Rooster

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Rooster

Rooster,
Wings flapping
and body leaping,
pecking me.
Cornered against the large wooden steps
of my grandparents' house
and I no taller than the fourth,
screaming at lung capacity.
The screen door slamming open
on the front porch,
rattling the old "Coke" thermometer
hanging on the outside wall.
Rushing, clumping steps
on the wooden circular porch
suddenly overwhelming all other sounds.
Grandma and Mama,
butcher knife and rolling pen.
Fear always changes.
Squawking and dashing across the yard,
toward the hen house,
a multi-colored bullet
passing Grandpa
on the walk
with a raised shovel.
The next day,
Grandma told me
you moved to Chicago
to be with your family,
and she would fix me
something nice
to celebrate.