

Monster

STEPHEN ERIC BERRY

A boy studies a monster in the looking-glass:
Eyes mismatched, nose all wrong, no way out.
A world where hummingbirds feast on fireflies
And die by morning in blunt paws of dew –
Tiny, flitless bellies packed tight with sparks.
And all the children dressed in little bows and ties
Collect the dead sputtering birds in darning baskets
As I do, pressing the monster's other face.
And now the basket jumble of tiny wrinkled eyes
Looks back at me with two dim sparks
From the belly of one or more dead birds,
Two dim sparks I will have to use
For eyes buried in a raiment of feathers
In the basket of my face. Time for school.

