

K.E. Duffin

Liminal

A squeaky, dawn-cranked note
modulating up and down the scale
from the ardent calliope of a sparrow's throat
greeted a stifled infant sky whose frail

blue could easily slip back into night.
Still in my white linen shroud, I forget who's near
or far, who's alive and who's not,
whether my years are dust at the heart of a star

or yet to come. In the meaty, salmon grin
of a red and yellow elephant salvaged
from an old merry-go-round and propped within
a shop, I saw my mother laughing, aged

beyond time and space, existing at last
as her true self, winking at me from a drawing
she did before my birth in the distant past.
And just now, the sparrow stopped singing.