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Blue Jay

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Blue Jay

By: Mara Bahmer

I thought blue jays were little pieces
of sky, but when I came across the baby
bird sprawled out on the brown leaves
of the forest floor, he looked to me like
a grey storm cloud, scary, but beautiful.

His wing was shattered, reminding me
of my brother and father snapping
the wishbone of the turkey on Thanksgiving.
The bird's shrill cries were hammer blows
to my sympathetic heart. So, I scooped
him up into my hands, trekking through
the leaves to find him a safer home.

What I didn't know was that once I touched
him, he would become poison to his mother.
I waited for hours, a safe distance away,
but she had abandoned him, like a toy
that a young child lost interest in.

As I waited beneath the trees,
I wondered what exactly it was
that enticed my mother to stay with me
despite the dangers I sometimes caused.