

POETRY BY THE PAGE

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A POEM ENTITLED I HAVE TO LEARN TO
TRUST THE LUCIDITY OF THESE MOMENTS

spark sparrow
a light
dawn's gone
and here
sitting while
this bird is
closing on
the wing
spark
sparrow landed

spark sparrow
non-participating
remnant
of warm
blooded
archosaur
wanderer

lightning struck
Mesozoan
mystery
timid cousin
of literary
giants
Hawthorne and
Poe are
standing on
my shoulders
as I write

spark sparrow
in flight