

A Short Stay

Gracefully, she leaps over the fence.
Slowly, she walks through the yard,
Plucking low-hanging leaves for breakfast.
She lingers, as she eats
And suddenly –
Nails skittering on wood, a rush of air through the grass,
Her visit is cut short
She sends herself back into the woods
Just as the dog reaches the top of the hill

Their nest may be elsewhere,
But the pair frequently visit this place.
His little, crimson body darts over the yard,
Her subtle, tawny feathers hide away in a tree.
A constant in the garden,
They are a pleasant sight to those in the home

This one does not visit as often
It has so many gardens to see
But this one is nice for a rest.
Pausing at as many flowers
As it can along the way,
Before flitting away to grace another garden

Rachel Milne