

Rosella

A Poem By Carole Poustie

It's in small print
on the front page –
woman cyclist hit by bus
continued on page four –
tyres catch in tram tracks
dies instantly
I stop reading
look out the window
try to imagine it

The crash is so loud I jump
the rosella
writhes on my back deck
arches up its tail feathers
lowers them again in increments
then lies still–
head turned too far sideways

I cradle the bird in my hand –
its body warms my fingers
in the cold of morning
think of the woman's body
twisted into wrong angles
a downy feather blows in the chill breeze

The bird's claws are curled inwards
wrapped around
the memory of a branch
I look down
into the lifeless eyes
that stare at something
I can't see

All afternoon
outside my study window
a crimson rosella
flies from tree to tree
calling
(from Poetrix issue 8 and Avant 2009)

