

Jays

by David Solway (September 2015)

The jays hang in the huckleberry,
pillaging pink from the blossoms,
scarlet from the berries.

They shove aside the tiger swallowtail
sipping decorously from the tiny tumblers,
drive the bees from their petal-scented homeland,
take over the territory completely.

Even the robins with their red bibs
and prandial lilt and chatter
have made themselves scarce.

There would be silence
but for the jays busy at their intifada,
raucous and truculent
with their foraging appetite
for nectar and the smaller insects,
their leaf-battering wings
banishing butterfly and bee
to the lesser shrubs and bushes
in the margins of the garden,
and harrying the robins from the huckleberry

they once adorned,
sunny and aflutter in company,
with simple song and apt similitude.

David Solway is a Canadian poet and essayist. His forthcoming volume of poetry, *Installations*, will be released this fall from Signal Editions. A partly autobiographical prose manifesto, *Reflections on Music, Poetry and Politics*, is slated for later this year with Ansthruther Press. A CD of his original songs, *Blood Guitar and Other Tales*, appeared last summer. Solway's current projects include work on a second CD with his pianist wife Janice and writing for the major American political sites such as *PJ Media*, *FrontPage Magazine*, *American Thinker* and *WorldNetDaily*.

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