

The Bird

Poem by Holly Day

**The tiny bird flaps in the grass near me
watches my approach with eyes like glass beads
opens its mouth as if expecting
random acts of maternal kindness from everything
around it, even me. Overhead**

**the mother robin peeps in distress, also
watching me with shiny eyes
a look of resolution on its face as if
it's already decided I am incapable of love.**



Photography by Brian Michael Barbeito