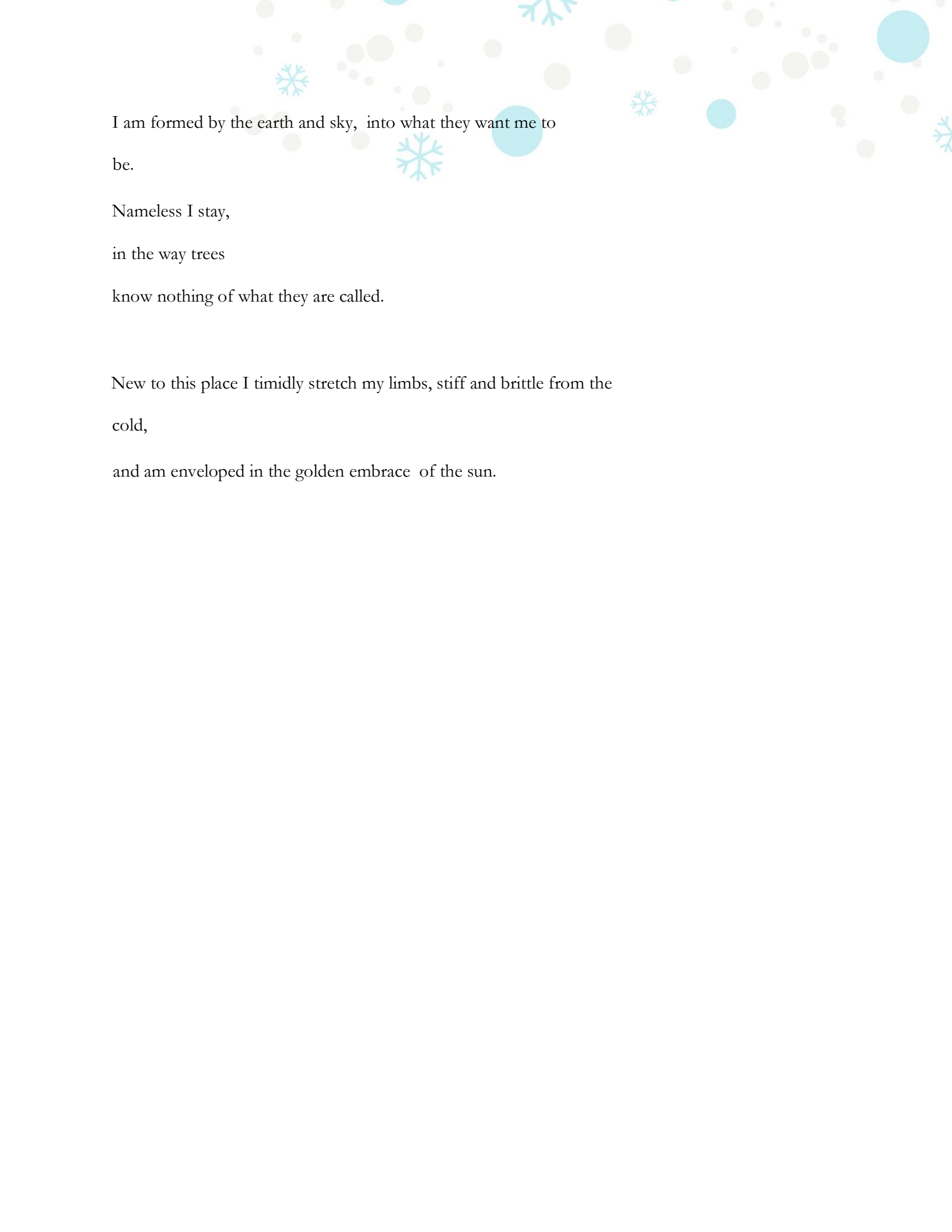
But now, doe-eyed and brave I step onto new earth
warm with fresh life, vibrating from within and above, singing the song of the
chickadee, while crows
skulk in shadows to wait for barren trees once more.

Nameless

first foot onto wet ground,
mud squelching between frosty toes

I am turned into a new thing.

Unsure what to call myself



I am formed by the earth and sky, into what they want me to
be.

Nameless I stay,
in the way trees
know nothing of what they are called.

New to this place I timidly stretch my limbs, stiff and brittle from the
cold,
and am enveloped in the golden embrace of the sun.