

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"Broken Bird"**

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BROKEN BIRD

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You don't have to have wings to want to learn to fly,  
you don't have to  
doubt the truth to believe in a lie, he was his own  
creation in his view  
from the treetops, he could see way down Paragon  
Mills past where the  
farmland stops, early morning June, the world was a  
mystic presence, the  
cool bark of the tree against his skin; he studied  
nature's lessons, till one  
day practicing flight the fated fall occurred, and he  
woke up on the  
ground feeling like a broken bird. Since that day he has  
suffered from fear  
of flying, and he has been a hard sell on what the rest  
of the world was  
buying, the world seem to lose its meaning in  
expressing its brutal  
truth, he had a head full of wonders and sorrows and a  
heart full of age  
and youth, and there were ruffled feathers in the nest  
because he never  
needed validation, there was a dictionary, for by the  
book  
communication, but he was a different sort of flesh in  
need of an  
undefinable word, in hope that the broken sky was in  
need of a broken  
bird. Radio like the voice of some god kept the world in  
tune, ages spent  
in the rhythm of his room, he got so good at losing  
himself he had no  
need to hide, he felt like the truth needed an excuse so  
he just lied, was  
there some kind of vengeance or just an unhealthy  
curiosity, sometimes  
his meekness filled him with an impotent ferocity, tears  
fell hot and the  
sobs nobody ever heard, bb gun in his hands crying  
over a broken bird.

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