5-1-2017

Tassaiara, 2013

Lance Nizami

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, Photography Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol33/iss1/39

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.
Tassaiara, 2013

by Lance Nizami

The Bird’s Nest—the nest of birds! Here I am—

Here I am in the Nest of Birds
Here I am in the hut high on a dry and sunny scrubby mountainside

Here I am, far above the valley floor, above the gurgling creek
Here I am in the Bird’s Nest, eye-to-eye with a pair of squabbling jays

Here I am, above the midges, the tiny crawling flies that land on earlobes
Here I am in the Bird’s Nest, above the buzzing flies, no man but me

From far below comes laughter, and then the rhythmic chanting of the Buddhists
How wrong to be indoors like them on warm and breezy afternoons

Here I live, in the Bird’s Nest, reached by stair of hand-laid whitened flat-topped slabs
Here I live, in the Bird’s Nest, a simple shack of lacquered wooden planks

Here I live, in the Bird’s Nest, with three clear spotless windowpanes
Here I live, in the Bird’s Nest, a shack with simple chair and desk and bed and lamp

All these things are good enough for me
I need no mansion here, no servants’ quarters

A shack too small for servants suits me fine

Here I am in the Bird’s Nest, far above the speech of others, quiet—
Quiet reigns here, save for rustling leaves around me

It’s quiet here, except for sometime squawking: Steller’s jays
It’s quiet here, except for tiny sounds of ripping grass: the squirrels
Here I am, so far from work, but I don’t miss it, no
Here I am, so far from strain and stress, and do not miss them

I do not miss the things that cramp my mind and cramp my muscles
For food, I have the dining halls below

And in the meantime: Bird’s Nest holds my privacy
The Bird’s Nest sits upon the hill, my tiny box of feelings

The feelings here are mine and mine alone
Right here’s a soul’s asylum, far above the valley floor and gurgling creek

Right here’s asylum, on a dry and sunny scrubby mountainside
Right here’s asylum, in the nest for birds, the Bird’s Nest, high-up on a mountainside

Here I am.