

Poem in Which a Bird is Never Mentioned

Or moon, or sky, or sun. It has no water. No path. No dusk or dawn. It is not a poem that speaks of stars. There is no deep of night. No smell of jasmine. No sound of insects whirring. No chirps no sighs or wails. There is no body. Nobody. Not an I or a you. Not a you that is an I, or an I that is a we. Or a we that is a me. This poem has no mother. No lover. No hurt to unbury and lay bare. This poem has no trees. No dirt or mud or grass. There is no field of poppies or snow. There is no field. No season. No nest and no egg. No wolf, no whale, no dream. Even a dream of nothing is not in this poem. No realization or epiphany. No resolution no yearning. There is no fruit, goddamnit. No garden and no prayer. This poem will not tell a story. It won't be avant-garde. It won't play with language. There is no music. No song. This poem has no storm or blistering heat. No swimsuit no scarf no undies. No childhood furniture. No injury. No god, no ghost.