

Mr. Met had scooped the clamor with an orange net and stowed it in the scaffolding, a cratch of sparrows in a white brick alcove on East 94th. The lack of gravel for hopping and picking in isn't audible in this recording in which you find yourself a chorus.

# Sparrows





Someone called the electrostatic trees  
out of the skies of the clouds of cement. They took  
green root in the kitchen.  
I'd stopped at H Mart. It was the simmering  
!apchaе dumpings that, small and smaller,  
chirped in the pan.



Unusually on the A the shrunken trees  
chirped into leaf – it was the chrome double  
doors, perfectly not true,  
rubbing in the channel like gladness in a chance  
sunbeam.

