

from Juked #4  
Fall 2006

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## *The Heat of Blooming*

Two birds,  
prairie birds,  
have wandered far  
and ended up  
here.

A mating pair,  
 chests as gold as a Kansas wash,  
 they are resigned  
 to arrival,  
 home now in the Flint valley.

O, how they must've  
tumbled feverish  
through storm, night,  
sighing all along  
and off-course;

the heat of blooming  
can sometimes  
make lovers  
lose their  
way.