Soul Bird

Plagiarism

Subtext

R. A. Allen
Soul Bird

While driving on Haverhill Road  
I noticed a bird flying apace alongside.  
This gave me an ominous green chill.  
Don't birds symbolize the soul?  
Could this be the departure of my soul?  
And the green of my chill seemed to be  
the same radium green with which Lempicka  
shrouded Depression-era Midtown in her Cubistic  
*New York (1930-35)*. And suddenly  
I am on a window ledge thirty floors above Fifth,  
preening my feathers in a nest made of litter  
and twigs scavenged from Bryant Park,  
and then some histoplasmosis-obsessed  
avhole in sleeve garters reaches out and breaks my neck  
with a flyswatter, and I flutter-flap down  
into the honking canyon below, swept into  
the gutters, washed into the storm drains; it's  
blank obliteration for both me and my soul  
gone quicker than you can say Eugène Ionesco,  
which would indicate a perplexity  
between the here and the now  
between essence and existence  
between being and Being—  
metempsychosis notwithstanding.
Plagiarism

Lurking near a circle
Of aphoristic repartee
I read your
Thought balloon
Memorized it
Stretched it
Shaded it
To be mine own
(Virtually)
It’s called
Reverse engineering
Hold up in any court
Like Velcro super glue
Subtext

You hear them
when the houselights go down,
when the pro's putt wobbles toward the cup,
when the sheriff holds the mob at bay,
and in their garbled crescendo that comes
before the skyrocket's crackling confetti.

But what, exactly, are they saying?
Certainly it's not just peas and carrots.
Surely it's more than mumbo jumbo.
An invitation, a warning?
Are they reading your tea leaves?
Or is it a prophetic riddle sent
to nag like an earworm
everlasting?
R. A. Allen