

The Beauty of Need and Fulfillment

Today, as I watched you fall asleep,
the sun left the cedars.

Your tiny head at my breast
frees me
with the
blissful weight
of mutual devotion.

Each day
as I nurse you,
the field I gaze on
through the window
is frenetic
with life;
a wild-eyed romp
of bugs and birds.

Each day I await
the black-crest of
the dapple-feathered predator;
our roadrunner,
to shade the golden
grass.

I savor his
long hop
&
run;
Neck outstretched,
beak to sky,
the dazzling everyday capture.

With what looks to be
a satisfying crunch,
the kill...

Grasshopper
no more.

Our
roadrunner stalks
cockily off
the field.

You startle
at my chuckle
over roadrunner antics.
Blue eyes wide,
you look to me
for
cue.

Before,
with a tiny sigh,
and closed eyes,
you nuzzle my breast
contentedly,
and finish.