

a flamingo's favorite drink

Amon McConnell

in a cool spring
one legged
in its swaying
state of affairs

the baking sun
dripping off
its damp back and
into wetter water

the flamingo
standing there, looking
into the mirror
of the broken surface

as people watch in
slight irritation
waiting
expectant of something to happen

the flamingo leans
down, slurps
and shudders
the cold water soothing its
sharp lips