

## Incident

The bird  
eating a  
butterfly.  
Sitting on  
the fence,  
gulping the  
fragile thing  
down. And  
then flying  
away happy  
and without  
a trace of  
nervousness.

## You Just Can't Win

When it rains around here,  
it rains — really!  
Like last night — tapping  
against the windows, and  
drumming on the roof — it  
was trying its hardest  
to get in at me. However,  
it stopped during the night,  
leaving everything (except me)  
still wet this morning.  
I stepped outside, and looked  
up at the sky:  
"Beat you this time," I said  
and a single drop fell from  
above the door — down my neck.

## Morning Song

Mist-hazed morning  
railway station

I watch a train  
racing in

It looks good  
from a distance

Well I guess  
I do too

## The Poet As Trapeze Artist

Little me up here  
and, with a sure smile,  
about to turn a trick  
or two.

"Look ma, no hands."

CRASH

They didn't publish  
that one,  
either.

— Jim Burns

Preston, Lancs, England