

THE CURSE

Sudden screeching at my door
made me eager to explore
where such noise was coming from.
I stood frozen, sad and numb:
peering through the metal screen,
my eyes widened on a scene
too familiar through the years,
still evoking inner tears.

Perched upon the powerline
were four beaks that raised the whine:
outraged magpies, black and white,
hotly chirruping the sight
dramatized upon our lawn.
Just a glance, a glimpse, and gone—
Darth, the cat, was bolting south
with a blue jay in his mouth.

Fleeing from these angry cries,
beastly instinct bit its prize.
As he dashed beneath my car,
to myself, I gasped, “Bizarre!
Feline nature’s urge to feed
breached domesticated need!
Better fed than birds or rats,
still he hunts, like other cats!”

As I pondered all these things,
one more pair of blue-gray wings
flittered frantic all about,
shrieking, wailing out its shout.
“God, the mate, . . .” I moaned with care,
closed the door and said a prayer,
“Lord, return for Earth’s release, . . .
lift the curse, . . . restore Love’s peace!”

— *David L. Hatton, 5/29/2019*