

Lunch Bird

by Roberto C. Garcia

The bird comes in quickly, silently,
at my side, like movie magic.

It navigates and lands all at once, between
protruding branchlets onto the main branch.

The bird sits proudly, chest high, plumage
a white gray, watches me cautiously.

Ruffles its body, tucks wings close then
trembles and shits on a pile of dead winter.

The bird points one leg to where it will
escape should I become dangerous.

I've been blessed by this intimacy, rare when a man
can watch a bird shit without getting himself shit on.

The bird studies me, we lock stares, with no care
for who blinks first, birds don't do macho stand-off.

It's fat from gorging over the winter and I don't
know enough about birds to ask it the right question.

Bird, why are you still here? Why is it your specific
kind doesn't fly south?

It's a boring question and the bird flies away, singing
a song, reminding me to be appreciative.

