

Whoopers in April

Feathers scatter the grass like snowdrops.
Beneath the ribcage
 blood has stopped.

The neck is a tangle of seaweed
 beak the colour of crushed mustard seed
 eyes magicked away
 to empty orbitals.

I open mine now.

The sky is only passing dark
the velvet grass stroked by sunlight
the calling lark drenched with rain.

On a higher plain
swans ghost the light
catch its scattered essence:

white

pink

yellow

white.