

Kendall Cohns

Uneaten Remains of a Horned Lark

My open chest, hollow head strung sweet
as a harp, singing as only the still sing

I feel the dirt in-between sinew,
wingtips buried in the dust, feathered strands
and Earth mosaic, the sun beats through my chest,
ribbed light and shadows of my disintegrating form

There are no worms here, it is too dry,
I take time necessary for dusting bones
and toes, unfurling the beetles and seeds
to return to the dirt that I feel

I feel the dust in me, in the cracks of my ribs
and wings, and the strings of sinew
harping sweetly in the wind and the sound
is in the dust and the dust is in the air
