Grackle at the Break of Day

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Grackle At The Break Of Day

1

Gray autumn,
the chartreuse eye of the grackle
the only punctuation
in a story of clouds.

2

The grackle strains to sing;
a shriek splits the day.
It hawks and spits its thing
on the morning’s canvas.

3

Wings hunched for effect,
feathers spread, it quivers—
in a dance of perfect
hubris in the dew.

4

Remnant of the night,
the grackle screams at the dawn
its concupiscent delight,
again clears its throat.

5

The morning goes still.
The sound goes looking
for dreams to fill,
the eye a moon in grackle sky.