

Clint McCown

Bird as Metaphor for Bird

the space we know is finite:
wings are more for
consolation than escape;
even in flight a bird is tethered

a winter portrait
of fifty black vultures
in a sycamore tree
moves no one

but a portrait of destruction
fires the mind

hunters flush a pheasant
from the field
and bring it down

feelings vary by circumstance:
joy for the hungry
sorrow for the empathetic
pleasure for the inadequate
something else for the rest

meaning ought to fit in
somewhere

preserve the single bird
blasted from the sky

open a place in memory
for whatever abstract notion
captures its fall