

Cardinal
Coral O'Leary

A verdant cloud has collapsed;
its opaque fog hovers
over molted leaves.

I am a cardinal in the snow:
a pile of color, bones shambled together.
I have been gathered in this tundra
and built up into a small desperate
pyramid—a bid for warmth.

Inside the frozen valley
I burn down to the marrow.
Red from your violence,
red from your heat.