

The Reflection

Thérèse Ferreria

I saw a bird and a gazing ball
and an old man and a gazing ball
and the quiet between them
thicker than fog.

The old man threw down burnt crusts
and broken crackers
and pennies for wishes
and quarters for God...

The bird saw the world, and the man saw himself,
and the gazing ball glinted with sunlight and mist.

The man dropped his fists
and screamed at the top of his lungs—
and laughed at the rustle of wings in
the open sky...

Then he cried
because his spirit had gone with the bird.