

squawk

squawk and flutter
shriek and sly
feathers and foul
but never quite to fly

sheathed talons
bellow and crow
scissor bore, and call
but your beak's just for show

you skeletally framed horizon lion
of a disconcerted, silent rooster
wingspan muscles taut as a drum
never finding the strength to soar

quiet when morning comes
your crossed-birds'-eye gaze
sets clouds on a pedestal
making them seem so far away

cackling static
plume and stare
parabolic trajectory
but never, ever getting there

strut and waddle
colors and crest
whithered in the window
while terminally tending the nest

you alternate between preening
and beating your hollow breast
chirping 'bout the pecking order
then punctually in line like the rest

the pent is mightier than the sword
looking up i, damacles, avoid your eye
knowing you're all squawk and stutter
and never quite to fly