
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Molly Fisk: Three Poems

Molly Fisk · Tuesday, May 19th, 2026

Revision Disruption

Yesterday I heard some things
I'm glad to know: one poet votes
for the short lyric—ten lines!
—no chaff. Say it and end it.

Another sprinkles movie titles
all through his work, and songs,
mixing anything with “Moon River.”
He mentioned going to Fred's

for a lobotomy, a supermarket
we don't have here. I'm careful
not to say “Nine-item quick-line”
more than once per book: a kid

in a class I taught at Juvy once
wrote it and I fell in love and stole it.

*

Birding Is Listening

I'm not the only one here, don't forget
about cedar waxwings.
Remember the ghost of your mother,
smiling, dishtowel always
thrown over her shoulder. It used to snow
in March, but no longer,
not this year, the climate is finally...
Photinia leaves turn red
in spring, weird phenomenon. On Merlin,
the bird app, today, a ruddy

trio: Red-tail, Red-winged Blackbird, Ruby-crowned kinglet. I'm not making this up, it's too boring a story. You can bet, but it's a quick way to lose two hundred dollars. The app works best when you watch the screen and see what sounds it's ID-ing. Looking into the trees teaches you less. Wind moving the new growth is distracting. Bless your sharp eye and hearing while you still have them. Bless what's left of your patience.

You already know my grandmother counted flamingos. She had no time for stupid questions. I sewed the cotton bags she dropped the birds into headfirst, fresh out of those mist nets. Then the bands, the weight and length, her breath on their chests to spread the feathers and gauge their fat. A plastic straw from Howard Johnson's with more in the glove box to blow through. On birds, fat is good, they'll make it wherever they're headed. One way or another, some fine Tuesday morning, you'll make it there, too. Fly away, fly away.

*

Night Music

Underneath the thick static of tinnitus that rises in me more loudly after dark, here on the couch with the door cracked open so I won't miss the first notes of incoming rain, suddenly an owl high up but close. Two stuttered hoots and one plain is Great Horned, I think. Pausing, repeating. Calling its name, or mine. Calling everyone's name. And then quiet, or gone.

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

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