

THE NATURE OF ART

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A bird perches on the linden
and allows me to sketch it:

the small brown body,
its finch's beak on the lively head.

I outline its folded wings,
the bent legs and gripping claws.

I add a dot for the eye
that watches me, but decides

I am not dangerous.
With only my hands moving

I can't be an approaching predator.
I believe the bird respects my attention

as I try to outline plumage.
But the pencil is too heavy

and I am relieved
when the bird's thoughts

turn to restlessness and then flight,
my earthbound drawing no impediment.