

Behold

An amazing thing,
a swift on the top stair,
grounded, wings outspread
like a small Christ fallen
from high sacrifice.

It must have come in
through a bedroom window.
I imagine it, suddenly ceilinged,
threading the low rooms, running
out of air, descending
to this crash-landing.

I bend down,
smooth the wings to the body
and pick it up,
cupped in my two hands,
feeling the futile, light
scrabble of its swept-back feet.

Normally bound to the earth
only for birth or death,
this miniature missile ticks
uneasily in its new-found limbo.

Now comes the mystery.
I take it into the garden
and, raising my arms
to the expectant hush of evening,
I open my fingers.

An amazing thing,
the soft origami unfolds,
heart and wings quicken
to a dart of resurrection.
Behold,
I have made a bird



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Rob Evans is married with two grown-up children and lives across the river from Windsor Castle in the United Kingdom. He has worked in the aerospace industry for nearly 40 years and that work takes him all over the world. Most days, he is a perfectly normal Engineering Consultant but when he's not, he writes and performs poetry to a wide range of audiences – the hushed and the not-so-hushed. He's been writing poetry for as long as he can remember and since coming out of the poetry closet about twenty years ago, has read his work in British pubs and clubs, both as a solo performer and as part of the Late Shift poetry performance group. He has appeared at arts venues and theatres in major UK festivals at Ledbury, Cheltenham, Windsor and St Andrews and he's been a regular performer at the Edinburgh Festival. He has been published in many magazines and anthologies and won prizes in Waterstones, Ottakers and Amnesty International Poetry competitions. His first collection, *Snake's Kin*, was published in 2001. He won the UK All-Stars National Slam Championship at the Cheltenham Literature Festival in 2006.

