

Redheads

A rollicking flock
of raucous parrots
crowds my kumquat tree,
shreds the firm fruit
to amber slaw,
litters my lawn.

Green feathered, crowned
with red, these displaced
strangers screech the dark
Amazon to our
quiet, cooing doves.

Illegal immigrants,
these redheads!
Disdainfully,
they claim our SoCal skies,
shrubs, and trees, fill
our air with assertive,
discordant cries.
Amazons they are,
flocking in vast
fluttering crowds,
painting a moving green
arc overhead.

Eyes rise; heads, fingers,
and angry tongues waggle.

I stand alone,
watch in silence.
At last I raise my
Irish/American
arms, step forward
vigorously,
salute the sky,
dance an Irish jig.