Laurie Kruk

First Birds

for Elena, 8 months

There are birds, flying out of your throat
\[ \text{birr birr, birrr} \]

and I glance up at the empty window where moments before wings whirred, beaks dipped in seed reservoir then flashed, back into absence: leaving your words, winged.

You stick tiny, tenacious hands right into the heart of things, like my opening lips, too close for a kiss—tugging at tongue, teeth and mouth as if to unlock \[ \text{birr birr birr!} \]

the swallow-starling fountain of talk, of sound. Of meanings that fly. Those wings, words. And write the air.