

Bird Song

A little sparrow
its head cocked to the side
hops along
from sidewalk crumb
to sidewalk crumb
It matters not to it
be it the crowded streets
of New York City
saying good morning
eight hundred ways
or L A a city filled
with all its Angelenos
or Chicago with citizens
known to beget wind
little sparrow is content
without served coffee

Like a large oblong snowball
his ancient past of little concern
villages are as Methuselah
their claim is only age
the drooling Great Pyrenees
urged on as wolfen spawn
sniffs and samples the young
maple on the tree-lawn
before with lifted leg
relieving himself with ease

The village church chimes
strike off each passing hour
its canned music melding
with horse's hooves
and buggy wheels as it
travels the store front street

A teenager shares the walk
as little bird skips aside
A t-shirt imprinted with
an Olympic medal of gold
sneakers of a larger world
garb of identity and dreams
Does he yearn for worlds
far beyond this lonely street
Little bird is at ease with life
sparrow can always fly away