

Out, On the Pavement of the Road

by Dominic Pfister

I saw a sparrow, in early spring,
With its life ground out,
On the pavement of the road,
Just like that.

If you had walked by then,
And looked down,
Before the maggots had wound
Natural paths through the brown
And red of the feathers,
You would have seen a complete article
Flattened, misused, but whole.

It would be right to push,
The bird onto the thin green tree-lawn,
So the sparrow could show the newly planted grass
That winter is not the only time for dying.