

Sentinel

In my quail breast,
I long
for
the simplicity
and speckled endurance
of
Nest,
Egg,
Crack,
Life.

But what I truly want, comes after.

The Guardian in
the bush.
Feather and sage
wing and bone
sitting high
observing
each tiny peck.

Relishing
the
relentless lives
they have ushered here.

While guarding against
the flush
of the covey.