YOUNG WHISKEY JACK

You seem to ascend straight

from the turquoise lake deep

below us both, up an angled

straight line that threatens,

for you loom larger, but do

not span space. Settle in the

snow that lifts itself in tiny

creaks from the larch needles

below. The sun warms this south

exposure. I strew sunflower

seeds too salty for me, worry if

they may harm you, but give in

to the need you have of me.

You eat them all. Fly

to the top of a dead tree, shift

to a compromise log, then

to an inch of my still boot.

The seeds are gone. All is

surveyed, nothing left but

to explore with a sideways

flick of your gray and white head

this dangerous, dispensing human

bulk, spread the tail feathers,

peep up here, and off

to the golden larches

which love you

but do not feed you.