

Sharp-shinned

by Kitty Boots

6:30 am, not yet through the first cigarette of the day.
The ground mist matched the steam rising from my coffee cup.
Round-shouldered and silent you glided into the holly.

A tete-a-tete with a squirrel on a fence post was amusing.
I held my breath.

You chose a cardinal and showed your beautiful violence,
a freeze-frame, soundless and still
except for a shower of red feathers, slow motion falling on wet
grass,
and the blood pounding in my ears.

