

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.