

KITCHENER STREET



Carol Rumens

I want you to be real again, bluebird.
If these villagers can grow palms
And windmills, father forty moss-cheeked gnomes
And paint girls' names on side-walls, can't you quietly
Take a moment, skim my red-brick rhymes
Lately so back-to-back, and be the new word
Granted only when space is taken lightly?