



Fred D'Aguiar

Sunday Morning

First things first before last night takes over
my head completely. I hear a car
runs on gas and all you have to do
is press a button or turn a key in an ignition
and away you go. Well, that's all hearsay.
For me an engine brings oxygen right
under my nose and all I have to do
is inhale. A car spreads its angel wings of sound
all over the city and black angel dust comes away
in my handkerchief when I blow my nose.
Pigeons are pieces of cars that break off
in collisions and leave the road for a ledge.
This morning I see pigeons make an entire vehicle,
the whole flock swoops from one ledge to another,
turning left and right as one steering wheel
gripped by feathers and hollow bones.
But this is about the city,
how I fail in it and keep failing
so must keep running back to the country
for air without engines and their resin.

Thank you for reading! Find more at www.theharlequin.org.