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The Black-Capped Chickadee

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The Black-Capped Chickadee

sings
her birdsong,
outside my window,

and I am drowning in
your absence.
I dig around the hydrangea,

shaping a well,
spread coffee grounds rich
with acid for the soil,

hands gritty with the grounds
of my morning ritual.
The flowers droop not unlike

your hair when you piled
your curls high on top
and they fell around your face.

This small world
of mine
holds you everywhere;

I tremble as it speaks to me.

-Abigail Warren
Northhampton, MA