

Jason Camlot

*After Antigone*

I wonder what bird you're speaking to now.  
A bird that sees you with both eyes at once  
And acknowledges what others fail to.  
Are you grasping it firmly in both hands,

a feathered heart that must be held that way?  
Or are you guarding it as it paces  
your writing desk and records random things  
with gentle talons? Meanwhile, the poets

back in the bar roll their own little birds  
from their tongues. The dirty little birds loop  
like blotto swallows among smoke rings still  
deforming from years ago, among decaying

voices that said better things, dispersing  
atoms breathed by people who mattered once.

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