

**Poem #1:**

Chip, chip, chip,  
The beak emerged,  
It kept on pecking,  
Until a "peep" was heard.

The egg kept cracking,  
And for the first time,  
The chick saw the world,  
With her opening eyes.

Her mother held her,  
Under her wing, so warm,  
The baby bird slept safely,  
Away from all harm,

The next few days,  
She started to run,  
She flapped her wings,  
And enjoyed the sun,

One day she was out playing,  
Not looking around,  
When suddenly there rang,  
A loud and sharp sound,

Upon hearing the call,  
Her mother came speedy,  
For an intruder was near,  
Whose belly was greedy,

The fox fixed his eyes,  
On a chick that ran and stumbled,  
And he smiled to himself,  
As his stomach loudly grumbled.

He ran toward her,  
His teeth ready to snatch,  
When suddenly a shadow,  
Came over his back,

Mother crane swooped,  
And with one swift kick,  
Stuck her claws in his side,  
Saving the life of her chick,

The stab had hurt enough,  
For the fox to yelp in pain,  
And he never went back to hunt,  
The chicks of Sandhill Cranes.

**Poem #2:**

She saw him watching her, a focused stare  
    When he noticed her noticing,  
        He bowed his head and leapt in the air,

He marched around with pomp in his step,  
    Desperate to win her over,  
        Knowing his routine through years of prep,

It wasn't long until she was entranced,  
    She responded eagerly,  
        And flaunted her wings as she also danced,

They strutted around, parading their moves,  
    Being both impressed and impressive,  
        "I am the best mate" they had to prove,

He sang out one loud note as best he could do it,  
    In reply she sang out two,  
        In synchrony they sang their duet,

Their song could be heard from a mile away,  
    A sound of companionship,  
        An entire lifetime together they'd stay.

**Poem #3:**

One day I sat on my porch swing,  
It was pretty out- a day in the spring,  
I sat on the porch, doing nothing at all,  
Suddenly, I looked up when I heard a loud call,

Twenty big-looking birds flying overhead,  
I watched as they lowered toward the riverbed,  
Quietly I snuck, through the tall grass and weeds,  
Trying to peek at this rare-looking breed,

They had a bright red skin patch on their head,  
And their feathers were that of the color of led,  
Their tail was confusing, or was that their wing?  
It had long feathers in the back, whatever the thing,

Suddenly one spotted me in my secret place,  
I stared back in its orange eyes, looking at my face,  
I didn't know if I should run or what I should do,  
So I whispered, "Hello, bird, how are you?"

That bird, it looked at me and did nothing but blink,  
But in its blink, there was something distinct,  
For it didn't close its eyes like me and you,  
With our top and our bottom eyelids, only the two,

No, this bird, it blinked from the side,  
An extra lid came horizontally from its eye,  
It was subtle and a bit hard to see,  
But I'm used to seeing two eyelids, not three!

Suddenly I felt scared of this bird,  
I had never seen something so absurd,  
I went back to my house in retreat,  
Blinking with my two eyelids in disbelief.