



FORBIDDEN Syllables

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Bones

a pot of coffee the sparrows zing by writing

an echo isn't a repeat subscription only clouds are valid

the murmur of people through failed glass

resuscitating the art of breath breathlessly in fear

a cough two aisles across yet six feet less two meters down

she asks me when we love it's always yes

a rush of desires sibilance snakes through its attempted silence

riptides of wind brought by another car, cars, cars, caring less

the female thrush keeping company by the clothes line of despair

whip-poor-will just a word just an excuse to excise something forbidden

a click and clank the kitchen awake and demanding

birdsong isn't louder it's not in quarantine

touching in public the couple take flight leaving one feather adrift

coronavirus how it trips and slides effortlessly into forbidden syllables

late night television spills its whisky tumbler

