

## This Day

Bowerbirds

This day is no special day  
This day will see no placards given  
This day will see no no dismembered limbs  
Yet there buzzes a distant chainsaw  
Whose sound comes in and out on the tinned wind

This day is a slow gesture  
This day is just clearly not ready  
It hopes for a year of iron clarity  
But waits for the cues from the coming weeks  
And for moss and stares .....? .....?

It's not clear how this day will end  
But I have put my money down  
On having a clear view from this house to the heavens  
And back again, it's not clear how this day will end

Ahh!

This day feels like a cold engine  
With a tank of old gasoline  
Live your own mornings on ether  
And tremble with anticipation as the sun goes down