

Birdwolf V

written by Dennis James Sweeney | February 2, 2016



Birdwolf is a new year-long project authored by the collective *Entropy* community. It is a collaborative online epic poem written by the *Entropy* community on a weekly basis. A different author will write the next stanza or section of the poem each week, to be posted every Tuesday, following the previous post from the previous week, and following a very limited set of guidelines (that each author has one week to write the next piece after the previous week's installment goes up, that the installment should build from the previous section's content and form, and that contributions should range between 8 and 24 lines or be a visual work).

Follow the entire epic poem here: [Birdwolf](#).

The fifth installment is presented this week by Dennis James Sweeney.

V.

But in the bar, seated beside fear—
The Birdwolf has many bodies—
The man lifted his glass and spilled on his sticky hand—
Bound by bones and the absence of bones—
He said, *And hollow and weightless—*
He said, [Sounds of birds howling]—
What little of the light he had seen behind the monstrous head—
And the drunkards gasped—
BUT THESE ARE NOT THE BIRDS YOU KNOW—
The table rumbled and belched—
The man sank his hand into coarse fur—
And strangers still poured into the bar like birds—
Ears like beaks and a muzzle in the shape of wings—
BAP against the window BAP BAP—
I know this story, he said, but it is only a story—
And the way the night gathered them—
The story begins on a night exactly like this—