

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.