FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF BIRDS

ROBERT A. KAUFMAN

There once was a time before New York was,
   And there will be a time when it is not.
But this time – here, now – is sublime because
When birds look down at this Gotham inkblot,
   They see all our color color color
   And hear a cavalcade of colored sound.
They cannot caw to the lost boys and girls,
   “Caw! Look up! Caw caw! You’re already found.”