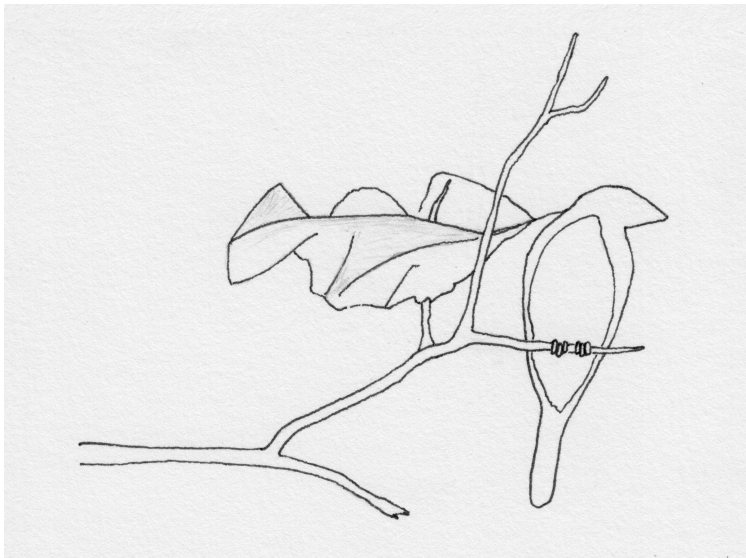


Bag Bird



by Julio Domínguez

Trash Vibes iss. 2

April 19th 2023

*Surgery recovery stint in Gainesville, FL
day 15*

I saw the bag bird picking at the ground at the front of Muñecas and followed it around back.

A little brown sparrow, who I initially thought had a thin plastic sheet around its foot... didn't. It was heart-wrenching to find the plastic, maybe from a bag, was around the bird's neck. It had twisted into a cord that fettered the small animal with a horrible cellophane flagging.

All I could think was "we did this" and "what have we done?". I felt like I should apply my mind and do something. I was poring through ideas, but came up flat. So, I resolved to tail the bird and try to find an opening.

The [REDACTED] working woman, who usually wears a bandanna [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] was

eating with a co-worker. I spoke with them and found that they were both also trying to help the bag bird. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Together, we did our best to exhaust and corral it. One older woman recommended baiting it. I thought that was a great idea, but I didn't have any bait. Our small friend eventually took off from Bo Diddley Plaza towards the Hippodrome.

I followed him down the road, solo, and he ultimately dipped into the Boca Fiesta courtyard. An old gentlemen, with a wonderful smile and keen vision, spotted the bird for me. Then, a table of kind people there, seeing the situation, began helping.

I almost got the bag. I almost got the ***** bag. But I can't climb or jump. I can't risk rupturing my surgical repair while the prosthetic is healing. The plastic was two inches from my fingers, and I

failed.

The bag bird got stuck in an oak tree until a squirrel attacked him. Luckily, the bird, previously snagged, became dislodged and was able to escape. He flew over Boca Fiesta, and I followed after. There was a construction site on the other side that blocked my access to the area. I did my best to scan the trees, but I didn't find the sparrow. I moved back towards Bo Diddley, looking, hoping he flew back that way.

But, he didn't. I lost him.

I followed up with the girls at Muñecas. I've found that people hold a lot of guilt and contrition with them, so I wanted to offer love and reassurance after an anxious situation with a loose end. Sincerely, I said, "I think it's enough that we wanted to save the bird, and that we tried." I was about to say something frank like, "he'll probably be killed by a predator," but the girls cut me off before I could speak.

They took my comforting remark and then told me that they hoped the bird gets free, or that he gets some help from someone else in his journey. It was authentic and loving. I don't remember exactly how they said it, but it touched me and warmed my heart. I genuinely felt something inside me move, and it felt amazing. What I was about to say before became irrelevant. It's true that the bird has poor chances, but the girls were right, and I stand with them. My god, it's a relief to commune with kind souls.

I hope that our little bag bird is freed too. I would gladly break off a part of my spirit for that sparrow's life. This story helps me understand what it means to hold something in the light. It's to give ourselves, collectively, space to imagine and hope for the better outcome, without giving undue weight to things like the facts.

One lesson might be, that in order to see a better future, we need space and other loving people to help us along.

Another lesson: something about pollution and god's children.

Good luck little one.

love,

Julio

Post note:

The bag bird was last spotted the following day in Bo Diddley Plaza. He was being chased by a hawk.

Nobody knows for sure what became of him, but I like to imagine the girls received their loving wish. That the hawk, trying to get an easy meal, grabbed the plastic by mistake and finally freed the bag bird. That he got away and returned to his life and friends.

If you find a rogue piece of plastic
Please put it in the trash
It might make the future
A better place to live



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