

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Backyard Baffler

By Helen Heineman

A feeder hangs outside my windows.
It took some doing
To outwit the squirrels.
On the pole, a blackish cone
Finally did it. A Baffle,
An interesting name.

After carefully studying the scene,
Climbing the pole
And ending in the baffle,
My squirrels concluded it was in vain,
And stayed grounded at the base,
Content with catching
Whatever the birds scatter.

There's a form of intelligence there,
I thought. Knowing when to stop,
That's smart.

Nowadays, they come
Only when the birds drop by,
Having settled for
The different menu
And dining times,
And together with a side of acorns,
They'll make it through the winter.

They've been baffled,
But have adjusted,
As I must do,
To an altered diet and
The dark spaces of life,
With only memories of
The sweetness of the seeds.