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## The Mockingbird

Beth Turner Ayers

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## THE MOCKINGBIRD

Beth Turner Ayers

Necessity brought me here.  
I had preconceived notions  
Of Texas.  
How appropriate, I thought.  
The mockingbird perches  
In a representative pose  
As it mimics, yes mocks,  
Inducing false hope  
With its imitation of reality,  
With unnatural voices.  
Prolific, deceptive voices:  
The cowboy want-to-be  
Cheerleader moms  
The voice of the Old South  
"Ya'll come back ya' hear,"  
If deemed acceptable.  
I expected red-neck voices.  
The real cowboy is extinct.

But years absorb cynicism  
I now marvel at the mockingbird,  
Texas bird.  
No longer does it mimic.  
It whistles the ultimate complement,  
The flattery of reproduction.  
It sings with its own voice,  
Momentarily mistaken for another.  
It is genuine; it is unique.  
Offering a vast variety.  
Preconceived notions evaporate.  
How appropriate, I think.  
The mockingbird was chosen,  
Delegated to high status,  
Its unequalled song covers the state  
That absorbed the cowboy.  
Necessity keeps me here  
But I don't mind.

## ALL GOOD THINGS

Katie Fitzrandolph

The terracotta plant saucer turned ashtray  
on the balcony filled with rain water and created  
a butt swimming pool murky with nicotine.  
"That's a lot of cigarettes," J said  
"You can tell Russ has been here"  
But it wasn't just Russ's 27s,  
there were the occasional No. 9s  
in their hot pink bathing suits  
flirting with the new guy Crush's  
splashing up reminders of the whirlpool  
week, sleepless night early morning  
conversations, vices and family secrets,  
long eye catches and new kisses.  
I took a drag, flicked, listened  
to the exciting sizzle and thought  
about the moment when the clouds  
would suck up the last drop of giddy  
moisture and leave a corpse beach  
of dried up ordinary old smokes.

it is genuine, it is unique . . .

**BRONZE - BLACK BIRD** Suzanne Hess

