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.