

Nicolette Bond

Carve

Wind's reach and whittle

late summer veins
the hollows

when you write:

*rushes' grip saves sand
saves pond*

*we hold two spotted eggs
in a cup of moss*

all that threatens
opens

the hermit thrush's song

never knows its outermost
edge never

knows its impossibly red

flowers
you carry over your woods

Nicolette Bond is currently a web content manager in Chicago. When she is not staring at the code or fulfilling her duties as Volunteer Fire Marshall, she writes poems about birds and construction workers.

"I had my first heavy petting session on a front porch in Indiana. It was summer and the coyotes were howling like mad in the corn field across the street. Over breakfast the next morning, my parents kept commenting on the noise and intensity of the 'wild dogs last night.' My folks kept at it until I finally yelled out really loud, 'OK, we're animals, are you happy now?!'"