

# Room

BY DAVID BIESPIEL

After it came in like a dark bird  
Out of the snow, barely whistling  
The notes *father, mother, child*,  
It was hard to say what made us happiest.

Seeing the branches where it had learned  
To stir the air? The air that opened  
Without fear? Just the branches  
And us in a room of wild things?

Like a shapeless flame, it flew  
A dozen times around the room.  
And, in a wink, a dozen more.  
Into the wall, the window, the door.

You said the world turns to parts.  
You said the parts are cunning spheres.  
You said you always love the face of sin.  
You said it's here, the lips and eyes and skin.

Outside the snow deepened  
With heaves of discontent.  
Inside, the tremor of our life  
Flew in and in and in.

Source: *Poetry* (February 2012).