

Pocketknife

Buck Meek

Sparrows fight with a hawk in flight
The dippers fade away
Slowly, sable turns to white

She left her sleeping bag behind
Left her pocket knife
A watermelon and a lime

I found a paper in my coat
Forgotten months ago
She stole my lighter, so I'll use the stove

Saw a murder of crows move by
Purple with the night
While starlings murmured to silent types

Maybe August 29th
If I make it through July
Thank God for coffee and apple pie