

## Life Is Priorities

Of the numerous projects in a new house  
there are birds inside your chimney.  
Hear their nest of peeps meek & restless.  
Know you needed to intervene,  
but there are regurgitating pipes  
that weird walk-in ant closet invasion,  
an unexpected washing machine death  
all the residue, morass of glass  
the last hurricane & owner left  
atop the bones of a porch reflecting  
pine trees & baywater in its cedar beams.  
It means only these other things come first.  
Until a baby bird bursts from a chimney  
full force into a plate glass window & dies.  
Now, in midst of the rest of all this mess,  
you must direct the funeral of  
a small mottled black infant with wings  
two things that bow forever backwards  
into a plumed heart to bury.  
It fits inside of your palm  
& makes of you a murderer.

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