

## CONVERSATION ON A RAIL

*by Allen Porter Mendenhall*

Two black birds on a cold gray rail  
Look at each other,  
Cawing and bobbing,  
Exciting sensory plena  
Of finer minds,  
Which, mediating,  
Record all they know  
And some they don't.  
The wise trace contours of belief,  
Think about thinking,  
Doubt the truth that's there  
And even some that's not.  
Two black birds on a cold gray rail  
See me coming  
Flap their dinosaur wings  
And rise  
Not like a thought  
But like a dream.