

Iti Manu – Most Unfortunate

Poetry

Donna Faulkner nee Miller

Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand

Low flying , frantic flapping .
Chaos calms quickly
within a moment - mid swoop .
Whirlwinds of dusty feathers
Melding with cracked bones .
Monday mornings birdsong silenced swiftly
by
fast tyres and hard steel .
Roadsides and hedgerows littered with
creature corpses baked hard and decaying .
Offering themselves up
-as a sky burial .
Hawks circle above to exploit the miscalcu-
lation.
Why do only some birds fly low ,
What provokes such suicidal tendencies ?
Remnants of iti manu glued to tarmac
Just a few scraggly feathers erect .

A flag billowing a cautionary tale .