

# Visiting the Natural History Museum



Delicate bird entombed in glass  
your feathers, flecked with autumn  
can never feel the breeze  
Perched on silence, snap-fine feet  
almost clutch a branch  
and your beak is ready to strip a bulrush  
Glass eyes accuse me with a fixed stare  
as my fingers tap the display case  
but it is tuneless     like you  
Better to see you ornament a distant sky  
better to know you nourish the soil  
with your brittle bones  
than this

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