

the birds have a murderous gaze this morning as the sun rises...
it is my garden but staring at me they say i have no business here.
no sweet songs.
no preening.
just cold officious stares lined up on the fence.
they say
any god who i could think about is less hungry than them.
i look down and see a lizard flaring its red throat.
i see a perimeter snake moving in the grass.
i see chirping toads watching snakes.
fat cheeked squirrel anarchy.
ants ceremonially marching with dismembered butterflies.
what is left of world peace.
does satan really have a secret society advancing his goals in my garden.
worse than that what can i resist
if there are no stated goals
if there is no manifesto nailed to the gate.

the birds have a murderous gaze.
wf.h.
2020