

Salad "Broken Bird"

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The backroom card
game under smoky mobiles
The lift attendant
who's been riding for miles
Safari season
is upon us once more
The lion's share
to the man by the door
She twists her
body like a broken bird
And staggers to
the lift without a single word
Her taking
leave of the spinning room
Leaves rain
unwatched under eyeing moon
In third floor
peace dwelling on he fate
She dents the side of

the bed with her sparrow weight
She twists her
body like a broken bird
And cranes her neck
down slowly to the water
As luck would
have it she desired that man
So she threw away
hearts to weaken her hand
The winner in a
grey suit fills the frame
Unaware that
she's still playing her game
She twists her
body like a broken bird
As waves roll up
the shore and break softly

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