

Feathers

by quin *Saturday, Aug 7 2010, 10:39am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



Like migrating birds
they come
and go

some variegated
with striking plumage
others
drab but possessing
rare song
that shames the famed
nightingale

each with something
unique,
something special
to offer those
with nectar,
seed and a refuge
for the night

but with the morning
they are gone
the urge to
take to the wing
to fly
overtakes

any tendency to stay.

compelled by nature's
forces these exotic creatures
must take to the air
bound for Asia, Europe
or the mountain forests
of Irian Jaya.

my favourites
are local,
hummingbirds
of the northern ranges
and the gang-gang of the south;
one for its sheer beauty
the other for its mischievous
intelligence and entertaining
antics.

they gather in
season
some feed directly
from my open palms
others imagine they steal
seed
from my pockets,
though it was
intended for them.

some fanciers,
overwhelmed by desire,
attempt in vain
to possess and
capture the spirit
of these exquisite birds,
so alluring
rare and inviting
their appearance,
song and
character.

i have discovered that
offering unconditionally
small necessities,
safe rest
essential needs
comfort
attracts the free-spirited variety
while fanciers settle for appearances –
a golden cage
confines like any other.

my reward for honouring
freedom
is they continue
[in abundance]
to come and go
preferring
an open hand,
an open heart
to the stultifying confines
of a gilded cage.

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2057.html>