Duet

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questions you must answer to get real meaning out of life. I have
been asking these questions and neither of you could realize their
meaning, this is why you could not understand me.”

The psychiatrist listened intently, but the old man spoke not again.
Then, hesitantly, he moved away from the door, walked towards the
landing and moved slowly down the steps.

At the bottom he encountered the inquisitive Mrs. Downsby. “Well,
where is he?”

“He isn’t coming, Mrs. Downsby.”

“Why not? He’s crazy, ain’t he?”

“No, Mrs. Downsby, he isn’t crazy. He’s an intellectual.”

“What’s an intel—whatever it is?”

“That’s an intelligent individual, Mrs. Downsby, who is called
‘crazy’ by ignorant human beings.”

Naturally, Mrs. Downsby was quite bewildered by the psychiatrist’s
final words. And, by the time she finally comprehended what he had
implied, he had passed through the door and was walking across the
street.

Duet ...

black bird spinning high in the sky
where it is cold and bleak and the air is rare
black bird with ebony wings
glints up above and heaven rings
with the slashing crashing of sinewy wings
black bird with a calloused heart
like a hard worked thumb becomes a part
of the struggle to live to live
black bird swooping down to the ground
to the dust and the dirt the toil and the soil
black bird with a piercing scream
echoing through a fantasy dream
clinging stinging like the strike of a beam
black bird with a tortured mind
raging pleading seeking to find
a royal place to die to die

... Bryce Forester