



## POEMS

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*Gerald Rice*

**to you**

i thought of this on the fly  
so I hope these misshapen words  
hold the contour of what  
i want to say

i pulled this from the air  
hoping you could make out  
these muddy thoughts  
these Velcro emotions  
despite how many times  
i fumbled, trying to give  
this sticky heart to you

i wrote this in the nick of time  
i stumbled  
over every word  
as I hurried home to you.

## **The Dead Bird**

It lies in the middle of the road,  
Doll real and non-electric black,  
Crushed feathers trimmed  
In double-yellow,  
An illegible stare—  
Intact wings splayed—  
Perfectly performing parts of some broken machine,  
Windshield wipers on a totaled car  
Or foot on an amputated leg  
The silent unkindness  
Glimpsed in the briefest of moments,  
Seen only because there is nothing  
There to be seen at all.