**Migrations**

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I’m worried my daughter is turning into a bird. She always wanted to become one. And lately things feel migration-y around here. Flock-y, Flight-y. When she sleeps, I check her body; I don’t see any feathers. Her shoulder blades are not winging. But one can never be certain.

I watch her from the window above my kitchen sink. She climbs trees and leaps from their branches, baby bird falling to ground. She gathers sticks. Whatever for, if not for nest?

I crack eggs into my favorite bowl: blue, porcelain and chipped. My fingers film with the innards, which cling and dangle from the broken shell. I call for her, and she comes. I put a plate of them scrambled in front of her.

“I’m not hungry mama,” she tells me. Of course, she isn’t, not for bird wombs.

“Can I give you a hug?” I ask her. She says yes, I wrap my arms around her arms, pinning them down to her sides, willing them to stay arms.

“Ouch, mama.” I let go.

When I lay in bed at night I feel my own blood banging around under my skin, trying to fly away. I wonder if this is how she feels in the night.

In the morning, I ask her, “How did you sleep?”

“Good, mama. I had a good dream yesternight.”

“Did you dream you could fly?” I ask.

“No.” But she doesn’t elaborate, and, after, I swear I hear her chirp.

I call her pediatrician and make an appointment. “Just a check-up,” I say on the phone. Just a quick species check, I think.

Dr. Hanford looks at her eyes, her ears, listens to her heart beating wildly in its cage.

“May I listen?” I ask, she hands me the stethoscope. The rhythm is frenzied. It’s so fast.

“Kids’ heart rates are higher than adults,” she assures me.

Dr. Hanford runs her fingers up and down her protruding spine, weighs her, measures her height, tells me she looks perfect, healthy. (Human, I infer.) On the wall is her doctorate certificate, I don’t recognize the school’s name, maybe I should get a second opinion.

Days pass us by, and, still, she is my girl-child. My nights are becoming less and less sleepful. In the mirror I still look like me: pale, red hair long and untamable, shoulders that never stop hunching. I run my fingers over my skin, looking for protrusions. Because I’m worried now that I got it all wrong. That it is me who is turning into a bird.

What will she do if I become bird? I’ll try to stay with her. I’ll pile dirt on my feet. But I’m worrying. I’m worrying I’ll have to go. One can only fight nature so long. The season will shift, and the North will call for me. My veins know. All my blood is so ready to leap into the air.