

Post-Attica Visit

for David Gilbert

I dreamed there was a jungle gym

in your cell, we

trapezed from side to side

limber and flying

the guards heard laughter

and came running

we made ourselves tiny birds

on the metal tree top

our wings small enough to squeeze

through the bars

into the meadow the sky so blue

you lost your breath

we flew until just before lock down

squeezed back in

I see blue birds now and year, I

sleep sitting up

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