



House Finches

I know all the corners
of this room
that used to be mine,
detailed with peaked ceiling
angles where a girl, almost adult
sits at the edge of a large bed
made neatly by a wood-sashed
window. Her clothes, spaced
and arranged, fill the closet
across the room from light
directly yellow on the bed.

The curtain by her left shoulder
nearly tears under the swarm
of small birds with dull rose mantles
hanging loud on the window cloth.

*I see they are like the transient purple
finches that rested only a day or two
swarming the beach pines of particular
late winter days when the sun, suddenly
too hot, dazed us afraid for spring.*

This nearly grown girl, solid and familiar
in the room I know, says,
*No, these are my faithful Bernardo finches
like, but unlike, yours.*

Jane Thielsen