



POEMS

Gerald Rice

to you

i thought of this on the fly
so I hope these misshapen words
hold the contour of what
i want to say

i pulled this from the air
hoping you could make out
these muddy thoughts
these Velcro emotions
despite how many times
i fumbled, trying to give
this sticky heart to you

i wrote this in the nick of time
i stumbled
over every word
as I hurried home to you.

The Dead Bird

It lies in the middle of the road,
Doll real and non-electric black,
Crushed feathers trimmed
In double-yellow,
An illegible stare—
Intact wings splayed—
Perfectly performing parts of some broken machine,
Windshield wipers on a totaled car
Or foot on an amputated leg
The silent unkindness
Glimpsed in the briefest of moments,
Seen only because there is nothing
There to be seen at all.