

on the breeze

Mike Burns

two cats
sit in front of the window
their noses pressed tight
against the glass,
a distant mewing
penetrates the noon-day air

lifted on the breeze,
the same breeze that wakes my nose
with the sour smell of chicken shit
lifted from poultry ranches
tucked into the folds
of red clay hills,

and it reminds me to feed the geese
before the neighbor's shrubs
are picked bare, shredded by clapsnapping beaks.

and mom and pop goose
laugh in their peculiar nasal way.