

Junior Division, Poetry

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Birdbrain

There was a dove in the Garden of Eden that showed me a love unbidden.

She would pick through the azaleas and sweet peas,

Searching for a nest to lay her canopy.

I'd feed her pieces of my love until she saw within me a vast cavity,

An open field of a brain to lay her twigs and branches of memorabilia and memories.

I opened my brain to this lovely little thing,

Like the opening of a door to a new house.

She decorated my skull with leaves and sticks and mud.

She made a lovely little thing out of me.

I'd gift her carnations of red, white, and pink,

And the dove would sing me songs of love everlasting.

Her nest burgeoned its way into my brain, becoming a piece of me,

Leaving a roost where my cortex should be.

So, when my dove found my love unsatisfactory,

She built a new nest in someone sweeter than me.

Leaving me with a birdbrain of memorabilia and memories,

Forever decorating my skull with redundant yellow roses and peonies,

Longing to be a lovely little thing.