

as if all of the birds
with wild
plumage colors
of mating
and others
with disguises
to survive.
land birds
sea birds
river birds
temple birds
birds of the day
birds of the night
on both sides
of the untamed
one sided
small
unfinished path
winding through
the small village tangle
built on one side
or the other side
of the one sided river
listening to our voices
in human processions
of singularity
ceremonial duties
hand washing
in time keeping events
knew before thinking
they were songs
connected
to the disconnected
sentence words
with stage fright.
the birds listened
because they know
to listen.
this is that part
of their
existence

intersection
with the unknown
about
our unknown self
in the celebratory being
of instinct and warning
the first steps
never completed.
how does one dress
for the approach
to say opposite things
about the same thing
which is already
opposite
of what is
being said.
what of sacred
and unsacred beings
in a radiant
night dance
in daylight.
what is this
abundance
ungathered
and herded
by death
to death.

i know.

i know.
but i do not know
what to do
about it
other than
postpone the truth
with symbols.

the distant seems closer
to me now.
it seems i have spent
all of myself
to arrive
farther away
walking through
a place
without a response
to beggars
whose bowls
rattle unechoed emptiness
without a response
to a place without
opening doors
opening up
as if there were
no doors to close.
the birds change places
aware of what our existence
means to them
while we
think about
what their
existence
can do for us
and what it will not.
the vision that
was never
suddenly more than
the ghost of what we were
when we were
frightening.

all the birds.
wf.h.
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