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5th Grade, February, 4P.M.

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Cover Page Footnote

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5TH GRADE, FEBRUARY, 4P.M.

BY MARK OVERMYER

A small rotund boy rests upon icy steps leading
to a gymnasium packed with
people cheering as a sphere
made of rubber flies about.

He braces a gust of frozen air, the first blast of a
freezer door on a hot summer
day; and then mother nature
herself sends this boy a friend.

Burnt brown wings flap haphazardly as the small
little creature comes to stop
next to the young boy, the
connection is immediate.

For they sit side by side, both brown, circular and
most importantly out of place.
For the boy should be indoors
And the bird should be south.

Instinctively he reaches out to touch the wing of
the animal, and surprisingly
it lets him make contact, the
cooing that ensues is mutual.

And after their brief intimacy the bird totters over
to the edge and throws itself
into the oncoming gale of
bitter winter air rushing by.

The child's heart throbs to watch this little brown
speck of life seemingly defy
the very elements themselves
as it arcs up into the gray sky.

But then a strong current blows, and the bird hooks
right, heads straight on into
a brick wall and with a thump,
it falls; a little brown stone.