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# Dear David Ignatow, or Against the Odds

by Ryan G. Van Cleave

It's an omen, perhaps,  
that white-throated blue jay  
that appears each dawn  
on the shortcoming of lawn  
that is my front yard.  
How he pecks and pulls  
at worms that aren't there—  
I think of my Cousin Mike,  
who carried lockpicks instead  
of a briefcase. I am a species  
related to the night. The sky  
is always splattered with stars,  
even if I can't see them.  
When the jay takes flight  
again, the cypress wind cool  
under its wings, I feel myself  
in this chair, at my desk, huge  
and earthbound, a mere rustle  
in the white-bloomed azaleas  
that grow and grow but never  
seem to get anywhere.

