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Reflection

Lydia Pyla

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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.