

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Little Owl*

FEW of us will catch a sight  
Of an owlet's maiden flight.

First I see him raise his head  
From his twiggy, mossy bed.  
Floppy-hoppy, nest to bough,  
Taking up his perch somehow.

Small of head, with outsize eyes  
Evincing not the least surprise.  
In fact, there's nothing there at all –  
As much expression as a wall.

This blankness quite unsettles me:  
It's just as if those eyes can't see –  
And yet somehow their blankness will  
Make mouse or vole its lunchtime kill.

Meanwhile, behind a loose-leaf screen,  
They watch a world they've never seen  
Until this moment, now they've fled  
The haven of their nestling bed.

Then suddenly, the owlet flies –  
Not, however, to the skies,  
But parallel to scrubby field  
Zig-zagging: suddenly concealed  
In another chosen tree  
Until it's time to swoop for tea.

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