

Stan Rice

POVERTY: THE BIRDS

I see I die
To be myself
And fail.

Since birds do
Nothing birds
Succeed.

We do We quail.
Our lies we sing.
We salt our tails.

Boo hoo.
Poor me.
Poor you.

The birds are different.
They're insane.
They have no names.

They do not weep.
Their shape is brain.
They sleep their sleep.

If I should die
Before I see,
Poor me.