

# The Reflection

*Thérèse Ferreria*

I saw a bird and a gazing ball  
and an old man and a gazing ball  
and the quiet between them  
thicker than fog.

The old man threw down burnt crusts  
and broken crackers  
and pennies for wishes  
and quarters for God...

The bird saw the world, and the man saw himself,  
and the gazing ball glinted with sunlight and mist.

The man dropped his fists  
and screamed at the top of his lungs—  
and laughed at the rustle of wings in  
the open sky...

Then he cried  
because his spirit had gone with the bird.