

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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