

## REVERSAL

The robin lay on the pavement, her breast  
the rust red of dusk, though it was daylight,  
an April light. The breach caught my breath  
as my friend drove past the blur of the mate  
standing over the death. I felt the weight  
of its lie, like the body I held hard,  
held changed, held gone, his sallow face absurd,  
as obscene as Christ flayed red to the bone  
in the wrong, ruptured spring bright with a bird  
undoing the carnage, his Death is done.

*-Suzanne Underwood Rhodes*