

Snow Owl

The Mountain Goats

You came down from heaven to the branch outside my window
Your feathers were the color of snow
The dice were loaded against us ever seeing each other
But one of us had nowhere else to go

In your eyes were all the colors the rainbow forgot
Your wingspan was three feet wide or better
With your voice practicing notes from time's own
beginning
You took apart the alphabet letter by letter

And here, where it all stops for good
Where the cool waters run
Thought I saw a mouse kicking in your beak
It was only a skeleton