There are birds here,  
so many birds here  
is what I was trying to say  
when they said those birds were metaphors  
for what is trapped  
between buildings  
and buildings. No.  
The birds are here  
to root around for bread  
the girl’s hands tear  
and toss like confetti. No,  
I don’t mean the bread is torn like cotton,  
I said confetti, and no  
not the confetti  
a tank can make of a building.  
I mean the confetti  
a boy can’t stop smiling about  
and no his smile isn’t much  
like a skeleton at all. And no  
his neighborhood is not like a war zone.  
I am trying to say  
his neighborhood  
is as tattered and feathered  
as anything else,  
as shadow pierced by sun  
and light parted  
by shadow-dance as anything else,  
but they won’t stop saying  
how lovely the ruins,  
how ruined the lovely  
children must be in that birdless city.