

The Flame of an Ugly Bird

the new eagle sits on the
tallest cedar tree
and she whistles
to the world

I sit outside and smoke
and look at my rotten feet
as I exhale into the morning
of fog and the smoke glides
away into the sky where
the eagle sits watching me

I think the eagle can see
me for what I am
for what I have become
with this illness
we like to call manic depression
and the eagle
sees me
fading

the eagle is gone and is now
replaced by some ugly seagulls

this is more like it
I think to myself

I am more of an ugly bird
than a bird at all

my rotten feet resemble
claws as they grip
into this world
and try not to fade
or glide away into
the fog
too quickly

I am a mad bird without
wings as they were destroyed
in a fire of alcohol and drugs
and abuse
and madness

I sit perched here
in this false nest
of a world
where a man
quietly glides
without wings
as his mind
slowly fades
into the world
where all birds
at some point
in time
could whistle
a
good
tune.