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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.