Pink Ibis

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Pink Ibis

I don’t soar.
I don’t sing.
Poets ignore
The colour of my wing.
I’m pretty.
And pretty small.
The other birds laugh
Because they’re so tall.
They have colours
Like white and blue.
But I’m always pink
And blushing, too.
I walk like cranes.
My beak is long.
I’m not impressed
By the other birds’ song.
If they ask why I blush,
I won’t say.
I keep my secrets
For another day.
You may wonder
What makes me so glad.
Could it be
That I’ve gone mad?
Or could it be
That nothing hurts
Because I’m short enough
To look up their skirts!