I Asked a Finch

I asked the busy house finch for an instant of her time

Which she generously agreed too as she foraged through my vines

Do you worry, flighty house finch for the state of today’s world

Of the climate, wars and politics that have my head aswirl?

Do you ponder about poverty and those who are alone,

And immigrants from near and far all driven from their homes

Or racists and conspirators and those without a clue,

Who have no complex thinking and lead others far askew?

And what about your thoughts regarding my own paltry peeves

The anger that arises when I cannot feed my needs,

The color of the bathroom mats, the way she raised her voice,

Do you care one chirp about this all, or any such annoyance?

I’m sure I saw you turn your beak, I saw you throw a lead

I know what you were thinking as you chewed upon that seed,

You answered with that shrill, sharp cheep as off your perch you flew-

“I can’t be bothered by such stuff, I’ve other things to do!”.

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