

What Meets the Eye?

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Your sharp point sounds quite the cluck
And curves to ground for you to pluck

Your cheek and chin are frisson red
To great appeal of your kindred

Your feathers auburn by my wire grey
And your sawtooth forehead cuts my hair away

But lo I look with one to two
And see you see me and I see you

I come to know with some surprise
There's more to you than meets my eyes

