

The Birds: 2 poems

written by Guest Contributor | June 4, 2021



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Choice

You can sit back
see what develops, only
jump on the bandwagon
if all goes well. If not,
splay off saying *I knew*
it wasn't going to happen.
Or, you can take one
from the Blue Jay's playbook—
join in the roust
and make of it what you will.

* * *

Parking Lot Plover

Not unlike a man might wear a beard
to hide a double chin or comb hair
forward to over-ride
a receding hairline, the striped killdeer
wildly struts in circles,
its wing at a strange angle
suggesting injury, feigned lameness
all about drawing our attention.

Binoculars hanging at our chests
–the 10 of us bird walking–
a ground nest no doubt nearby,
we recede with respect–
change direction in the face
of instinct we call *bravery*.

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Joan Hofmann, Professor Emerita at University of Saint Joseph, serves on the Board of Riverwood Poetry and was first Poet Laureate of Canton, CT. She is author of three chapbooks: *Coming Back*, *Alive*, and *Alive, Too*. Her poems are published or forthcoming in various anthologies and journals, including: *Forgotten Women*, *Waking Up to the Earth*, *Essential Voices: A COVID-19 Anthology*, *Concho River Review*, *Tiger Moth Review*, *Wild Word*, *Connecticut River Review*, *Buddhist Poetry Review*, *Vita Brevis*, *Bird's Thumb*, *The Wayfarer*, *Dillydoun Review*, *Rumble Fish Quarterly*, *Canary*, *Juniper*, *SLANT*, *Plainsongs*.

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