

MUTE

Catastrophic Birds
Praise Screeching Not Heard
Since Before The Use Of Words
Could Fail To Compete
With Rationale For Silence

They Do This
By Sticking Beaks
In Pauses That Won't Speak
And By Wresting Motivation
From The Maw Of Fog It Hides In

Is There Better Way
To Undo
Whatever Blocked The Getting Through
Than To Employ These Fowl
Who Foil Their Own Dominion

And Just As Thought
Was A Bridge Laid Down
To Reenter A Town
Left Barren As Waste
In Neglect Of Youthful Abandon

These Catastrophic Birds
Away In Unified Flight
Have Gone In The Night
Without A Soul
Getting In A Single Sound

© 2013 Roger Lienke