

TATIANA GORBACHEVA

Oysters, 2013
Oil on Canvas, 14 x 18 in



COURESY THE ARTIST

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 book-length 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*.