

poetry by *John Grey*

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### WHERE THE JOIN OCCURS

Another bird thumps into the window pane  
but amazingly flies off unharmed.  
With all the stuff I read about how toxic we humans are,  
I can't believe that creature got off so lightly.  
But maybe, a tree limb not far from here  
might tell a different story.  
The adrenalin tank empty, it takes time  
to examine wing and talon.  
A snap here, break there... an opinion of me  
absorbed away from my viewing pleasure.

I spend much time at that window,  
picture window I call it,  
as if the scenery is a constantly evolving  
Constable or Thomas Cole,  
with mountains for continuity, trees for slow change,  
and wild-life for sudden dramas.  
Of course, it all could be more comfortable as a portrait,  
the man standing, looking out, the landscape painting him.

Another bird comes to the glass, a chickadee this time  
and, thankfully, not confusing it with air.  
It scrapes against the window in a flurried search for grip,  
while its small black eyes peer in, a visitor to my gallery.  
I keep as still as I can, to keep up my pretense of art,  
to not disturb where it fits in the frame.  
It will fly away with a different opinion on what it means to be human.  
Maybe it'll count its limbs, its nails, its feathers,  
but it won't know they're its blessings.