

bird

by eamon byrne

Ah now, behold this bird. This silly little bird. Holding in his claw his piece of bread. His feathers white, his yellow comb. So proud to show his comb, designed to catch the eye of that other he's so attentive to. Though she indifferent to him yet walking near. They weave between, all but dance in their clumsy way. He drops a piece and looks a-sky. She turns away, comes then around, nibbles at his gift. The breeze raises a feather on her wing. So close they now. Together on the grass beneath my tree. Silly birds. One looks at me then flies into that tree. Preening his wings, he raises his comb to her. She flies up so, a nearby branch. Tomorrow also. One day after another day. Be there when I'm gone. Long gone. Not they. Forever they.

