

CAROL BERG

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The Ornithologist Searches For A Shared Ancestry

She sought only the slow discoveries when she was young,  
allure of the yellow caterpillar, sign of a cosmic self, she thought.

If she felt herself without direction, she consulted the indigo  
of the ranunculus, the metabolism of willow flycatcher.

She sought self-ness in her teapot. Called it self-nests.  
Practiced opacity while watching wagtails and pipits.

She calibrated her hunger by the rigorousness of the seagull's  
thrust to her thrown french-fry. Her thirst to the thrum of hummingbird's

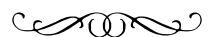
skull. Were her yearnings flimsy tiny parachutes she flung in her back  
yard? Some suffocating grid of circumvention? There is no current

evidence to suggest a common ancestor, she heard the wood thrush sing.  
I am an accidental species species species, she sang back.

HERON TREE

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## ABOUT CAROL BERG

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Carol Berg's poems are in *The Bakery*, *Escape Into Life*, *qarrtsiluni*, *blossombones*, *Spillway*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook *Ophelia Unraveling* is available from Dancing Girl Press, and her other chapbook, *Small Portrait and the Woman Holding A Flood In Her Mouth* (Binge Press), is forthcoming.

Carol blogs at [carolbergpoetry.blogspot.com](http://carolbergpoetry.blogspot.com).

