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## Lush

Jim Daniels

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## Daniels: Lush

LUSH

Jim Daniels

*March 24*

Robin on a wire. Wacky disco-ball snow  
swirling around it. Bird's probably thinking  
*I come back for this?* It wants rain to draw up  
worms. The robin bounces, waiting.

The sun's back-lighting it into a saint  
preaching on electricity. My skin's turning  
into cheap old typing paper—try to erase  
and you're making windows instead.

Reverse snowflakes. Or, maybe you never typed  
a word on any kind of paper. Then think about  
cheap paper towels—they still make those.

When I look up again, the robin's gone,  
maybe looking for the one spot  
where the ground's thawed. Robins—about  
as exotic as we get in Pittsburgh. Except for  
dancers downtown in their own strange, sad light.  
You may have been there, or not. Some of us  
look for moisture in the driest places.

Okay, yeah, I banged my fist on the bar  
and squinted up into the mirrored faces.  
Looked down at the toes, painted out of boredom  
or for my benefit. Sometimes I saw the tender space  
in the arch, skin that rarely touches the ground.

Okay, robin, I've stood for it long enough.  
I'm going outside. I'm going to open wide.