

## Grass Parrot

by jason Sunday, Nov 5 2017, 9:39am

international / poetry / post

the australian grass parrot  
all but extinct, the victim of ravaging  
introduced foreign foxes and cats  
yet it persists today in secret places  
undiscovered by feral foreigners

its plumage is plain making it  
almost indistinguishable  
from the wild grasses it inhabits

it has another survival mechanism,  
it remains motionless when threatened  
and only takes bursts of flight when  
pressures are great

it is active at night

leaving the city and the fine company  
of scholars and city poets pursued  
by text groupies forever offering their crotches  
to poets of repute  
i turn a yielding virgin white page  
ready to write but the plumage of fine  
high class whores winked and nodded through foyers  
by the knowing staff of leading hotels  
distracts from my intention

birds of colourful, fine plumage are hunted for their  
feathers they live explosive colourful lives and burn-out young;  
educated elite clients drain them of colour before their time  
discussing matters philosophical, political and mercantile but not  
escaping  
the primal desire of cavemen, grunt!

wandering the bush like a vagabond those i meet see me  
as in a mirror and feel no threat or discomfort, how easy  
my journey in the plain plumage of workers

night falls with moonlight shining like the steel  
of my knife tho my route never takes beaten  
roads and trails, i seek the soft grass tracks of bush animals

reaching the top of a small hill i push  
the foliage aside,  
a billabong below reflects the full moon  
in its black still water to perfection

i wonder when i will reach for my notebook

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2980.html>