

Joe Zucchiatti

Sourdough

We are the birds too stunned to fly south for the winter

We are the dry grass in May that fights to stay brown
and the half-thawed frogs that can't be bothered to sing

We are the portly bureaucrats
warming up our cars by remote control
while the dust grows thick
on our Jack London paperbacks

We are the ravens
gnawing on frozen dogshit
dreaming of treadmarks
trickling with the rich, warm blood
of a gopher freshly killed

We are that kid on his knees in the snow
tongue stuck fast to a fire hydrant
terrified to move an inch
and praying for an early thaw