

The Propensity for Monologue

JOHN SIBLEY WILLIAMS

I'd like to be a sparrow,
bring new morning
each time I speak.
Just perch upon a cedar
and spill everything inside
through your open dreams.

I'd like to be a sparrow
that doesn't flee your winter,
dressed in nondescript garments
you'll translate as awakening.

I'd like to escalate.
I'd like to move
without myself moving.

Just sing and know
you grow one day older
by my song,
even if it carries wild rain
or nothing important.

Even if today is a recycling
of all your yesterdays,
I'd like to bear its promise
of one more breath
each time I breathe.