

Birdbath

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [October 18, 2011](#) issue

The tiny whitecaps
bare their rotten teeth
all morning
as wind berates rainwater,
as razors of rain
gash its surface
and then the thunder
takes back its threats
and the water in the birdbath
lies smooth enough to skate on,
lies like a mirror
holding up a silver airplane
while it crosses the sky safely,
all its people
drinking from their plastic cups.