



WINTER 2021

Today I'm Lying in The Fetal Position

I want to scribble lines about
the bluebird duo pecking, pecking
at my morning window,
a'flap like wrung-out hummingbirds,
chittering as if the place were on fire.

Google tells me bluebirds are at great
risk of predation, highly vulnerable
even inside their nesting box,
which must be fortified just so.

I want to wax on about
how the male's blue-black wings
and blood orange throat
make him stand out markedly
against the affluent green
of spring, compared to the pallidness
of his Missus and myself.

I don't want to write about
George Floyd or the shadow
that blocked the sky,
at his throat 9 minutes, a pasty-pale
punk with a badge, kneeling
him to death, while our man,
begs please,

Officer, I can't breathe

or to spot the release
of his final fluids, crawling
the cold concrete,
in the shape of River Jordan,
while bystanders record videos,
and beg please,

Bro, you're killing him

So I set out to put the bluebird box
to rights, but a House Sparrow attacks me
and I realize, in this terrible world,

I cannot save even one desperate bluebird,
fluttering before infinity, begging me.