

A Bird Flies Out

Deb Talan

A bird flies out and over the rooftops
down past the cars in my line of view.
It's a strange beginning, comic and awkward grace.
In a picture, on the table
I'm in a red dress waiting for a reason
holding a tightly packed suitcase.

Maybe I'm too jaded to love somebody like you.
Maybe I want to love my dream that'll never come true.
Someone who is real, oh, gets in the way
and moves inside my heart, not just my head
interfering with how I want to feel.
How do I want to feel, I wonder?

You could be water to me, I might be wine.
The stars have all faded here
they give us no sign.
Is this the right time?

The smoke curls up and ribbons the air
away from my nervous fingers.
The cigarette sputters, a tired reluctant burn.
In a picture, on the table
you are a driver peering past the moment
holding the wheel until it turns.

Maybe I'm too jaded to love somebody like you.