

The bird eats a building

The bird lands in a puddle,
instantly shattering the reflection of a building,
which she eats in pieces
like a cracker crushed in soup.
She dips her wings into pavement,
throws her head backwards,
gargles the second floor copier before flying away,
leaving the puddle to grow a skyscraper—
like Prometheus developing a new liver each night,
the price for stealing fire.

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