

Cackling

Descending down very low upon us
Black spotted red birds cackling so loudly
They warn us beware of their exclusive territory
Rocks slimy with moss
As the water beats back and forth against them
Heron birds gather as a flock
And take over as the dominant creature around
Boaters enjoying a meal at the docks
While others are getting ready to sail
Fishermen already situated on their boats
Blow me a kiss honey wherever you are
I escape from you physically

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