

**Karen Knight**

## MY GIFT TO BIRDS

My hair  
I leave to the *wood pigeon*  
for nesting material

My eyes  
to the *bower bird*  
with a yearning for blue

My arms and legs  
to the *baby sparrow*,  
fallen out of its nest

My hands  
to the *excitable parrot*  
to unlock the cage

I leave my heart  
to the *murder of crows*  
killing time  
on this long stretch of road

\***murder of crows**—a collective noun for a flock of crows