**Flea Market**

Those stuffed baby alligators
I refused to buy possessed
that glassy-eyed look of unknowing,

one dressed as bride; the other, groom.
Were they our better angels?
Dawn came numb from lack of sleep,

air so warm a vulture already floated
sluggishly aloft in slow circuits,
like a drone controlled two thousand

miles away. In the cattle yards,
the gawky whooping crane towered
over the sandhill cranes, sharing

their feed as if nothing were wrong.
I can’t imagine that other life,
the one where we would never have met.

Life without past or future.

---William Logan