

Aviary

Peter J. King

i.
there, on a branch,
 or falling light,
 tangled now
 bedraggled
suddenly so, from an
instant of sleekness,
alert and unkindly.

ii.
for a while now
perhaps an hour
the rooks outside my
window have been silent
disturbing me.

iii.
a tawny howlet
 by the park
fluff-dumpled and
 taloned
eyes in the darkness
weeping
moonlit balls of
 fur and
bone one drop
 glistening of blood.

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