

Esteban Ismael

bird work [song]

sitting with my face on the shotgun
window of a '97 mustang, I watch him
puff his chest
& a cigarette, the nervous flit
of their two quick hands clasped
together, a single whistle as he pockets.

the shrubs mournful bristling
between the beaks of brown birds
begins before any of us notice
3 past noon the sun beginning
to angle, the shadows under
your arms moving on the gravel
behind you like wings.

