



Flower, Kayleigh McCoy, Photography

Cardinal

Lily Birchfield

Summer

The first time I saw that red bird,
you told me
it was a sign of good luck.
“I’m not superstitious,”
I mumbled.
You shrugged
and kissed me.
I thought maybe
I could be superstitious
for a day.

Autumn

I didn’t notice the bird after that day.
Maybe he found another someone
to bring upon best wishes.
For I already received my fair share.
or maybe
I only ever noticed you.

When I inquired to you about the loss of
our feathered friend,
you shrugged
that famous shrug you do
and replied,
“Maybe others are in need of him too.”
I didn’t have time to mention
the shining glint of ruby
fluttering behind your silhouette.



