

Complaint of the Jay

The jay in blue and black majesty
Finds much to complain about. But bears up
Anyway, in fact, he's tough,
And when the others head south for winter,
You may see him finding his nourishment
Under the firs where the snow failed to reach,
Or in a morsel which the dog overlooked.
Not only that, he's also fearless
And flies, shrieking, to attack the dog
Or cat which threatens his family.
Which makes me think there's hope for us poets
In whom complaint is great: hope for all
Dissatisfied with what the world calls real—
Property, status, or the stock exchange.
Why not squawk, holding out for something better?

—Mark Christhilf