

A Baby Robin, Worm, and Cat

by Mark Warns

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A baby robin hopped the lawn –
Alert, alight, in speckled vest.
She came with sisters, brothers, friends
To try the worm-fed hearing test.

She looked and leaped and cocked her head
To listen for the worm's faint squirm.
She pecked now once and once again,
Then gobbled up the woeful worm.

If birds could smile, for they cannot,
She would have beamed and laughed aloud.
But birds can gloat, and that she did,
Her head held high for friends around.

T'was then I saw her coat amiss –
Her tail-plumes gone or cocked astray.
I saw the wound above her tail –
A cat at work, a brutal fray.

Without those feathers she can't flick
A quick turn when again attacked.
The next cat's pounce will find its mark,
Not on her plumes, but on her back.

Did she so sin, I thought at once,
To now deserve her hastened death?
Are cats so good that they should play
With lives so new, to take their breath?

But what of she and her short hunt?
Did she not take another's term?
Was she so goodly to assume
That life is meaningless to worms?

To say, "It's nature.", answers much;
For nature knows both life and death
And judges neither on a scale
Of evil or of righteousness.

But who are we in nature's scheme?
Are we the tigers, snakes, or flowers?
Are we the robins, worms, or cats?
Though it's their nature, is it ours?