

THE BIRD BURIAL AND ATHLETE'S PARADE

And I buried him,
his lungs, the tiny bellows
that rotted and stove in.
Under the leaves
the vest of bones lay open.

Now in the park
the racers, the strutters come forward
for their medals.
I give them your wings
cooking in their soup,
the tarted feet and belly feathers
to the runners.
I take the spine
so it might be a beam for my sail,
turning idly tonight.
Let us drift sparrow.