

## Window Dressing

Does the male bowerbird long for her  
as he weaves walls from grasses and reeds  
and paints them with fruit stained saliva  
and hangs berry baubles on them?  
Does he dream that she will squat with approval?

An experienced female is not seduced  
merely by his trove of blue feathers  
garnished with flower petals  
or the rows of beetle hulls.  
She will wait for his dance  
on the moss carpet.

He buzzes and struts, and shimmies his wings.  
He flips and strikes poses for her.  
She swoons into a tilted crouch.  
Their courtship is consummated.

She flies off to build her twig nest  
and raise her young alone.  
He inspects his own chamber,  
refreshes wilting petals,  
checks his array of caterpillar droppings  
and resumes his wait.

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Originally published in the Tall Grass Anthology, 2010