

A Poem Not Against Songbirds

Lighten up, songbirds. Give me a break.
No need to carry on this way,
even if it is morning. I need more sleep.

Where were you keeping yourselves when I was thirty?
When the house stayed dark and quiet all day,
as if somebody had died?

And this same somebody, or somebody else,
cooked a huge, morose meal for the survivors.
A meal that lasted ten years.

Go on, sweethearts. Come back in an hour,
my friends. Then I'll be wide awake.
You'll see. This time I can promise.

NO BIRD

Now here is peace for one who knew
The secret heart of sound.
The ear so delicate and true
Is pressed to noiseless ground.

Slow swings the breeze above her head,
The grasses whitely stir;
But in this forest of the dead
No bird awakens her.