

WHEN BIRDS FLY AT YOU

When birds fly at you, you duck. Birds the size of houses and trucks and trolleys, they fly at you, and you duck. You need to be careful, and tread with care, when things are overhead. You cannot trust them. Canopies are advisable, though they block the sun. Rain, too, is a problem. It falls at you, and you duck, and it is too late.

Between things there is calm. You can pull a book from a shelf and sit with it and say nothing. It is a bridge and you meet someone midway. Maybe you smile, maybe you run. Someone always runs. Stay. Wait for the light to return. Behind you buildings rise. And books. Open books, with pages turning in the wind. Step aside.

Spikes and corners merge. Always. Put your finger at the tip, and feel it. Corners keep one eye closed. And secrets. Tiles and stones keep things in place and barely touch. When you hold your hand against a wall, it falls. Or you dance, like a can, blown across a street, making noises and clatter. A tip is direction. Corners change their mind.

It only seems like it. But when you move closer, things get in the way, and distract you, and you forget. Pillars frame the picture. And the house needs a new roof. At the base, weeds grow, and tickle the feet. Snakes, too. Inside. There is a drawer filled with sand. Eggs. Stairs lead nowhere. A quiet place. From the second floor you can see the ocean. The third floor is missing.

Touch someone. Tap them on the shoulder. Twice. Buy them a beer. Put the glass next to the hat on the floor. It must be May. The light wonders why there are two of you. The bumper sticker asks a silly question. Your hands cover the train tracks. When you hold them together, they look like a fish. You get your hair wet. Pens and pencils know each other well. Go back a while.

There is a humming sound that noone hears. Marbles scatter, but noone falls. They align themselves. Impossibly. You can hang your clothes to dry. The wind takes them and carries them away. The dial is stuck, so there is no west. The compass lies. There is a mile across, and you throw something. Something with a purple edge, like a flower not yet decided. Quietly.