
CHARLIE SMITH

Just Now

Now and again some peewit
or flicker
cuts loose and you just know, phoebe
or prothonotary warbler,
it's rared back
like grover cleveland alexander
or caruso
and, chickadee
or carolina wren,
with all the power of its being—
of being
itself—hurled
its whole passerine soul
into the callipygian world.

Those shots
you thought you heard
and the raw steak rotting in the window
of the apartment
you deserted
after she dropped you—*left out
of here*—you said
in your bulletin—*barefooted,
clutching a one dollar bill
and walking*—west
was it?—that meat and gunplay
and girl—are gone
from your list of worries, bub,
and for some time now it's been
just you
and these goddamn birds.