

## In a Reverse World

In a reverse world I am the subject  
Of the deer's piercing stare  
Into my window  
Watching my slight motion.

Birds fly onto the windowsill  
Cocking their heads  
To catch a glimpse as I  
Walk through the room.

Often they perch on the  
Dead dogwood  
And stare at the deck  
Waiting for their food.

I am land bound  
Unable to fly, unable to reach  
So high in the pines,  
Cold without fur or feathers

They mock me, these birds  
As I perch in my chair  
One dimensional, colorless  
Unidentifiable.

A lone deer stares at the creature that I am  
Unable to leap the fence  
Unable to speed through the woods  
Unable to fade into the winter.