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## what birds plunge through is not intimate space

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# Lamb: what birds plunge through is not intimate space

WHAT BIRDS PLUNGE THROUGH IS NOT INTIMATE SPACE  
Jen Lamb

but the reckoning the sign unexpected  
flush of wings seen watery through windows  
strung muttering along telephone lines  
and standing s-necked in a settling pond  
a vastness that denies the existence of voice

but she is singing her own depths the plunge  
and terrify of space hollow within only  
a portent of flight a knowledge denied  
the wingless she spreads ready to cast off  
cornice eaves treeline a defiance sure to fail  
a renunciation of even makeshift gods  
her uncertainty leaving only the drift and settle  
of down and pinfeather bruising vowel and dusk