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Because of the Noise the Birds Make

Karla Clark

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BECAUSE OF THE NOISE THE BIRDS MAKE quarreling or

so joyous almost garbled inarticulate with praise

because the light in the cup is amber then like almonds

then like milk

Whatever happens changes in the space between event and mind

Once we thought love dangerous not to have

exactly but to say that we were something less or naming

it would then be stripped away like onion skin

birch bark

Amazing to sit over breakfast this way our faces turned toward

each other in the hedge some wind-scruffed cardinals

bend their red heads toward the sea little geckos click

and turn suddenly green on the patient trunks of the palms