



Extinction by John Elkerr
4" x 6"
Ink on paper

BANQUET OF WEEDS

i.

our wings speak in veined prisms and rain, pathless worlds of
bramble, slow moving streams. our heads bristle with orbs so
nimble we feast on the swiftest of bluebottle flies.

ii.

your Batrachian ascendancy arrives on a Sunday afternoon. you
rush out of the world's mouth, a fireless smoke and assemble into
flocks of thirty. you clothe yourselves in a stench of stompwailing
chirps and babble.

iii.

by evening you imprison us, drain us of blood and pelt us with
rains of ice. you skewer us, scorch us, make quaint arrangements
of our bodies on patches of earth smelted into mirrors.

iv.

in one glass dreary with rivulets of fat, your banquet singer strums
a lyre with a pick whittled from one of our beaks. like a burning
wheel of wax she engraves her song in the air. It turns and smokes
and tells of a time when you will creep the streambeds in a new
flock, wingless and naked, in search of a mouthful of thistledown
in the summer hail.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry