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## Not Only

Francine Witte

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NOT ONLY  
Francine Witte

was the sun a tired eye  
that day, but the birds  
were starting to fidget  
the wind. Somewhere, a woman  
was up to here with her man  
and his constant disappearings.  
I deserve better, she said,  
as she billowed a blanket  
above the bed that was only  
half slept in. Third time  
this week. Love graveyard,  
she thought, and that's when  
she heard the birds, all of them gone  
vulture now. Tapping their beaks  
at the window pane, hungry to gnaw  
on the corpse. And rather  
than hiding this one time,  
she flipped out the shutters  
and let in a sickness of birds,  
while she, sorry angel, stepped  
out on the porch, looking up  
at the bloody sun, which, we can  
only imagine, was trying  
its hardest not to stare.