

Sanctuary

JOHN SIBLEY WILLIAMS

A star rests heavy on the roof.
A dozen dead birds roost in the gutters.
When it rains it's as if everything
were born iron, every structure built
to leak from the corners.

A disembodied swing set arcs
and punctures the sky. Through the hole
a familiar letter tumbles to the lawn. To be happy
all we can do is read about ourselves in the past.
Do you remember? and again
and again and the birds
descend dead to the window
we've never opened. And the star.