

Papermill, Fledge

Sit down and dispel
the evil creatures in our nest,
a better nest we cannot find.

The stings, the wounds,
secrets held inside white rinds.
What there's inside we cannot tell.

Not even sure
if we're plunderers or pets.
In the wind the vultures fly
over our bodies left at rest.
We grow new wings, all black,
and fledge.