

Forever the Poor Poor Bluebird Getting Crushed under the Craters of the Moon While a Photo is being Taken

Liam Garrett

The bluebird flies one last time
The camera flash dies out
Sometimes the hillside will fall
And the sun will set
Stars will be shot with the gun.

That must be how the moon got its craters
I was once a child of the moon
Until the shadow died.

I was your child
I was the book on the top shelf that you couldn't reach
I was the gift that you didn't want
I was the fire that burned down your forest
It was me
I'm sorry.

I was the reason your life is no longer happy
I was the wave that washed away your city
It was me
I'm sorry.

You look at me with pity and sorrow

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As I drown in the snow.

The moon will rise one last time
And the memory in the camera is taken up
The bluebird's wings are twisted
It will no longer take flight.