

Batter my heart

by [Leslie Williams](#) in the [June 1, 2022](#) issue

Once you spoke to me—*sparrow*  
*whose every glint I know*. Now: pain of nothing  
hitting heart's cheap tin. I'm like the overeager  
teenager I once was (crushed in puppy love,  
whipped, smitten) but for lovesick months  
my love's been unreturned. I rise each day seeking  
to be pulse-pierced, thready, ravished  
out of hinterland. I'm a beggar for  
you, overwintered bear, to come crashing  
through wet grass on a beeline for my birdfeeder—  
o paw it down  
and maul at the sweet seeds.