

Accountable

after Emily Arthur's *Coastal Sage*

You hang my wages
across the book
in the shadows of wing,
of feet curled around what is due

You throw in some sage for wisdom,
roots in logic for how
I must behave, budget my love,
my Oklahoma sins

There was once a wall, but
now I squint up through a
glass ceiling, birds of
prayer hovering,
darkest clouds to my wealth

Do you want me to bleed shadows?
Budget my sighs?
It is not clear what you
owe me

--Katrin Talbot