

CHARLES KELL

## **A Hunger Artist**

They call him Traveler.  
He made this song from nothing:  
corrugated window-wire,  
scratchy graph. They laugh

at him in the cage, rummaging  
through a pile of leaves.  
Torn sleeves, debris stains.  
They take his name away.

Illuminating, dryly tapping  
aperture. He whispers "Traveler,"  
recalls his song: "I too can  
take away then build upon."

Black bars, warbler's cry.