

SARA WILSON

THE TWITTERING MACHINE

Wires bind toes
to a line, to a crank.

And thin legs strain
stretched apart wide, then tall
with every handle turn.

Heads lurch on necks
turned pistons
while beaks crack shut,
dangle open
to snap again with each chuck.

These feathers must only mimic
a form over hollow bird bones
all thwacking in a rigid dance
to unwinding metal clasps and claps.

For with every lunge and plunge
of hinged plume and sinew
there is no chorus sung, or is uttered
too low, muted, lost
below this orchestra
of a machine twittering
the strung organs of birds.