

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

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