

1996

this bird has flown

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BOOMBA! BOOMBA!

sweet, jumpy girl,
up, down like Tigger
on a trampoline,
mattress contracts,
springs shriek.

BOOMBA!

I rest my head
against the wall,
watch you
on my bed,
listen to the Beatles play.

Rubber Soul shakes the room
with ethereal sitar rhythms.

outside beneath a street lamp
moths perform a liturgical dance
for their electric god,
so alluring they race from the dark
to its sides,
encircling,
never touching.

BOING!

up you go,
tossing back
spooky chick hair,
seen in parks
shading the poems
of Emily D.

tumbles over your face,
misfit Cousin Itt.

long legs
denim clad,
wide cuffs that cover Damascus sandals
stomp on the metal frame.

trip and slip,
you're in my lap,
I feel your
sweaty skin.

I try to hold on,
but you're up again,
in a second.

-paul durica '00