



Marilyn Ringer

Post Syncope

A young robin throws himself against my window.
I turn the art glass vase on the sill so its yellow moon
lights the living room instead of the bird's black eyes.
It doesn't help. I turn my back to leave the room,
but I can still hear him thumping against the pane.

Today everything tastes like metal. All my senses have reset
in neutral. I am careful with indelible ink.

The robin finds me in the family room. He bombards
its half-moon window, attacking his reflection, leaving
a greasy mark. I want to let him in to stop the sound
of his wings brushing the glass. I'm distant from thoughts
of consequences. I think of the pictures they took of my brain
after I was inexplicably drowned.

That moment when the body let go of the spirit, and consciousness

wandered away like a small child lost in a crowd.

Marilyn Ringer's chapbook, *Island Aubade*, has been published by Finishing Line Press. She lives in Chico, California.

Image: "Bird Attacking Window," from "Talking Nature, with Greg Hanseck" (website).