

## WE WEAVE OUR OWN NESTS

*Jacie Ragan*

As wind and sunlight weave the warp and weft  
of dawn across the waking universe,  
I slam the shades and draw the drapes, immerse  
myself in darkness, movements sure and deft;  
I've practiced closing shutters since you left.  
I've broken lamps and mirrors, learned to curse  
the shards of light, reviled the sun, and worse.  
The mind's a coffin when we feel bereft.

I'd rather be a whip-poor-will or owl,  
to feather softly through the stars, to weave  
a nest in limbs beneath the moon, to prow  
by night, to screech or warble. I believe  
it must be bliss to be a winging fowl  
who doesn't suffer loss, who doesn't grieve.

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