

when roosting

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when roosting
come thoughts
my illusions
upon the slender days
I grow waiting
folding those fading arms
about the garden's air:
a cherry tree
unkept in season
being pecked away
by my birds

but these fine gourmets
chatter as they digest
morsels in me
and being a connoisseur
of wounds
I listen most receptively
with an impromptu interpretation
and a lust for the menu