

Neil Kelly

Swift Migration

I left the concrete via turn lanes,
the one-way streets, the

homeless suffering. An overpopulated
mass transit subway system; a pulsing
aorta of mortal vestige.

I hotfooted it like fleeing deer from
a forest ablaze; mosquitoes absquatulating
out of rippling water. The city

has me sweating more than normal this year.
A wild time.
Not the year for lover's luck.

Static covers understanding and
conversation like moss.

Peat?

Nope, just a mossback.
A backwards pedestrian crossing
towards tomorrow's flooded basements.

Beyond the city limits,
the brisk air and whispers of deceased foliage
smash my face like a rubber mallet
against a dent.

I feel reborn.

A sparrow, or maybe a finch,
skims in the wind, dodging hail and
meteor particles reminiscent of December
dandruff on a black sweater.
The wings brushing bashfully.

It's to the country setting
I'm jetting.

No bike lanes or
meter readers.

Just the echoes of silence and
the smells of hogs and ethanol.