

ELIJAH PERSEUS BLUMOV

Sick Vita

Two buds of wrinkled petals bloom, unbloom.
Beaks. Gaping hungry in the grass.
Nestlings, fallen. Without fear, despair,
they beg for more cruel life in this cruel air.

Themselves small nests of nerve and hollow bone
where desperation, death, and song are born.
I lift these pulsing sacs of cosmic dreams.
Mouth full of mashed-up worm, their mother screams.

I hope they live. I don't know why I hope.
The fact I hope, a sign, some guess, of God.
My kitten, whom I love with all my heart,
would tear the gristle of these babes apart,

and that too is the language of the Lord,
where love declines to modify "to kill,"
and cats and birds unite within one will
of necessary slaughter, loving still.