

Why I Am a Poet

Trinda Love

Thirteen crows mend the earth
Stitch the grass
out and in
with filaments
of worm.

I remove my lens cap.

A red shirted girl
jogs by,
breaks the thread,
November fills
with blue black
wings.

Video eyes capture
Half-clothed
mannequins
of yellow poplar,
with black
window pane patches
of crow.

I hold my camera.

A dog barks and
the air flashes.
Around a gate post
jack-o-lantern,

two black birds
bob
and weave.

I grab my bag.

The zipper tears the
silence, ravel
the dance.
The air goes
dark again.