

## WAXWING, TURKEY, DOVE

*Leland Jamieson*

The cedar waxwing, fragrant from her bath  
in curbside dust, struck with a soft petard.  
Her beak, her crown, her wings on upward path,  
imprint our picture window, since it barred  
her from our home (built far too avant-garde).  
We boast that Art one-ups dull nature's frame.  
Her sunlit dust lines other views proclaim.

We seldom take the turkey's point of view—  
slaughtered and plucked, racked belly up, feet tied,  
its skin browned crisp—there's nothing it can do  
to reassert its dignity and pride.  
Grownups and kids are hungry, goggle-eyed...  
(Before the asteroid did reptiles in,  
these feathered flying lizards owned the inn.)

Too close, caged doves contest the sole swung perch—  
will not defer, with courtesy, or love,  
or yield the swing, though cage may wildly lurch.  
Nor is the dove content to push and shove,  
or on his talons lace a boxing glove.  
The one is mirrored in the other's eye—  
will shred that image till the meeker die.

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