

Conversation With a Bird

“There is an obvious disparity with our respective clarities,”

I tell the bird.

“You do not cheep when the sky weeps; but is that not when you should be comforting it?”

Red blooms on the skin where tears have dried,
Foliage grows through the places where things have died.
I give it all a side eye.

Crimson pitcher plants thrive with the full moon’s drive,
Scarlet flowers peak through with obvious intentions to connive.
The bird does not listen.

“You wish to take from the tree, but refute the claims that it will harm what could be,
Why do you not live like the humble bumble bee?”

Insistent buzzing tickling my ear,
Leading me to believe that I should feel fear,
Red oaks dance with the breeze, singing for me to join them;
I adhere.

I let out a long sigh.

Vibrant tiger lilies are brought back to life,
Petals furling with life as they fight to survive.
The bird does not listen.

“If you wanted sincerity you would not be asking me,” the bird tells me, before flying off, paper wings stark against the bleeding sun, light shining through as my ink starts to run