

How many of these will I write about you: #85

by Logan McConaughy

I sat in that tree for hours
pine needles prickling me, imagining
I was a bird, eighteen-years-old
(because even birds had to be
eighteen-years-old to leave)
and free
I watched them pingponging
from branch to branch above
me and wondered if their
wings ever got very tired
or if they got bugs smacking
them in the eyeballs
when they turned too tight a corner
around that cloud just up ahead
(not left, we told you right at the cloud,
turn around, now we're lost)

Thought maybe if I turned into one,
if I need to
I'll fly and I'll walk
just in case one option gets tired
and then oh, that might make me an angel
and that sounds good but I think
I'll lay here and watch these birds
for a while longer before that happens.

I'm still here and I'm still watching birds.
You're not, but I think that's all right.
One of us had to stay and watch
to make sure the birds are okay, after all.
They are, and now every one I see
spells "I love you" as they fly, just
like those airplanes that make the clouds
like they have at the beach.