

## Parable

One summer, two kookaburras mated  
on a power line, extinguishing light

in a thousand homes. Stories say  
the female opened her wings

and touched two wires. Closing the circuit.  
Making, of her body, a conductor. And his,

attached to hers. Witnesses gaped  
at brilliant flashes, cacophony like drums.

The birds, when they hit the ground,  
were dead. Coursing with currents of gold.

And O, prophetic valentine. God, make in me  
the wire, the wingspan, the jubilant flare.

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