Dead Bird Poetry

Steve Spencer

We always met in Room 432.
It had a sink in the center table
And things could get messy.
We had to supply our own gloves.

We each took a Bird and He said,
Begin, because He liked to.
And I wrote about Dead Birds,
Dead Songs, Dead Fliers.

He said, Try again.
I said, If we had Real Birds-
And where have I seen THAT look before.
He gave me another Dead Bird.

If you squeeze the Dead Birds
Hard enough, they'll crap as much
As a real one. I know;
Once you've done one you gotta do them all.

The Dead Birds were red or brown or blue.
He said, Each feather was a rainbow.
I said, I couldn't feel the colors through
My latexed fingers.

A Dead feather will fall to the floor
In the same time it takes my chemistry book:
At least in Room 432
Where I wrote Dead Bird Poetry.