Taking The Wrong Turn

A startling
Thump
Against the picture window
A spot with feathers
Smeared on the glass
Distresses me.
I look out.
On the deck.
Gasping for breath
With beak open
It lies on its side
A little bird.
With eyes open
Almost motionless
Except for a twitch
In its legs
The dog stares at it through
The sliding glass door
The bird lies still, eyes open.