We Are Always Better Together

the small brown birds
flit into and out of the tree

rearranging their order
by the homing device in their pea brains

a canadian goose
is coming in hot from the west

go north ey i think to tell him
unless you’re carrying papers

our citizenry is being sorted
Into the us and the them

we are always better together
don't they know

we all have a place we belong
on this branch

a place we find by listening
to an edict only we can hear

❦

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