

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.”