

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

Sheri Vandermolen
Aviary

Though the curtains are still drawn
about my latently opaque dreams,
you shriek daybreak into being,
blue-bodied kingfisher devil,
frenetically dive-bombing, from balcony
to ground,
with turbulent maneuvers
meant to silence your competitors.



The brace of green rose-ringed parakeets
in the nearby frangipani
heed your warning, take immediate flight,
sending delicately hinged white buds sifting down
from pendulous leaf clusters.

The slender pond heron,
weaving pitchfork-footprints
around the lip of the pool,
washes down his grubby breakfast,
avowedly shakes his head,
refusing to pay obeisance to you —
a screeching dictator strafing his airspace.

I don a robe, slippers,
shuffle to open the rain-pocked sliding door.
Clumps of blood-tinged grey feathers,
strewn about the terrace tiles,
reinforce your morning dominance.

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