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Shreddings of Stained Glass Wings

Suzette Bishop, PhD

Texas A&M International University, Retired

The car slicing the cloud of you,
A brown and reddish whirling dust-devil
Made of you, plainer, less flashy-winged
Than most know,
A ragged vision on South Texas highways.

Like the time newspapers lifted
Out of a truck bed passing in front of me,
So much bad news slapped
Against my windshield,
I had to feel my way
Over to the shoulder.

You ping against my side window,
Glued by your feet to the windshield,
Warped by G forces, glaring at me
Before you're sucked away,
Fewer of you each fall because of highways.

I flip the wiper switch,
Wings of mariposa splitting
Before eye contact.