

## As Robins Do

Shannon Couch

I found you, in the violet heart of summer,  
rust and scoria.

With handfuls of earth and amber,  
we made a home, coated in August  
and drenched in a fever  
called the fear of something new.

As the robin eats the screen and builds a  
nest on the pane,  
I watch you watch me watch the sun rise  
in the east,  
and you smile as if you're seeing  
light for the first time.

At night, you pretend to cry so I'll  
hold your hand when pazuzu  
crawls in bed with you,  
watching me watching you watch the sun  
drag the color from the sky—  
I'll never see you again.

The robin left in December,  
the natural fear of being frozen in place—  
flew south or west or  
as far from me as it could get.  
My precious home of amber,  
now dust.

But dust must settle somewhere,  
so I followed where it blew—

seen as guilty, desperate hands of a fool  
led over roots, yelling slow down,  
until I fell upon a mountain  
called something to return to.

And on its face was a shade of blue  
that took the place of you.  
A home at the foot of mountain majesty,  
and now I'm lost in a hue  
that holds me  
tighter than the tug of Jupiter.