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64

Kerry Shawn Keys

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The parakeets are packed into cages, the redtails  
 are diving after the cardinals. The rose-leaves  
 from Garcia Lorca's garden are soft green  
 but will purple with time, grow brittle,  
 will scatter like bone-dust, will rust like words  
 across the fields into the mothy seams of the world,  
 will make mid-summer manure, build St. John a bonfire.

The parakeets are crowded into jails, the redtails  
 are diving after the cardinals' red feathers  
 that show their stuff like blood across the snow.  
 Death is a leaf on the roof, a pile of earth, the blue quiet  
 of a bird's bones scattered across the fields.  
 Calendulas growing from his wounds, the dying poet  
 never rode any bird to find the end of heaven.

The parakeets are prettyboying the cafés. The surrealists  
 are in Paris carrying their luggage up the towers,  
 talking to the storks about their family trees.  
 The poet dreams in Granada, looking at dandelions on the terrace.  
 A buzzard is riding his brain, vainly stuffing its crop  
 with the red wine of the sun, trying to grasp what can't be won  
 by holding on to a flowering rose already risen and gone.