

Resurrection

Derk M. Koldewyn

One gunmetal day, late fall,
a fat shabby robin tired
of flying in her natural world,
desired to swoop across our couch,
bank and flap past the bookshelves,
perch on the TV. But she broke
her neck on the picture window,
and was dead already
on the concrete porch
when we found her.
Bobby was the priest,
Kristin the pallbearer;
I was the gravedigger, shouldering
Dad's new shovel
with eight-year-old arms.
We tramped up the street,
into the foothills, our robin's stapler-box
casket draped with a doll's blanket.
A loose group of neighbor kids followed,
laughing, dancing, grieving. I dug a hole,
Kristin lowered our robin, Bobby spoke
the eulogy. We filled the hole,
patted it firm with our open hands
and left for lunch.
Years later, on my way up the mountain
I stopped on the edge
of the gravel pit and kicked
the grave open with my bootheel.
There were bits of the stapler box, but
there were no bones.