

# Hen

Cliff Watson, June 21<sup>st</sup>, 2019

Inspired by Michael Sowa's art print, *Fowl with pearls*

Patiently waiting,

A weary measured gaze over pursed beak-lips,

Peering, at the same moment,

Into a bird's past and at what is yet to come.

Regardless, she is dressed for the occasion.

But, is that the life that was,

Or the adventures that lie under the trees ahead?

No matter, the pearls satisfy both conditions.

The hen bears herself with implacable serenity,

Honored to witness the world unfold before eyes that have seen

The imperial gardens overgrown,

The rise of mechanization

And the eager outward flight of fledglings

Ready to fan their tails in their own flowered spaces.

Atop her head a lacy azure-feathered crest

Delicately flutters in the rose-scented waft

In the most tranquil part of the garden.

Outwardly rigid and alert

She is smiling within.