

Wounded Fledgling



Only a thrush
and rush
of freckled panic
in your hand.

Only a thrush

but hold it tight
till feather and flight
and bone and song
are strong.

Only a thrush
which you could crush
and yet
you stay your hand
and let
it be;
helping, holding,
soft enfolding,
just as God holds me.

Only a thrush

And me

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