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ADA LIMÓN

DREAM OF THE RAVEN

When the ten-speed, lightweight bicycle broke down
off the highway linded thick with orange trees, I
noticed a giant raven’s head protruding from the waxy
leaves. The bird was stuck somehow, mangled in the
branches, crying out. Wide-eyed, I held the bird’s face
close to mine. Beak to nose. Dark brown iris to dark
brown iris. Feather to feather. This was not the
Chihuahuan raven or the fantailed raven or the
common raven. Nothing was common about the way
we stared at one another while a stranger untangled
the bird’s claws from the tree’s limbs and he, finally
free, became a naked child swinging in the wind.