

The Empty Bed

by Bill Yarrow

The middle of the heavy bed was empty.
They were people who liked to sleep on edges
and tug on covers. Each night enacted the tufted
tussle of love and redacted the dreams of the day.
Each night fleshed out the spooky skeleton
of living together and amalgamated the twin
incorporation of souls. But by day the birds
of prey were in control. Auburn hawks and taut
harriers crisscrossed the kitchen and family room.
Bright falcons nested in the cracks of the cathedral
ceilings. Every closet had its owl. One day an eagle
crashed through the screen door. That scared away
the buzzards. The craven mother got the shotgun
but the eagle fled with two of the children in its beak.

