

## Feathers

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

international / poetry / post



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.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2057.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-105.html>