

## Two Poems · *Kerry Shawn Keys*

14

Transcendence is the costume of the buzzard.  
It is a disembodied spirit that touches  
everything in us but is seldom touched.  
When the buzzard drives around, its two-toned wings  
swallow the sound.

When you fly as an updraft in deadheat  
toward the sun, only then possibly  
will you and the buzzard become  
indivisibly one.

That red head is not blood  
but it matches the sun.  
The four claws are not bones  
and they envy your thumb.

Still at the non-existent end of the circle,  
the buzzard, like you, will be  
voiceless, the hsssss absurd,  
the true surd that begins

the excavation of the air  
rotating around each corpse

as the sun must rotate the silence  
around the round bone of the moon.

163