

March Unfiltered

You part dust curtains on yellowed morning,
kitchen's light dim and coffee thick.
You must quit, you think again with
one hand round the crumpled pack, one
tapping out a short unfiltered.

The bread you'd scattered on the sill was half
gone and you watched a jay,
puffed as a bad cop, jab away
a foolish sparrow, flick a crumb aground.
You've been the jay. Been the sparrow too.

You crush the butt and clatter the fry pan.
Light's wider now, crumbs
eaten one way or another. No one
to push around but your own self.
Pick up the pack. Put it down.