

Breakfast by the Deck

The last one I murdered
was three decades ago
A good shot fifty feet or more
And when I looked down at my kill
Realizing the lack of need
Realizing the lack of reason
Or of sportsmanship
Realizing loss
Knowing
never again.
For it
For me
It all came back this morning
As I emptied my cereal bowl
As they emptied my bird feeders
Three acrobatic marauders
Pausing mid meal
Flicking their bushy big as body tails
Looking in the window
Accusingly
You're the guy

Don Adams at Breakfast

On Bethel Pond, July20, 2023