

Five Poems about Birds, Bronze, and other Things

I Forgot

About the birds I saw
ironically made out of metal
making them too heavy to fly
out from under glass
captured in a dark section
with a small tag describing
when and where they're from.

Do you ever wonder
about the life of a diorama?
It must be nice to live a life
sitting on linen waiting
for noisy school groups to come by.

We were all just toys once
made out of materials too heavy
and too cold to escape this world
where we find ourselves
subject to the interests of others.

I liked it better in the sand
where time passed without
the need to put limits
on admission hours
to tell others
when and where
we should be seen.

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Something to Read Before Bed

You know it's good because she wouldn't lie
like the time I saw big machines crushing rocks
from a grocery store parking lot
they were so far away that I thought
only about cans I had
and bronzes I saw atop linen
dug up after people
got bored of unwrapping
old, dead mysteries.

And when you sleep try not to remember
the way things really are
but instead try and think
about all the stuff we bought
that didn't make it into the old pots
of our friends at dinner parties
when we sat and wondered
if it would look different
under better lighting.

It's not worth it,
the price of admission is
too high
these things used to be free
for those who just walked by.

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The Bird I saw

It wasn't very long ago
or so it seems
when brass was very useful
if you knew how
to put it in the right place.

There is so much movement in that old house
that I looked down in perplexity
and wrote something in jest
with the end of a burnt stick.

The hot water spills from the rock here
into a pool and I regret
that the bird here before was better
but I didn't seem to notice.

I took the strange plants that grow
where the hot water mixes with the snow
it seems like an odd place
for a bird to be

What is there to get out of it?
Maybe the shells of nuts
left behind by the other pilgrims
whose cold feet made the long but effortless journey
only to turn back at the sight of it all.

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What Bird is This?

It drinks from a crushed felt hat
and makes its home
out of discarded paper
from the old flower shop.

I wrote a poem once and
it flew right off the paper
like a startled cat.

Don't try too hard at night
when it's cooler we all think
About the times when we had
more to us or less about us.

The city has changed
and so did you, my friend
my thoughts were youthful then
I'd have married you then
but instead I forgot so quickly.

I shouldn't have said anything
but I think it doesn't matter
because sometimes when we sing
the birds join us.

If we had a plan it would be
but to care for you
because there are no mistakes
in distorted memories.

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Song of Spring

Birds take what they want
not like the desperate times
when we saw them all fly away
because we had nothing to offer them.

There is no end just slowly
tumbling down through
the sky, if that's even
what you call it.

At a moment's notice I'm late again
out of time like bronzes
moved by avian migration.

This was the way our ancestors communicated
in the mountains, in the woods,
in the sky.

Summer comes next
but the birds eat quickly
passing by us again
without any music

We wait
knowing some sing better
than others.