

## A Blue Jay's Fall

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A flash of blue, white and black  
materializes on the crab apple tree in my backyard  
branches clutching crispy marooned leaves  
bow to this new occupant.

The Blue Jay begins his telltale birdsong  
known not for its serenade  
but its ability to pierce you in reverie  
and compel you to mind the avian presence.

He shuffles along the branch  
a dalliance that appears as organic as rehearsed  
he hops, he scans, he ducks  
a mechanical rhythm of movement on repeat  
until he manifests triumph  
showcasing the fruit of his forage  
a small crab apple nestled in his beak  
a late fall time feat.

The Jay's wings quiver and spread  
breast plumage projects, tailfeathers unfurl  
as he punctures the blued horizon  
encased in an autumnal amber glow  
venturing back into the vast wild  
away from my domesticated yard  
the bird's presence evanesces  
with each paced beat of his wings.

...But...then  
a small mass careens towards the ground  
a coopered blur...  
the coveted crab apple that the Jay laboured for!  
The Jay swoops in pursuit of the crab apple in descent  
to its soil of origin, my backyard.

My breath hitches  
my eyes fixate  
as I whisper "Go Jay go..."

The small pome cascades adjacent  
to the embrace of its mothering tree and...

...mockingly wedges itself  
underneath my fence.  
The Blue Jay perches on a tree limb  
gazes at his prized fruit below  
and cocks his head  
seemingly  
humbled by his talents whilst  
dismayed by this twist of fate.

Word count = 247