

WHEN I SAW THE

DEAD BIRD

A ZINE BY KIRK!



I nearly stepped on
it during my walk
to lunch.



A dead bird - a sparrow.
It must have flown into
a window. "How sad.
What a shame" I thought.
"I wonder who's going to pick
it up."



I stepped over it and
continued on my way, but when
I came by the next day, it
was still there, and the day
after that, too.

Days turned into weeks
and as I passed it, I
thought "someone
should pick it up."



But I didn't, and
neither did anyone
else. That dead sparrow
stayed on the sidewalk
only to decay as we
passed by - too busy
with our own lives
to bother.

