

# Scuff the air

I am a songbird glorified,  
putting patterns into words,

the hope that signals light,  
harmony as default position,

in a standard avant-garde. But sometimes  
I need to scuff the air in this town,

ground the flow that erupts the earth,  
undo pointlessness; be more like

the magpies who empire build on the  
corner of the street, proclaiming

their hooligan passion for each other,  
turning gossip into acts of love.

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