

ONCE THE BIRD HAS FLOWN

There is a boulder fills the lovers' pathway
—Sisyphus's scourge she and I, too, have taken up,

But boulders being what they are: Immovable
—we at times place open palms on and make friends

With something inside, perhaps Bukowski's bluebird,
—and it is the fluttering of wings that tears the rock
—splits the boulder in two and clears the path.

She and I pushed and pulled the obstacle into place
—with it gone we stand naked in the dirt

Left to fear and enmeshment and inadequacy
—only can we hear the songbirds faintly now

Or will she and I break into pieces like the boulder
—for falling away on the ground?

Answer: Of course we will fall but how exactly
—wafts of lazy feathers or hard, cold stone.