

Bird Swerves

Blackbird called Redwinged
and I
both startle when I stand
and turn. Bird expertly
swerves, flies on; but I
spend a few thousand mind moments
stopped and blank.
Now please don't think
I've never seen that red wingstripe before.
I have, of course. Once I

and a female Redwing hoped to mate with
were even treated to a full intentional
display. Spreading for sex

Bird hopped at my feet
saying, See see see
my nice stripe!

"I do," I said,
"if that's any help";
but this
unexpected
airborne
almost-fluorescence
was unearthly, not endearing.

I could only take it in
belatedly;
as the mind, it seems,
knows its own volition only *after* a delay
the hand reaching for the glass
before the brain has been apprised.

(They've proven this on MRI's.)
I was surprised
surprised.
People, too, can take your breath away:

talent in a proven fool
betrayal by a love. Then you have to swerve
way fast
or crash the whole damn truck.