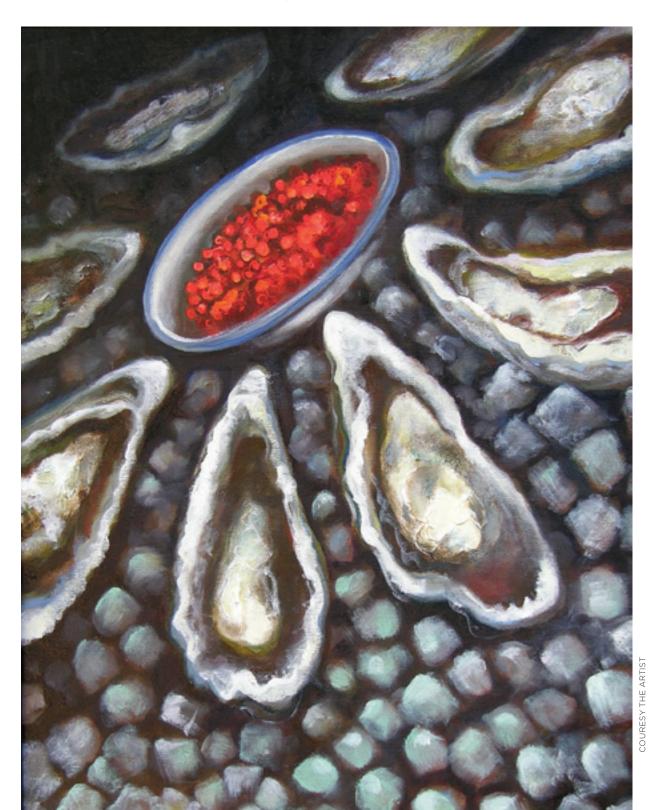
TATIANA GORBACHEVA

Oysters, 2013 Oil on Canvas, 14 x 18 in



FRANCESCA BELL

Want

Small wind tonight and my face pressed to the flimsy screen.

Owls ghost our hilltop trees, fledglings shrilling for food.

They eat their own weight in rodents every night, scream and scream,

though their sibling was found, consumed. Under their nest box,

what was left: wings sheared from the body intact, a few bones,

skull with its working beak. The brain was devoured, eye sockets sucked clean.

This is the world I want. World of hunger. World of soft breeze and keening.

Lord, let me famish, devour my body's weight in summer evening light,

ache for sky and the trees' outline a gaping mouth—

against it. Let me be the dark shape, stark against what is bright.

Francesca Bell's poems have appeared in many journals, including North American Review, Willow Springs, Poetry Northwest, Rattle, Passages North, and The Sun. Her booklength manuscript was a finalist in the Poetry Foundation's 2012 Emily Dickinson First Book Award contest. She won the 2014 Neil Postman Award for Metaphor from Rattle.