My feathers rise above my spherical head stretching and straining
Droplets sail from them leaving behind the morning’s collection of tears
As the sun dares to slink up and bid me good day again a reminder to guzzle the earthy victims
On my woody pillar my eyes pinnacle from empire heights below an earthquake of worms like sea crustaceans erupt from their soiled sandy caverns
As my copper breast rises before the fall
The shadowed wings from phantom jets is all they ever know
I plummet glide talons meet loam
and like hopscotch every square of lawn is flounced
The plumpest never stand a chance