Sparrots and Parrows

the sparrow, when drunk

yearns for parrothood:

to eat the soft sweet fruit

of tropical trees

sing with a multitude

of stolen voices

repaint plumage

with the thrill of *carnavale*

we, says he

pick crumbs from the curb

bathe in dust

steal fleas from pigeons

the sparrow, when drunk

sees itself with eyes of crazed glass

thankfully, the sparrow rarely drinks