

February

Written by Patricia Williams

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A portly, gray, contortionist
hangs upside down on the feeder,
one hind leg extended in the air –
pillages birdseed.

His friends play chase, spiral up a
pine,

paws lug in all-wheel drive.

Dark-eyed juncos, winter visitors,
vacation here from farther north,
vie with jays and doves for seed
spillage.

Eighteen turkey roosters

– a flock of jakes and toms –

heads down, beards dragging,

forage in the snow,

scurry back and forth in dizzy
disorder.

The cat surveys the scene,

mutters cat-talk to himself

– an old man grouching about unruly
children

disturbing his late morning nap –

The groundhog says I have six more
weeks

to sit and watch,

wait patiently for spring.