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Grackles

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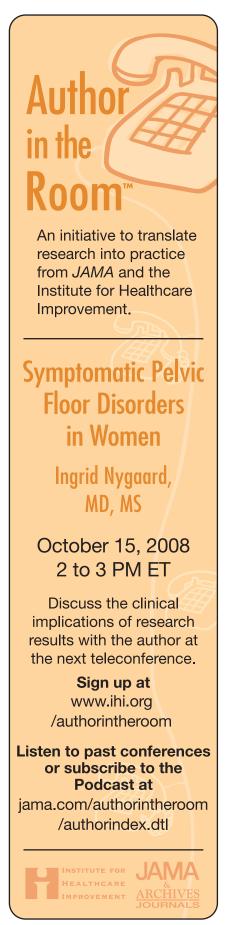
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POETRY AND MEDICINE

Grackles

How many grackles live in the ceiling above my room? As a rule, the deadbeats are not communal, but the skitterings that threaten my refuge are surely the makings of more than one ruffian bird and her brood. Those muscle-bound grackles bully the five or six acres of woods in back of the house still allowed to exist as long as the county authority owns them. Those dive-bombing terrorists, out of the garbage and into their own waste, their own niche in my consciousness, those birds are insouciant and alien to the big picture and good intentions and the virtue of discipline. Those grackles have spattered the space above my room, reminding me how vulnerable I am.

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