

**“I HAVE EATEN ONE OF EVERY TYPE OF BIRD
IN THIS FOREST,” SAID THE ORNITHOLOGIST ●**

Holly Day

He opens the wings of the bird over the nest
poses her protectively around the clutch. At the last minute
he rearranges the eggs so that the ends all point
towards one another, instead of lying haphazardly in the basin of
leaves and twigs
as they did when he first found his subject.

The little bird’s head lolls to one side, glassy eye stares back
up at nothing. Sighing, the ornithologist picks up the little body,
sets it back down in the nest, restores the maternal pose
props the head up with a bit of straw
against her neck, where it can’t be seen. She could be alive now
a tiny blue-green finch, patiently shading her brood
against her breast, under her outspread wings.

He fills out his sketch with a backdrop of greenery
surrounds his prey in platitudes, a vision of some place untouched
by the fans of his books.