

Peacocks in Twilight

I think not, because I'll shoot both eyes
(a side shot, which spares me
much of the tail-spread's glory
as it catches the limpid, dying, etc. embers...) out
of one peacock in twilight with one bullet. Lest you think I advocate
the blinding of peacocks at twilight,
I don't: to shoot both eyes out
shoots out, too, his frontal lobe, ergo, the bird is dead,
blind in one eye for a split second maybe, but
dead, bird brain dead. I'll do this
from the porch, at twilight, on a summer
evening, a pitcher of lemonade
on my left. Though I dislike doilies,
I'll place one of Mother's under
the pitcher. She insisted
on that, and my sister too. I'll use my daddy's gun.
Daddy didn't like peacocks
in twilight either, they offended
an iron aesthetic of his, something to do
with loathing cheap beauty, the meretricious,
which I must have inherited,
or else I love to hear and see
the peahens weep.