

The Big Rat Snake

I asked the baby bluebird,
after it had been eaten by the big rat snake
that slithered up into its nest,
when its mother was away
and swallowed it, and its brothers,
and its sisters
in two toothy, feathery gulps,
why it did not lift its weakened wings
and flap, a feeble, feathery flap,
and make its escape into the cool blue sky
and the bright April sun,
to its life,
to its mother,
and why, instead, it had let itself be eaten
had chosen to die bloodily
just when it was starting to live.

To the big rat snake, I asked nothing,
as big rat snakes can be expected to eat baby bluebirds.