

## The Ruby Suns

### "There Are Birds"

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There's a place I like to go.  
I like to be alone when there  
Are birds and it is cold.  
The grass is green and the trees sound,  
Like stories of times  
That I don't want when the hat(?) shows.  
And there was sky.  
The streets were steep, still unsound.

And there was life.  
Children playing with marbles;  
One sits upon a statue  
As faces are designed  
Looking forward, back, and at me.  
A language I don't know.  
It makes me want what I can't have:  
A place in this pond.  
Could it be when they die?

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