Goldfinches

Abstract
The Goldfinches never asked for the seed bag I tied to the tree. They come and go now, resembling very large, ecstatic bumblebees.

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Goldfinches, escape, birds, wind
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by Tasha Cotter

The Goldfinches never asked for the seed bag I tied to the tree. They come and go now, resembling very large, ecstatic bumblebees. I wonder if they recognize the way they escape each other. Do they arrive only to discover the song of the other left hanging in the air? Does life get disrupted by ghost? They remind me of some elementary hands being raised, each holding its breath, holding out for an answer. These birds sense the mystery of a gone friend, but they can find each other after the initial loss. Maybe they can even do this against a very great wind.

Tasha Cotter’s work has recently appeared in or is forthcoming in Salt Hill Journal, The Rumpus, Contrary Magazine, and elsewhere. Her fiction has been nominated for a storySouth Million Writers Award and she received her MFA in Poetry. She is currently at work on a futuristic young adult series about a government conspiracy to detain teenage witches. Visit her online at www.tashacotter.com.