

SMALL BIRDS

I'm in this bar East of here **You secretly refer to them as small birds**

It was tomorrow

It was the night before tomorrow

It was a poet's place **Same crowd, off night**

I was sitting at the bar **Drinking coffee?**

Drinking coffee

My drug of choice **Writing?**

I had been reading medieval mindset

I was full of spheres of heaven

spheres of heaven

In smoky dark places **They're young women really**

Poets like me but different **I love to hear the poets in them speak**

Sing

Move like the cats that they are

Truth from their hearts

Eyes shut

Swaying with the music

Heavy inside

Fruit ripe from fertile limbs

I was sitting at the elbow of the bar **Watching**

Just sitting and watching **Writing off and on**

There were these two young women across the elbow

One unhappy

The other consoling

They were little birds **you secretly refer to them as small birds**

Really! **In order to explain to yourself**

The alien within me but they aren't in plumage

Not like that.

You are the visitor from backwaters so obscure

I am uncertain when I arrived

And why

Did you know if you squeeze a bird **If you hold them too tightly**

They cannot breathe **They're fragile in ways different than us**

They've got little spaces tucked away here and there

little spaces tucked away here

If you squeeze them

They'll die

Different than us

The one turned to me **She told you she was in love with the bartender**

He's a nice guy **Got a beard and an earring**

Always kept my coffee warm **On the house too**

A nice guy **And she's in love with him**

And he won't go out with her **And she's getting drunk and weeping**

Seems like she's got some troubles **The other one wants to go home**

with her boyfriend

with her boyfriend

But the first one, she wants **She wants succor**

She wants to know it's going to be all right

She want to know when the pain stops

And she asks me

When does it get better?

It seems that the guy won't go out with her

Because he doesn't love her

he doesn't want to hurt her

he told her that

he told her that

And she,

She doesn't know why she loves him

she has other troubles, too

there is this guy

there is this guy

he loves her

she won't go out with him

she doesn't love him

he won't go away

he won't go away

she asks me why?

Why does it hurt so much?

Why is it like this?

When?

When does it get better

And we

I want to embrace these

we want to embrace these

Singers **these poets** these small birds

And share the intimacy

share the intimacy

Of artists everywhere

Bonded by the drive

Linked by the passion for the tongue **erotized by the ear**

And the pain that we share

we are the other

I glimpse how they see us

the mirror is not shared

I am the other

we are the other

Meanwhile the nice guy is keeping my coffee warm

her friend is leaving for awhile

I look at this hurt wounded girl **eyes swollen and red**
And she asks me **Just some words that will give her hope**
she asks me for hope **and you hesitate**

And I hesitate

Why does she think that I'm here **why aren't you at home?**
Where is the someone who is supposed to love me?

who gives you comfort?

When is it going to change for me? **Why do you even ask?**
Why isn't my heart aching **In response to this girl?**

It's this endless chain **We all love the one who don't love us**
And we are all loved by the one we don't want

it's a bitch

She's asking me **This is the way it is**
When ? **It never changes**
And why? **It's always like this**
And I'm numb **Inside you're just numb**

Grateful to be able to feel the warmth of bar coffee
Able to feel anything

I've got road-kill for a heart **Telling her that**
she wants me to comfort her **She was so fragile**
I want to find some words for her **It made her cry**

And I

And I

I give her the only reality that I see
This is it, this is all there is

I wanted to feel something **you secretly call them small birds**
Even if only for my cruelty **So you don't have to feel so outside so alien**
Even if only for her pain **But you know within your heart**

That she knows what it's like to just not fit

we have to call them small birds

you have to call them small birds

So I can love them **so we can love them**

freely

freely

they have to be small birds so the hurt

they have to be small birds so the hurt

So the push me-away

So the push me-away

so I can survive **so we can survive**

She left I wrote a poem

we wrote a poem

so this can be part of my gift to them

this is part of our gift to you

I love these poets, so young, so impossibly beautiful

I love these poets, so young, so impossibly beautiful

They sing **with a clarity of truth** from deep within their heart

That touches us deeply

That touches us deeply

the poem **It started** like this

They're small birds really.

They're small birds really.