

AMERICAN EYE

O starling jet fighter
come to see me
this 22nd of February,
traveled from Eurasia,
seen as foreign,
as invasive as the finch.
You stunning
as the American birds
perched on the fence
with your miraculous
black beak of winter,
tipped in yellow
that will soon
cover the whole in
spring. How miraculous
your beak changes
color, that in the
19th century
you sailed across the
Atlantic, that now, you
look at me with your
deep right eye as I feed
chickens in this urban
yard. You, one-
legged amazement
of speckled iridescent
green, limping on the
feeder, O, beautiful
as the native birds,
oblivious of your hapless past:

spread your wings—
become yourself, you,
native to my American eye
as all the others.