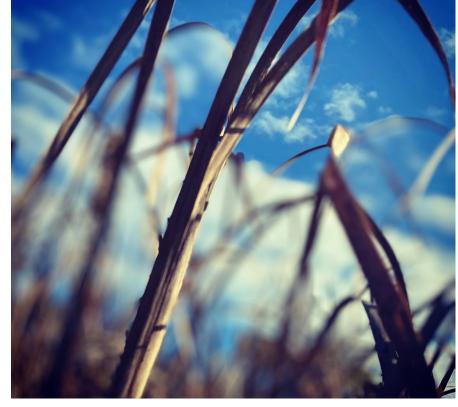
## The Bird

Poem by Holly Day

The tiny bird flaps in the grass near me
watches my approach with eyes like glass beads
opens its mouth as if expecting
random acts of maternal kindness from everything
around it, even me. Overhead



Photography by Brian Michael Barbeito

the mother robin peeps in distress, also watching me with shiny eyes a look of resolution on its face as if it's already decided I am incapable of love.