First she draws the limb,  
    branches stripped to gnarled joints.  
Then the pile of twigs,  
    stark as November

and so brittle she can hear  
    the snap. Virginia settles  
the familiar curves of eggs  
    into the jumble

and admires the lack  
    of fibers and feathers—  
knowing, as the birds do,  
    that you may as well

lay your babies down  
    on a bed of bone.