

ORNITHOLOGIST OF SOUL

an hour after the rain fell
you look for evidence
find no hint in the heat

the sunshine of yesterday
you look for its remnants
unable to penetrate the deep
by looking and evidence

the clouds of day cover
Atlantic Ocean tomorrow
of little history as the bird
who landed today
as though you've been
an ornithologist of soul

yet nothing is amiss
your seeing gyroscope
encompasses consciousness
that is too small to be of use
in the very face you wear
and so you make it tears