

*Little Ache*

That sparrow on the iron railing,  
not worth a farthing, purchases a realm  
its shrill cries measure, trading  
dying for being.

It's up to no good,  
out to overturn a kingdom  
just by swooping into the right kitchen,  
or upsetting somebody's aim.

For my pleasure, I'll call it Good News,  
or Little Egypt. For my delight,

I'll think of it as needle and thread.  
Or a breathing remnant  
restored to a living cloth.  
Or scissors  
trimming lament  
to allow for everything I don't know.  
For my happiness, I'll call it  
Pocket Dictionary Full of Words in Another Language.

For my gladness, Feathered Interval,  
The Deciding Gram, Geronimo.

For nothing, Monument to the Nano.

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