

The Magpie

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The rain had sunk into the pavement,
dark grey and shining silver
under a watchful magpie's eye.
The Sun was relieved.
It could finally soothe
the landscape after the storm—
it projected a rose gold hue
over all the white houses in response.
Ever the entrepreneur,
the wily magpie flew
directly through the Sun's setting fire,
colouring his white feathers pink
and blushing
under his sleek black wings.
I have seen magpies
take many things—
but a shade of sunset
is a select achievement.