

There's birds in the family

(excerpt from Triptych)

When my grandmother died a kingfisher flew
into the church, perched in rafters above her
coffin, escorted the cortège to the graveyard.

My mother wasn't surprised. People from her
village have ancestral spirits and the sultry hens
cackled for three days when my grandfather died.

I have an affinity for birds. They surround my house,
lead me to vantage points when I'm lost in swamps,
valleys or subtropical forests, appear in dreams.

When I tell my family that I love dogs
they just laugh. Call me Bird Woman.

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