

Bird Swerves

Blackbird called Redwing and I
both startle when I stand and turn.

Bird expertly

swerves, flies on; but I
spend a few thousand mind moments
stopped and blank. Now please don't think

I've never seen that red wingstripe before.
Once I

and a female Redwing hoped to mate with
were even treated to a full
intentional display. Spreading for sex

Bird hopped at my feet, saying,
"See see see my nice stripe!"

"I do," I said, "if that's any help";
but this unexpected
airborne
almost-florescence
was unearthly, not endearing.

I could only take it in belatedly;
as the mind, it seems,
knows its own volition only after a delay
the hand reaching for the glass
before the brain has been apprised.
(They've proven this on MRI's.)

I was surprised,

surprised. People, too, can take your breath away:

talent in a proven fool

betrayal by a love. Then you have to swerve

way fast

or crash the whole damn truck.