**Daily Life**

By Susan Wood

A parrot of irritation sits

on my shoulder, pecks

at my head, ruffling his feathers

in my ear. He repeats

everything I say, like a child

trying to irritate the parent.

Too much to do today: the dracena

that's outgrown its pot, a mountain

of bills to pay and nothing in the house

to eat. Too many clothes need washing

and the dog needs his shots.

It just goes on and on, I say

to myself, no one around, and catch

myself saying it, a ball hit so straight

to your glove you'd have to be

blind not to catch it. And of course

I hope it does go on and on

forever, the little pain,

the little pleasure, the sun

a blood orange in the sky, the sky

parrot blue and the day

unfolding like a bird slowly

spreading its wings, though I know,

saying it, that it won't.