

## Nature Center

According to the wall  
a huge bird conceals within itself  
a smaller bird, and a smaller  
and a smaller down  
to the hummingbird in green.

The wall invites the visitor  
to approach, lean, spread  
her arms to see how she compares  
with the eagle, pictured here  
without feathers, beak, just a sketch

filled in with black. *How big  
is your wingspan?* I'd like to know  
and so I go, press myself against  
this image, nesting doll of birds  
in two dimensions. Somewhere between

red-tailed hawk and the loon  
is where I fit. I'd like to  
record this, trace the length of my arms  
on the wall. And when I'm gone  
would the markings look so different?

The residue around my fingers  
like wings' serrated edges,  
from shoulder to wrist, from wrist to rib,  
too skinny, likely, for flight. A sickly bird's.  
Last to hatch, Mother distracted

by screaming brood, blind to all

but hunger and so unaware  
of their place in the order of things,  
how small they are, how easily captured  
by just another shadow on the wall.