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Blue

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blue
Rachel Bird

The first boy I ever loved
had eyes like my father's:
blue as the shards of discarded Robin's egg that I found
(every spring)
nestled in new grass
on the path to our mailbox.
In the spring
we laid on the hill by my childhood home
and watched the clouds.
He would point out their shapes
but I was too busy watching
blue sky reflect in his eyes to see
the one he claimed looked just like Gandhi.

Last May my dog found a baby bird,
scrawny and squawking for food,
lying alone on the ground,
surrounded by shards of blue.
The dog barked softly, nosing damp feathers.
(She wanted to eat the bird,
or maybe take it home and put in the box with her tennis balls.)
I scooped it into my palm
and set it down in the shallow bowl of a nest,
resting between pine branches
above my head.

Three days later, the boy with robin's egg eyes told me
he needed space.
That afternoon I remembered reading somewhere
that you should never pet a baby deer,
because does will reject their fawns if they smell
like a human.

(I wonder if robins have a sense of smell.)