

CHRIS TONELLI

WIDE BIRD

A robin hops around in the grass
near where I've sat down. Holds
his ear to the ground—listening
for worms I assume. What if he hears
the rumbling beneath us, plunges in
his beak, and pulls out the train?

(PLUTO)

 If everything is wrong
eventually,
then everything
 is wrong now.

 I was the planet
Pluto
in a play once;

 I will make the best
ex-husband.

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