

bird

are you there, bird
still
your wings unheard & loaded with horizon
is your deep and tender voice
silently watching
still
over the footprints in time?

is something out there, bird
still
worth speaking up for in silence?
does the wind keep the secret of
taciturn understanding
still
in the whirl of your feathered neck?

or does it take noise to be heard now
and colors just red, blue, and green?
the roaring of prêt-à-porter laughter:
could it simply replace what we know?
are you there, bird? can you hear me
with all that noise?

you'll be there, bird
still
your wings unheard & loaded with horizon
and your deep and tender voice
will be silently watching
still
over the footprints in time.