

Hannah Greenstreet

Urban bird watching

On the Huntingdon Road.

They found him, petrified,
Frozen in flight on tarmac soar
No scar or battle wound,
Just resting, feet cresting
The concrete wave.

Days stretch out, like a wingspan
And feathers form the funeral parade.
A sparrow snatched from flight
With wheeling thump.
Icarus, spread-eagled in the cycling lane.
With borrowed wings a hedgehog
Sprawls upon the pavement,
Bristles forced to comic angles.
A pigeon's slow, ungainly steps
To cross the road (no joke in that)
Catch at only half way there.

Feathers blacken and unpeel
With the mourning of the wheels.