

Peacocks

The Mountain Goats

I hear them squeal
I see them preen
Fans all spread out
Neat and clean

Grab hold of the morning
Head out to the porch
Feel the wind stopping
Feel the sun scorch

I fear for my safety
You can see it in my eyes
In an hour or two
We will rise

Then a sharp breeze kicks up
I hug myself hard
How come there's peacocks
In the front yard?

Sun's all prickly
On my neck
When the helicopter passes
We both hit the deck

Hands grasping and groping
Seizing opportunity right where it lies
The sky will fall
We will rise