

Song of the Barium Swallow

Siberian barrens fill
with mines and dams,
minds trained by one purpose,
the gut.

Mud nests hang in sluiceways,
from crossarms of power poles,
from armpits of miners and linemen.
There's a pile of porcelain line insulators
smashed at the foot of a pole.

A silver-throated
string of chromosomes
dives from her perch
with unlikely liquidity,
eyes filled
a thousand ways

chirrup barcode
to x-rays.