

The Machete

A few blows of the machete
And the young tree
Lay sprawled on the ground.

Dragging it across the yard,
I almost didn't see the nest,
Its leaves joined as firmly

As bricks. It looked warm,
Habitable, like the house I entered
To put away the machete

In a table drawer, muttering
'Sorry, bird' to no one in particular
As I did so.