The Retention Pond

Thanksgiving’s blanched happiness
come round again, the wood storks
hunch like Troy’s elders along the wall,
uttering not a word of complaint.

In stoic progress they soldier on,
clerkishly planting one foot in the mud,
then another, opening a sheltering wing
as if from noblesse oblige. They eye each other

with respect--or is that suspicion?
The gray waters slick with light,
like a slate countertop, each spindly reed
grazing its mirror-double. And there,

through the breaks, a black boar
snuffles in shadow, like a gorged piggy bank.
All lower nature aspires to the Catholic--
large families and no birth control.

On a rotting post, the lone anhinga,
our local Tiresias, dries outspread wings,
like an advertisement for Barclays Bank.
The old Hohenzollerns, they’ve seen it all before.

—William Logan