

## **Bird in the Hand**

I waited, hand outstretched  
to your version of heaven.

Chickadee, steal this seed,  
hear the other birds sing,  
*I dare you.*

Stand and shake, muscle  
fatigue, this dull cold-quiet  
of winter reminds me:

I am human.

And that moment you land,  
only briefly.

Yet just long enough  
to sense a trust  
in nature. This sliver  
in a moment I call,  
*hope-living.*

A scratch in the palm.

Toes like needles on skin.