

# Birds Fly

*by* Darryl Price

Birds fly and people focus on finding their still point. Birds fly and people wait for love, but I couldn't. Birds fly and people think about beauty. Birds fly and people become frustrated. Birds fly and people drown in little rooms. Birds fly and people like strange words cast huge shadows. Birds fly and people make mocking landscapes filled with balloons. Birds fly and

people frighten themselves in the mirror. Birds fly and people fold like origami horses. Birds fly and people ask for blessings under their breath. Birds fly and people die of old age on fire escapes. Birds fly and people will take horrible vacations in their mind's lonesome valleys. Birds fly and people are programmed to be the problem. Birds fly and

people don't remember soon enough. Birds fly and people pour a glass of water. Birds fly and people hurry in the wind and rain like it's a matter of pity. Birds fly and people run on the grass until nothing is left but bones. Birds fly and people go down the stairs. Birds fly and people say little to each other. Birds fly and people wave.

Bonus poem:

### In the Presence

Thought I might still have a little time  
to save the world, but it doesn't look  
like it. The time to maybe represent  
nature with bright musics, but I

thought something wronged and your lyrics suffered  
for it. A time to go too far  
like Groucho Marx, but said something serious  
and the lonely folks all scattered

like alternative comics. Time  
to search for a secret stairway, but  
some had made fun of God, sour angels scooped  
our ambition, beat us to death

with golden wings. Time to live out time  
quietly, but discover something  
wonderful has happened, but we ran  
into the same problems as before.

poetry (fragment)

a little  
person  
under  
a big hat  
floats through

all her  
windows  
has a mouth  
like a  
cut in  
a bruised apple

