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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.