

To the former bird by Big Bear Lake



they plucked off every once of meat. left
your beak, feathers, feet lone and frore

scraped beside the lake's dank shore. i'm
not sure what your story was. if i knew i'd

tell it. even if you passed your days circuiting
straightforward same, i'd beatify your mundane

down mountain, over bourbon.

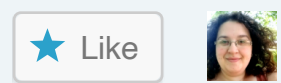


Oakley Ayden (she/her) is an autistic, bisexual writer from North Carolina. Her poems appear or are forthcoming in *Ghost City Review*, *The Cabinet of Heed*, *Maw: Poetry Journal*, *Not Very Quiet*, *Neologism Poetry Journal*, *The Minison Project*, *Sledgehammer Literary Journal*, and elsewhere. She lives in California's San Bernardino National Forest with her two daughters.



You can find Oakley @Oakley_Ayden on Twitter and @Oakley.Ayden on Instagram.

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