Blood Red Bird

Smog

I was not woken by the rooster
Nor by the crow's tough song
But the midnight cry of a blood red bird
Brought this sleeplessness onThrew open the window
Moonlight on a black garden of thorns
And the cool wind on my sweatWhat cries home
Where cries from
A blood red bird lies in the woods
Weeping into dead leaves
With wing torn and jutting boneWhat hand bent it to bust
To be ueseless
What hand I could have done it
With two fingersA blood red bird
A blood red birdWe can continually sink into each other
Just deep enough to rip out a bit more flesh
When we move away
A scarf of skin trailing out behindLike an arrow
I was only passing through
A blood red bird
A blood red bird

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