

## What I Assume

Everyday  
he wakens with the sun.  
He lives in Poor Richard's world  
where the early bird  
never went hungry,  
where worms squirmed frantic with fear.  
He waits for the maize  
natural light to rouse his soul  
and his onion-skin lids from sleep.  
Everyday.  
He learned to make Cream of Wheat  
three years ago.  
He has an age spot that looks like  
Maine.  
He doesn't even know that  
when I drive by in my dirty white car,  
I see him staring up the sycamore  
like he does everyday.  
There used to be a bird there,  
who never sang, flew too low, lost a claw.  
Now, a nest that never leaves the autumn  
clings by a flossy twig, but never falls.  
Birdseed, bread,  
broken by gnarled hands, tossed  
shaking and tired, float to the ground  
and I think of the first dirt that covers  
the shiny mahogany as it sinks underground.  
The worms once the eaten,  
become the eaters.  
Now nothing seems fair.  
The light turns green  
and I drive home through the blur.