

The Chicken Crisis

by Jared Walls

She's sure the chicken is having
an identity crisis;

it's staring into the full-length mirror,
watching itself, a never-ending exchange

of eyeball glances between chicken
flesh and silver-blasted particles of sand—

a moment of yearning for the hen, to be on
the beach where that sand came from,

her breast feathers flapping in the sea breeze,
the salted beach foam in her face, her feet dancing
in the seaweed.

