

Chicken Love

Every night I silently
 Unlock the door
 And slide it open
 I can see you there
 Looking at me
 From the shadows
 You are all gathered
 Closely together
 Because you have
 Lived your whole
 Lives this way
 And because it's
 A way to keep warm
 I reach in to feel
 Your soft feathers
 And to wish you
 A good and safe night
 Sometimes I'll slide
 One hand up under
 One of your bellies

And another hand
 Over your back
 Securing your wings
 From flapping
 I'll slip you out
 Of your comfortable
 Abode and into my jacket
 Where I can hold
 You close to my heart
 As I did when you were
 A wee one just a tad
 Bigger than an egg
 In the morning
 When I open your door
 You wait for me to move
 Away before you run out
 Stretching your wings
 When you are safely
 Away from me
 As if you don't
 Remember
 The kisses
 From the night
 Before

Gender Fluid

One of the hens
 Is a rooster
 He is the prettiest
 I don't want
 To put him
 In a pot
 But with the cock
 a-doodling
 The neighbors
 Will call the cops
 Maybe they will think
 He's a barking dach
 And not a potential
 Coc-au-vin

The Girls

There are three hens
 And three dogs
 Surrounding
 Me as I write
 One hen has jumped
 Up on the seat
 Beside me looking intently
 Maybe she likes
 That I'm writing about her?

Chicks: Fanny, Dagmar and Mazie

Three of them arrived in the mail
 With their necks broken
 The dogs and cat
 Didn't notice

Three days later
 I found a local source
 When I drove there
 I got lost and the traffic
 Was bumper to bumper

Three fire trucks were
 In the middle of the highway
 Surrounding a green car
 With it's front end demolished

Three chicks in a box
 I place one in my blouse
 By my heart
 To keep it warm

Three dogs and a cat,
 Now they notice

Expectations

Quick movement
 Jittery runs
 Surprised collisions
 Bouncing
 Charging
 On the prowl
 Searching for small movements
 In the grass
 Pulling up flowers
 Along with weeds
 Cleaning up and out the garden
 Doing exactly as you all please

Joy Comes Squawkingly!

after Robert Creeley:
Love Comes Quietly
 Joy comes squawkingly
 awkwardly, lands
 on me, or anyone
 as always.
 What did I know
 following chick prints
 in the snow
 alone all the way.

Joy Comes Squawkingly



By Kik Willams

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Joy Comes Squawkingly

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