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## When the Birdhouse Burns

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**When the Birdhouse Burns**  
**by Jessica Bowdoin**

No one questions the lightning,  
its attraction to the bent steel pole  
of the antique bird house. The bent Victorian roof folds  
its turquoise tiles in shambles, its empty that holds  
the bird nest: all straw and fluff and wood shambles  
tucked in a way we won't see it. Blind  
love is the straw that always ignites.

So, let the lightning hit. See the scatter  
of fragmented slivers, the charged electricity, the slivered  
dopamine in the field consuming itself. Revel.  
These neurons: they will zing their electric breath,  
and spark more than just fire—this burning we breathe,  
this bird house collapsing, the torched roof pulled inwards,  
the remnants of “we”: a steel pole, bare, standing.