

passing in, passing out

by Kitty Boots

I hate turnstiles and revolving doors
captured for a few seconds, it evokes fear
that I may not be able to escape, unlike the moon

who escapes the violet clouds and wanders over the sky
unrestrained by the tree limbs that seem to restrain his path
and he shows himself again against a flawless sky

the Scarlet Tanager at the bird bath
bathes, drinks, shakes water droplets off her wings
she'll be here for a short time. passing in, passing out

the people of Ukraine
blood-spattered, groping for safety, assurance
it's just the Russians, passing in, passing out

