

### **Late night doorbell**

I remember her face  
from the top of our stairs  
Judy after Punch's  
beating with sausages  
her nose as a dial  
said her head might blow  
her hair bottle-burgundy  
same as her tongue  
her knuckles her knees  
in ripped-through tights  
*you should see the other guy*  
she spat at my mother  
an unspent tooth  
riding spittle to the floor

### **Birds (sanctioned or otherwise)**

How the sparrow got into the kitchen  
was never discussed, but the novelty  
only lasted until it shat in the coffee,  
an omen for the day ahead. By 10,  
sparrow had drawn a crowd to the  
hallway, chancers seeking thrills,  
placing bets on where it might shit  
next. We opted to open all the  
windows wide, to let the sparrow find  
its own way back outside, believing  
the noise of the crowd would prevent  
further avian invasion – until, that is,  
the robin came.