In My Dreams

By Robin Daglish

There wasn't a magpie
gangstering the branches of a tree,
muscling his space, poking his beak,
arguing over what he'd replace.

There wasn't a crow searching
concrete gardens
for lost horizons of forests
and stolen legacy.

There wasn't a swallow swooping
in sorrow at the last migration:
too hard to follow, the scorched earth
and burnt map of climate change.

In my dreams there wasn't a singing
hedge of sparrows, slipping over the edge
like Arctic ice breaking away,
jagged as a broken bottle

in a bar room brawl,
like talons or a hooked beak,
human vultures leave nothing
for nature to keep.