

## THE GARAGE

*Kathryn Jacobs*

They like to trap themselves in the garage.  
Today it was a scruffy, mournful one  
that pecked the dirty windows of his cage  
obsessively, though he was free by then,  
with wind against his feathers: holding tight  
to tunnel vision in the open air,  
like most of us. But given time, he might  
surprise himself and stumble out somewhere.  
Whereas the cardinal, splotchy and ashamed,  
who lost himself in our garage one day,  
must have freaked out completely—nearly maimed,  
hurling his body at the walls that way,  
although the door was open. Small and blind & shy;  
like most of us, though of another kind.

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