

**THE BIRDS CANNOT DISAPPEAR**

George Kalamaras

Green in the shape of a fluid vowel.

\*

A radiowave that eases out of the thorax of a stunted voice.

\*

Monks at a lamasery creating heat-waves around their naked bodies lying in snow.

\*

Friendly advice, below, on wood grains from cabbages of sound.

\*

A golden beak protruding as chains from a cruel blood-face.

\*

Hamlet's hair curling the bird's ruby neck.

\*

To be a bird man in emerald ponds attacking a floating pear.

\*

To be a beloved tree without ground, cast from its garden sound.

\*

To be a blossoming lull luff in Andean spring.

\*

The condor has traded its wings for water.

\*

The orange, for tanager stew.

\*

Oh, to fly like a fig scrunched through choleric gill-fire.

\*

To melt snow with coils of chordal thought.

\*

To say with conviction, *I am a split pear, I am a split pear.*

\*

And ask a floating oak for sound advice.

\*

Green, the vowel of every schraping ground.

—*for Max Ernst*