

## Kingfisher

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*David Musgrove*

The blue bird grabs a fish  
and carries it to a limb  
where the fish  
wailing silently in its fish tongue  
is devoured whole.  
I watch the Kingfisher  
from this tree,  
watch it work the stream  
swoop and devour tiny fish.  
I watch the stream crossing  
for deer,  
the rifle across my legs  
is old and scratched.  
I have seen the Kingfisher  
eat many a fish,  
I have seen many a deer  
fall to its knees.  
I wonder  
if my own death that devours  
will be a brilliant blue beautiful  
thing,  
like the Kingfisher over the stream.