

HAROLD SKULSKY

## A Morning in July

The tiny skeleton of a migrant bird,  
Veteran of a hundred calcifying days,  
Discovers itself lying on its side  
As if at a loss how to catch its breath,  
In a half moon on the tiles of my back garden  
Behind a rake, between the peach tree and the pear tree,  
Her song-less beak wide open in surrender,  
Not so much trusting this predator's forbearance  
As fully accepting the worst that he can do.  
Meanwhile the ivy, multitudinous,  
Rises on these low masonry walls.  
Except for you, all these things are mine.  
Beloved traveler, rest easy. There's no way  
I would violate the honour that you do me.