

## *Two Poems*

by

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### *Abortive*

"I opened the window and she flew straight down!"

"Never have I seen a bird's nest so close!"

Four blue eggs.

Four blue ovals that contain a white and yellow fluid.

Four blue ovals that contain life—a flowing life that  
will soon be bill and legs and wings, without a  
shred of feather.

A life contained in so thin a blue shell.

Four fingers could so easily crush the fragile blue eggs.

The yellow and white fluid would seep through the  
grass, and string, and run down the stones,

Thus to quench the life in its beautiful blue egg,

While below the mother cocks her head, waiting for  
the strange disturber to move on.

### *To a June Bug*

When you fly into my window with monomaniacal desire,  
A fear grips my heart; although I do not fear you, this fear  
chills my heart,

Or when I see your pulp as a ruined drop of life stuff from some  
in radius of that light that sets your mind afire,  
A joy fills my heart,

Or when I hear your whirring in the darkness of my room or  
mood as a whispering of some god's name,  
A pleasure burns within my body,

Or when I see your pulp as a ruined drop of life stuff from some  
mystical beaker,  
A horror displaces my reasoning with a sadness that lets  
me into the pit of blackness.