

Jen Laliberte

sets things right

An unkindness of ravens feast
on a discarded salmon loin
dark juts into fleshed pink
and separates muscle from skin from itself.

My brother watches
and thinks he is too much
like salmon flesh
pink and easily torn
by black glossed beaks.

At night
he dreams of the beating of mighty wings
and wakes up with talon punctures up his arms
skin opened and flush
his mouth too filled with feathers to speak.