

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



poems by Benjamin Gantcher

art by Nils Folke Anderson



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  
japchae dumplings 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.