To the Young Man Who Is Sick of “Bird Poems”

Ironic this phrase
flipping the bird
since birds do not,
except for certain duck species,
possess the organ
of aggression signaled.
Look it up. This lack
on the male birds’ part
proves advantageous
to their group’s aesthetic
future: female birds,
unpenetrated, choose
to take the seed or
not, and reproduce
only what they deem
beautiful. It’s said
an animal poem is not
about an animal. Rather we
enter and become the creature
rendered. Here
we are, young man,
in this my newest
bird poem, so you’ll be
unsurprised if, avian, I
decline your input;
if you, inserting yourself,
discover here
you do not exist.