

Were I a Bird

If I were required to ornithicate, I would, like a hobbit's version of Moctezuma donning the headdress of Quetzal feathers, choose to wrap myself in the brown feather robes of the Burrowing Owl.



As a burrowing owl I would attract the cooings of admiring humans, bask in the murmurs of “Oh isn’t it just *adorable*,” while knowing in my down-wrapped heart that, when dusk falls, I become the terror that haunts the tiny dreams of every fat cricket and trembling vole in the grasslands. I kill without a qualm, and feast on the still-beating hearts of my prey.

Even less known to the human world, the burrowing owl, late at night after the killing is done, becomes a party animal. That faint thump you might hear, were you to press your ear to the sod at 3 in the morning, is a fat disco beat: the owls are *gittin down*, down there.

