

Sinéad Garrigan-Mattar

No Salvage

The ghost of the impact, white on the window,
catches my eye as I enter the kitchen:
a dove, sprawled wide in its this—
is-my-beloved-son yawn.
Warm flesh through feathers pressed
like a sponge-print.
The last breath out is the first to be drawn.

Under the window, on the patio table,
a kestrel is plucking the flunked corpse:
discarding the moving-you-
over-the-face-of-the-water wings,
detaching the head, and ploughing
a red trough.
I cough a protest. No bird sings.