

## **Gold Diggers**

The crow's gold:  
among hollow bones  
and earth stripped bare,  
the marrowless death of winter.

The poet's gold:  
among bright constellations  
and fallow earth,  
the hidden Bethlehem.

The fleeting-glinting speck,  
hungrily gathered  
and brought back home,  
the great and glorious feast.

Gabrielle Barnby

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