

Sparrows

“This sparrow”
begins a poem by Williams
that I’ve just begun to read

when I remember
a poem I once wrote
about sparrows,

“an early work,”
a biographer might note
were I famous

but I’m not
and the poem’s lost,
spring-cleaned away

and no regrets.
Still, I can still see
those sparrows—two—

on a fever-hot
afternoon on
the cornice beneath

my window,
 chirp-chirping,
 twitch-twitching,

fucking
 like it was like
 shaking hands—

so natural—or
 saying Gimme five,
 and then they go

back to chirp-chirping,
 twitch-twitching,
 and I suddenly remember

a lost line:
 “Post-coital rest-
 lessness instead of calm”

and am ready
 to go back to Williams
 but, young woman,

I remember how
 you turn my eyes, lips,
 loins into sparrows.

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