

2021

## Collision

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### Recommended Citation

Knauss, Shelby (2021) "Collision," *Birmingham Poetry Review*: Vol. 48, Article 30.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr/vol48/iss2021/30>

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*Shelby Knauss*

## Collision

Three-hours-deep in the thick of migration, the bulging  
sky sank to the acres of green, and budding from dirt  
beneath morning rain the soybeans were churning  
a shallow tide that barreled back to the horizon.

But the highway veered, its wet skin slick, and I pawed  
at my brake like a dreaming dog, a shriek cutting air—  
as if drawn by bow from a weather-slipped string—  
shaking a bone in my ear when the semi struck me.

Then when June came surely as a fog rolls away,  
I watched summer bleed to autumn on the outskirts  
of my yard, while a finch—having broken through a flap  
in the screen—wove twigs to a nest in my rafters.

She stumbled from her perch into slow, crooked flight  
until the white-knuckled grip of the world unfurled  
and she dropped from her hold to the floor  
of my porch, then lay at my feet like a parcel.

Soon I'll be opening blinds to bare branches  
while mourning the absence of song at my window  
and watching the trees—having pulled themselves  
inward—patiently wait for the light to return, say,  
*It all happened so fast.*