

# **Patiently Awaiting**

## **Brown Bird**

Patiently awaiting her insatiably strange  
Daily disposition to embellish the range  
Of superficial flattery for anything nice,  
He rolls his eyes accordingly  
and swallows his favorite vice. He wanders out to howl at the moon,  
Understandably regretting  
He had entered the room.  
But suddenly he turns to stone,  
His mind between the nothing  
and the everything he's ever known. The sky is splitting open,  
The stars are spinning round  
His spirit's in the heavens  
and his head's on the ground  
Time was disappearing through the crack in the sky  
When he rose to his feet and shouted  
Every single king to his eyesIncredulously stepping outdoors,  
She wonders if she's ever seen him sober before.  
At times the definition of an eloquent man,  
Tonight he daftly rambles like a fever only can.

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