



From Pistrophy

César Love

Starlings' Eve

Before the departure
The starlings perform a bleak festival
Above the plaza for the wretched
Black and gold birds whirl in the evening sky
Below them, addicts prop against Doric columns
Psychotics spew their radioactive verbs
And maimed workers limp their way home
The starlings deliver one final airshow, the chorus of dive bombers
One final song, a symphony of shards

High on a gnarled branch
Inside the brittle trees
A weathered nest protects the young
Its lacings frail, unfastened

A house is never more a home than the morning before the sheriff
The sky is never a deeper blue than the evening before the bombs

The trees grasp and we grasp
A lover will leave, a parent will die
That letter tendered on a forever stamp
Will never receive a reply

Unloved birds perform their circus
Amidst crumbling leaves
This homeless man watches the airshow
A cold wind steals my cart

César Love's poems have appeared in such publications as *Out of Our*, the *Haight Ashbury Literary Journal*, *Synchronized Chaos* and *A Medal for H.D. Moe*. His book of poems, *While Bees Sleep*, appeared in 2012.