

Divination

ELISE PASCHEN

Snowbound, a round
of Robins huddle
on high. Ruby-
red baubles, they
garland icy
branches of the oak,
hiding song
inside. I forecast
birth, a steady
melt when nests
empty for months
beneath rain
pipes, shingles
will be feathered,
twined: those clutches
of three, their own
trinity, after
the tug of worms
from mud, beneath
the puff of wing,
minuscule eggs,
bluer than rapture.

