

ADAM TAVEL

The Walmart Sparrows

—*for Bill Knott*

flap and flit inside the steel
rafters bare as bridge girders
through which their cavernous
shrieks echo waking
puffy-eyed pre-work
shoppers adrift in the hangover
fog of dreaming each
to each our carts' bum wheels
chatter down the shadow
aisles where we brim with
tampons tarragon enough
Energizers to resurrect our dead
Hess trucks from their boxes
I scarlet the bargain bin
mirrors with my pre-dawn
neck-knot askew I cannot
tell where the sparrows weave
their sleep to shake the weeping
pelt of rain do they sanctuary
here because they can no longer
nest above their crushed young
sprawling goopy cruciform
across the knuckle-gnarled
root-moss no wonder
they gorge on low
feed bags of Tastee-Os
corner-torn from grazing
the clerk's blue behemoth
ladder he clatters
from one blown bulb
to the next twisting
us all ablaze hereafter