

I spoke to a lone plover
in no uncertain fashion
'What feather of a lover
do you seek with such passion?'

Its piebald, reptile glance
marbly regarded me.
Its plumed, nunlike stance
disconcerted me.

'Can you not see the female curve
beneath this down.
nor in this birdlike frown
detect a moving nerve?'

It clawed me, shrieking, human,
and fled across the park.
Perhaps the internecine dark
made it a running woman.

MICHAEL HARTNETT

*See also Michael Hartnett, 'A Sitter Remembers . . .' at CAT. 47 below.

7 Michael Hartnett, 1971, CAT. 47

