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Fallen Sparrow

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FALLEN SPARROW

PAUL BRYANT

I miss that old Monte Carlo,
The engine raucous like a woodpecker.

I remember that sparrow I could never shoot.
It had yellow stripes.

My second son reminded me of the Monte Carlo.

Running across the lawn,
Legs pumping,
Sweat kindling.

His favorite color was green,
His body tan like leather
Scorched in the sun.

Shoes black like tires.
Treads strong and stable,
Fast like feathers.

But he isn't impressive anymore
And neither is the Monte Carlo.

If the sparrow fell,
What would fly?

Not the Monte Carlo. Not my son.