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POETRY | SPRING 2018

## A White Feature Falls at My Feet on the Anniversary of Your Death

By Dianne Avey

Perhaps, if I had been more kind,  
I would be better able to let you go.  
Not always keeping a watchful eye  
for every passing chickadee, robin, or finch.

Perhaps, if I had been a better listener,  
while you were still able to describe  
the exquisiteness of these creatures -  
patterns of flight, nesting habits, distinct songs -  
obsessions of yours,

I might have understood,  
how these delicate things were still able  
to weave their way amongst  
the thicket of your white matter.  
A place I could no longer navigate.

I found myself jealous,  
craving just one synapse of recognition,  
your blue eyes gifted only  
to the window of your room.  
In silent anticipation you waited for them  
Goldfinch, Towhee, or your favorite –  
the Evening Grosbeak.  
In the end, these your beloved.

Now, I scan the sky,  
recalling the names of birds,  
as I look for signs of your forgiveness  
of my slow regard  
for the offerings of this world.

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**Dianne Avey lives in the Pacific Northwest where she is a fifth generation islander on Anderson Island. She writes poetry where she can, often on the ferry while commuting to her work as a Family Nurse Practitioner. Her poems and essays have appeared in *Wrist Magazine*, *Pulse*, *Oasis*, *More Voices* and several anthologies. Her first chapbook, "Impossible Ledges" was recently named a top ten finalist in The Poetry Box Annual Chapbook Contest. Her poetry is intentionally accessible, often using her natural seaside surroundings as inspiration.**

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