

3-28-2018

## "Ode to a Mockingbird" 2014

Deborah Anderson

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### Recommended Citation

Anderson, Deborah (2018) "'Ode to a Mockingbird" 2014," *Forces*: Vol. 2018 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2018/iss1/1>

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## REFLECTIONS

Lydia Pyla

### “ODE TO A MOCKINGBIRD” ©2014

Deborah Anderson

Feathers strewn across the lawn,  
she went hunting at dusk . . . or dawn.

Long feathers fallen, striped grey, white and black;  
this one was brutally attacked.

Tiny sweet feathers clumped into balls,  
there was no body left at all.

Was it the orange-striped cat with pouncing white paws,  
or the black alley stray, with its razor claws?

I imagine feathers flying in the air,  
while cat licked her chops with tiger-like flair.

Perhaps the ubiquitous red squirrel was involved?  
This mystery may never be solved.

Striking was this Mockingbird, and ever will be.  
Her songs live on in others I see.

Whenever I hear an elegant mockingbird's songs,  
please . . . don't say a word.

Just listen . . . as I am smitten,  
as she lifts her head to the sun.

Her graceful life has  
just begun.