

PARRAKEET

My fault really he died. It was simple
As finding him prone, stiff
Wet of his eye now dry
Grey green stillness imitating fakery:
A sad toy for children to poke and the dogs to worry.

Didn't tell the kids. No life lesson here.
Anyway
(With the telly on there's some quiet now)
Relief, a little pity –

*but then he wasn't for me but was always there
for me there always there black wet eye watching
plastic bells and that fucking angry squawk
randomised to all the time and when arm-deep
in washing up before school pick-up I'd yell at
that preening crown and insolent head flick
that stupid gulping bobbing dry grey ball tongue
notlisteningnotlisteningcleanmyshitstrewnfloor*

– and a little more for only that little.

But the phone rang again
Mum and her hip's gone again
And something wrong with our meter again
fuckfuckIhatethatfuckingmetermarksaidhepaidtofixitbutwhen
and a parcel arrived for her next door again.

Later when dunno
(sun so get the washing out)
Wrapped him in a dishcloth - know this - carefully
then into the bin on carrot skin strands
and mouldy fridge magazine-ratatouille
which the kids declined and Mark called stew and he's never liked stew
and he thought He Thought
I knew that
 did I know that?
 God, probably.

Not so bad.
Kids were bored of him. Dogs can't worry him now.
Always trying to break out of his cage anyway.

Now where's the