

Poem: Fake Walk

Out there is the fall. It is color
You say. I look silly, say let's try
And walk it. You say I can't even see
The top of the cornfields. There are
Blackbirds out here. You say yes. I say
They might eat us, using their beaks.
You say we can light campfires to our
Sides. I talk about light. You talk
about the sound of caw. I say let's
Walk the edge, it might be safer. You
Say that's where wolves bones are.
We take the walk. You grab a stick
Calling it your walking tree and it will
Protect you from those flying birds.
I say you'll probably get them with the branches
And the sharp twigs on the end. Pretty
Soon we can no longer avoid the forest.
We go in. There are no more hoards
Of birds, only reverent trees
Singing Jonie loves Al.
We look through one edge of the forest.
A buck in the trees comes close, whispers
What are you doing here. We hear a fake mynah bird.