

# SLEEPING WITH THE KINGFISHER



*Mark Roper*

Its disappearance in the bed wasn't surprising.  
Giraldus said a dead one kept linen fresh.

No, what surprised was the size of the thing  
and the way it hugged me close to its breast.

To feel its bill run the rule down my spine.  
To be enfolded in sapphire wings. Surprising.

How much more so to wake and find myself ablaze,  
my heart the blue seed in a blossom of flame.