

POEM OF THE WEEK

BIRD SEED

I'm a conscientious soul
And a sharing person
I feed the birds regularly
You could say, every day

[Foolish man, you write poems.]

I'm a conscientious soul
And a sharing person
I write a poem regularly
You could say, every day

I then share with the world
[What's this "birdseed" nonsense?]
It feels like the same process
There's another poem

Blowin' in the wind

Hey, that's the name of a song!
Really, is it? I thought it was providence
A felicitous assemblage of words
Kind of like seeds

To feed the birds

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