

Grey Partridge

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Perdix perdix

Art by LOIS CORDELIA



PHILIP COWELL

Partridge

Pulveratriciously,
this is a game
of gravitational field.

What bird of dust
that dines in dirt
runs out of its egg?

She legs it, thinking,
I wasn't myself.
That wasn't me.

The stars are low
and the rubble
is flammable.

Orange-necked,
a chestnut crown,
her breast lights up

in the sun.
When she wants, she glides.
What larks in grass.

Brace position:
flight is not always
a reason to fly.

Perdix perdix,
The ground's your oyster.
Why fly when you could slide?

She couldn't perch
in a pear tree
if she tried.