

Madison Jones

Sparrows on a High Wire

Blue knuckled behind a long line
 of cars curving like some metal serpent
beyond the sunset, I see them roosting

on the powerline, just above my dirty windshield, beaks
thin as paper shadows against the burnt violet clouds,
above the engines panting like run-down dogs,

framing the retention pond's bleak surface,
 as twisted and conflicted as an mind
trying to hold everything it must while being pulled
in all of its infinite directions,
 precarious and fragile in the February air,

yet so resilient, perched as they are
 on the highwire, looking down like a crowd of deranged
funambulists, up there singing, shitting, and sleeping
with a hundred-thousand volts
 coursing like fire between their tiny claws.

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