

Omen

by Jake Barnes

In the den at our house, which is where my wife and I hang out most of the time when we are taking our leisure, we have a slider and two side windows that give us a good view of our back yard. Our property is bordered on three sides by a redwood fence.

One day last week I heard this great commotion outside. I got up and went over to the slider and looked out. There was a wild turkey precariously balanced on our fence. I had never seen that before, and we have lived in our house for twenty years.

Our two outdoor cats were nowhere to be seen, of course. Ditto the red squirrels which frequently use our fence top as a racetrack. The birds had abandoned the feeder, too, although the feeder tube was swinging indicating a recent visit.

The bird sat there some time. Several minutes. My wife and I grabbed our i-Pads and took pictures. Enhanced later, they look quite professional.

What in the world was the bird doing there I asked my wife. She shook her head. She said she had no clue. I suggested with a smile that perhaps it was a sign of plenty, as it was to the Pilgrims. My wife gave me a look. "Plenty of what? she asked.

