

The Nest

The afternoon is blue,
too. I am only
doing what everyone else does.
I swallow a bird. A whole
bible could fit
in my throat.
The feathers
are something
like water, but not
water. The claws
hurt like staples
so I swallow an earth
worm, too.
It's honey.
My bird eats the worm
and my stomach
is hot
as it ripens
into a cabbage.
Of course,
there are sad fish
in the water
in the afternoon.
Of course,
one fish swallows
another. A star
opens out.
I change the channel
and my bird
builds a nest.

By Mia Slater