

**sparrows in the supermarket**

(for Elaine White)

Will Watson

one tweets in the meat locker,  
    another swoops at a sky-blue  
        beer box, or sleeps, stuffed with  
            stolen seed, in garden supply,  
  
and dreams, i'd guess, of flocks, free flight,  
    wind, sun, cold, cats, rain, trees and so on,  
        though i'm quite sure how that dreaming  
  
ends--in blood spatter, shatterproof glass.  
  
in more cheery times, we might kid ourselves  
    that to swap the sky for a free lunch is  
        strictly for the birds, but as the sun  
  
dims, the stomach sours,  
    you can rest assured  
        some wise guy will surmise  
            that you and i are just  
  
so many sparrows in the supermarket too...  
  
when that hour arrives, i'll hit  
    some high notes myself , no doubt,  
        but, hey, who's up for lunch today?