

**TV Relatives**

Program I: An Ituri pygmy in Africa  
wears only a strip of bark cloth  
to cover his genitals,  
finds farms, coins silly as hats.

Those colored lines around his forehead, mouth,  
cover another kind of nakedness.

Patterns are the clothes he hungers for,  
circles of red, blue on his cheeks  
to delight his fellow tribesmen,  
to offer to his forest goddess.

Program II: He has that hunger too, this poet  
in New York reciting lines  
about a wild bird in a room  
hurling itself against glass,

how it imaged his young daughter  
earlier beating against words.

In that lightning flash when those wings  
spoke doubly, did he sense,  
like the Ituri pygmy, the smile of his own  
goddess, who sent that translating bird?

— *Rose Rosberg*