footsteps

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somewhere
someone's baking

a crow caws from
its precipice
of electric wire
which
for him
acts like a branch

i can smell
the trust
of my daughter's
small hand
as it is carried
to me
on the wind

we stop to watch a
squirrel perched on a real tree
it scampers away
in fear
of the yelling woman
who grabs her son
too hard

children laugh
yell cry
trees rustle
wind blows
cars rumble past
bees buzz ominously
around
my daughter's
apple
somewhere
someone's taking
their child to school
believing
school acts
like a branch
i am taking
my child
thinking
school is like an
electric wire
and
we are not
birds

i look back
and see
our footsteps
erased by the
wind