Flutter

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Poetry Journal

Standing on the Sidewalk in NYC

He says "I don't mean to startle
you, but could you read this

for me?" as he hands me a crumpled
piece of grey paper with a website

address written on it. I spell out
the address letter by letter, dot by

dot. He echoes each letter and writes
the address in large, legible characters

on the front page of a newspaper. "Thanks,
man. My eyes are no good. I can't read

print that small anymore" he says as he
walks away. Back to his shopping cart

filled with a clutch of plastic grocery
bags. His head capped by a yellow

construction helmet with a single black
feather hanging from the back. A feather

that tries and tries and tries to take flight.