

It's Too Quiet in Here

A sparrow mistook
a light for the light
of day. A contractor
penciled *Transitional*
Space on the plans.
A woman parked
next to the airport
and stood on top
of her truck.
In an empty office,
a fax inched out
of the printer.
The wind knocked
over a metal bucket.
Spirals at the end
of a vending
machine turned
to let down the chips.
Everyone in the sub-
way pitched right.
A blue crayon melted
on the welcome mat.
The timer for the timed
test went off. A pilot
light went out. Every-
one on the bus pitched
left. A shade slapped
open, untouched, and dust
flew up into the sun.