Red

Pain only lasts a moment of time.

Pain only lasts a moment. Of time, I don’t have much.

Pain only lasts a moment. Of time, I don’t have much to waste.

Pain only lasts a moment. Of time, I don’t have much to waste. All my life is a collection.

Pain only lasts a moment. Of time, I don’t have much to waste. All my life is a collection of bursts of color.

Pain only lasts a moment. Of time, I don’t have much to waste. All my life is a collection of bursts of color. The color red.

A Birdy Told Me

In the back of class perched a vulture with missing feathers and a crooked beak. It
watched over the canaries
and robins, and glared at
the hawks. The secrets the
peacocks kept hidden behind
feathers were kept also
by the vulture, along with
the lies of the parrots and the
the talk of the barn owls.
When the dove lost its
pureness, to the vulture
they all flocked. And when
the eagle broke his wing, there
was only one bird to ask.
No, a hummingbird did not
whisper in my ear. No kookaburra
sang me a tune, it was at the bent beak
of a large vulture, that everyone
learned the truth.