

POEM FOR THE BUZZARD

Christopher DeWeese

I built a little roof for you
and left it in the desert.
There, the earth puckers
to find vitamins
beneath the Indians.
I deciphered Top 40
from the scuttled wind
as I worked,
wrote some strange words,
the same chords.
I misheard your shadow,
thought it was a lizard
running for cover.
But there was no cover.