

The Birds: The Punching Bag

written by Guest Contributor | March 6, 2020

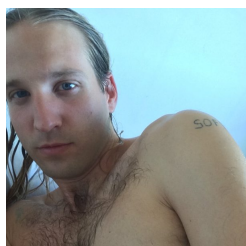


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The rainbow lorikeets and
cockatoos are screeching
away I'm in bed in the
converted garage holding
onto the corner of
this beaded cushion
like a child at the
knee of a pant suit.
It's so loose being
like this. A full bladder
and the titanic task
of the unconditional.
A year ago on a beach
close to here I followed
a sand stingray flapping
away in the shallows
as the shore break moved
over him. An Australian
Crow stood next to
me and we watched
together for a time.
Another one stands
at the fly screen door
its yellow eyes peaking
Stop sending imprecations
it must have said ~~nothing~~.
Everyone so angry and
distrusting myself included
not really able to make it
work one way or
the other. The neighbour
works out on a punching
bag a rhythmic flat tyre
rolling across the

summer highways
insatiable unsustainable
burning hot and crazy.
The crow cleans their
beak on the lawn.
This morning I miss
my naked friends/lovers
driving away unconditional.

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featured photo by Jacques Baumgartner