This week’s poem, by Richard Foerster of Cape Neddick, features two creatures familiar to those with birdfeeders in their backyards: a bird and a cat.

At The Birdfeeder

My neighbor’s cat, all nimble traipse and jig in his fur tuxedo, eyes a panicked chickadee in its own fancy dress. A squall of black millet seeds peppers the snow-crusted ground, where the cat freezes, gazing toward paradise, his entire being now hellbent on that one morsel. The bird, though frantic flutter, is no less consumed with want. It’s somehow managed to slip inside the feeder, trapped itself within that glass house of miraculous plenty, wanting nothing but escape, while the cat squats beneath that dwindling spillage, content to remain there forever, if he must, exiled with his exquisite desire.