

## Bird

A bird cried for attention outside my window when I woke. He was small and had a chirp of equal size.

I opened the window to greet him and he returned my greeting by flying into my ear. Oh, the nest he builds is so small!

At moments like this when unbearable pain enters my home, unbearable noise always accompanies it.

Rhythm can be sacrificed. Natural rhythm is impossible, Birdy knows this.

It's hard to tell where things are when they're so eternal. He sits somewhere inside my head and builds his nest, oh, so small!

Hairs, eyelashes, tears; thoughts, dreams, memories; boys, girls, new parents; the lovers, the hierophant, the fool; pigs, cats, bears, audio, visual, metaphysical, love, sex, love and sex, loveless sex and sexless love, philosophies, art and family, vague concepts, etc; all of these things; all together; one small nest.

He calls it Freedom. How do you think a cage so small can be Freedom?

Freedom is choosing your own cage: Birdy thinks this. Small bird, small bird brain.

Small stupid bird.

Birdy is not afraid of the cold shower. Birdy is not afraid of the bright lights.

Birdy fears nothing! Birdy is not afraid of dying in my headcage.

Stupid bird.

I drank for two. Do you understand this joke?

It is common in Western culture for a pregnant woman to say that she is eating for two: the mother and the child. In this situation, it was me and the bird.

I wonder if I am the mother or the child?

I made herbal tea. It is very good for my sinus and I enjoy the taste.

I burnt my tongue. I burnt the bird.

The bird flew away.

The bird left his trail, from my ear to the window. Birdy, you left a mess in my home!

Blood is left because the bird is small, but my ear is smaller. He also leaves all of the things mentioned in the last line of the second stanza.

Oh, stupid bird, how can I clean this mess!