

Your Last Rooster

by Tina Barry

You half hoped the cartoon
cock-a-doodle-do,
that startled you at daybreak,
had come from the man
in your bed
who'd strutted about the bar,
over-preened chest
atop short bent legs.

He'd promised another go round
with you, the evening's choice hen.
Vowed to cook pancakes in the morning.
But his muscles fluttered
and off he flew
leaving the stink of barnyard
on the sheets.

The cock crowed in the alleyway,
again and then again.
You parted the curtain.
Peered through the glass.
Hoping for him--
russet beak, legs spinning.
Anything but the reflection
of your own sooty eyes,
hair a bale of dry hay.

