

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

Benjamin C. Krause

The Con Artist

Fluttering from flower to flower
he chirps joyous notes
and dances smoothly across the heads of others
in a manner suggesting a red madness
but rational in its white design.

At night he slips into their houses
like a song sang insincerely,
and while they sleep in beds of Kleenex
he snatches their spirits from beneath their wings,
replacing them with dark grey gravel
from a nearby road.