

*Untitled*

breezy cold,  
and children running

one after another in a street full of skyscrapers,  
the sun rising

somewhere on the wing of a plane,  
a one-winged

bird on the head of a god  
in the plaza

goodbye  
from the pain of my body,

my father patting  
the cushion next to him

in the air,  
come

sit