

Cormorant's Wing

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international / poetry / post

two cormorants winged
over the cemetery by the sea
never seen before tho it is home to
hawks hovering in strong and easy
breezes until they jerk and dive
on defenceless prey

cormorants are my favourite
seabird an omen perhaps
unseen over a thirty year span
spear beaks and supple necks
tho a cormorant's wing is something special
turned back where other birds fan their flight
feathers

a natural fighter in the sky and sea
perfectly adapted for either medium
while humans flounder in both

i watch women pass with noses high
and rehearsed gaits hoping to catch eyes
and smiles, tho completely unnatural
are their movements

asian silk on asian skin
a perfect match
no occidental woman could hope to
compete tho they stretch their necks
in vain attempts to be graceful

clod-hoping bovines
you haven't a chance,
i have always preferred opium to tobacco

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-602.html>
