

BIRDS
OF A
FEATHER



ANGI GAULDIN
CHARISSA MURRAY
SHAWN TURNER



FRANK AND ELOISE

The early risers were having breakfast and chattering excitedly about the coming day. The lovers sat still, together, enjoying their view of the breaking dawn.

Suddenly Eloise leaned into Frank, body stiff. Frank's senses went on high alert and he poised for an attack, legs tensed for flight. Ready to fight to the death to protect her, he scanned the horizon for the threat. He had loved her from the moment his eyes caught sight of her as a fledgling, ineptly trying to catch a fish at the edge of the marsh. Swooping in to snag her missed lunch, he had splashed her full in the face. As they laughed and shared the fish; she fell for him too. From that minute until this one they were never apart.

His sharp eyes located the disturbance and he didn't hesitate, hurling his giant ebony body towards the intruder, cawing loudly in warning. The neighbors' small old dog ran quickly away from their perch on the tree stump back home. Threat nullified he returned to her, his everything. She chirruped her gratitude to him, and he nuzzled her lovingly. They continue to laze away the day, complete together. Two hearts beating as one all the days of their life.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

LOVER CROWS

You wafted into my life with a nest
campfire warm,
A story written in the sands of time,
could be today, yesterday or one
hundred years from now but happily
ending the same,
Never to be alone again, a cage we
willingly enter because it is soft and
safe.
Creatures of the air, destined for the
void but we have each other right
Now.
We Are- It IS.
And it is everything.

KESTREL

Wingtip vortices,
Merciless wings low fly pass.
Breadwinner slays prize.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

FLIGHT

Flapping her wings fast,
The fledgling gathers her nerve.
Breathes, takes to the sky.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025



QUEEN EDITH OF NOD

(OVERSEER OF DREAMS)

Shaking the snow off her midnight blue shoulders, Edith shivered in the twilight of the winter morning east of Eden. She had landed on the bank of the river Pishon, thirsty from a long night of overseeing the land of dreams in her human form; she drank deeply from the cool waters at the beginning of the world.

She glimpsed her reflection and in her eyes, she saw the swirling galaxies of possibilities and worlds were born. The seeds of a thousand works of art, sunrises, shooting stars and all lovers embrace to come all rippled out into the water, leaving trails of golden light.

Slaking her thirst, she paused, closing her eyes. Guardian of light in the dark underbelly of the void, she warmed her face in sun, sated.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

CARL

(CARDINAL)

His beloved shovels her pancakes into her mouth, ravenous, while Carl watches with bemusement. "Just like when she was little, in my kitchen," he chuckles to himself. Oddly the sound comes out as a high pitched chirp and she looks up, spotting his crimson body in the tree above her head. He flirts closer, trying to speak and chirps again in succession. She looks at him with curiosity and near recognition. "Grandpa?" she whispers looking at his tiny new form with doubt. He lands on the table and hops closer. They stare silent at each other as he cocks his head, eyeing the pancakes. She is flooded with the memory of Sunday morning pancakes from childhood and her lips quiver. She breaks off a piece of the syrupy sweet and,impossibly; they share breakfast together one more time.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

FLAMINGO

The nomad bachelors take their positions, and start to move as one. Each adds their own panache to an otherwise synchronized ancient dance. These boys have practiced their entire lives for this moment. One by one the picky females choose their husbands. The remaining chorus line increases its tempo, adding more outrageous moves to the melee, begging to be chosen. He is almost out of breath when he meets her eyes. She moves forward and dips her head at him. Relieved, his finale is a besotted bow.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

NIGHTMARE FUEL

Insomniatic dreams persist into the predawn light,
Terrifying visions and circus music playing to the
rhythm of a frantic heartbeat.

Sweating, awoken suddenly, gasping as curly
feathers and huge gaping mouth lunges to eat my
soul whole.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

ARNOLD

(THE JEWELRY THIEF)

The wind blew in gusts as a storm brewed off the coast. Arnold took advantage of the crosscurrents to lazily glide in circles. Having raided food from a table at a seaside restaurant earlier, he just drifted, not even hunting. Hearing angry voices below, he glanced down to see what the commotion was. At that exact moment the sun glinted on something gold and very shiny. Intrigued, he flapped his ebony wings to get a better view. He spotted a tiny glimmer resting on top of some neatly folded clothes in a beach chair. Fixated, he landed nearby to survey the scene. There was a rather unkempt male and female human couple a few feet away from the chair, screaming obscenities loudly at each other.

The beggar seagulls scattered as Arnold hopped closer. None of them was going to mess with such a large crow! He paused in his advance, but the humans were too busy cawing loudly at each to notice. "I want a divorce!!" the large hairy male screamed, hurling a beer can at the female. The birds scattered and even Arnold flew up a little, but just to get nearer. The female wailed and her face sprung a leak. Arnold cocked his head, and then shrugged his shoulders: it was none of his concern. Keeping to the task at hand with his eye on the prize, he flew up suddenly. Flapping his wings to hover right above the band of gold, he snatched it up. Grabbing it in his clutches, he flew swiftly towards the sun. He turned sharply to head to his gang's roosting spot near the marsh. The cool metal of the wedding band soothed him. There was no way that she could deny his proposal when he offered her this treasure!

(She did,in fact, deny his proposal.)

~Angela Gauldin, 2025



SPOONBILL

Aquiline nose sweeps,
Absurd eyes scan the skyline.
Broad mouth scoops up lunch.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

KILLIAN

Perched in mangrove sun,
Keen eyes ever on the hunt
He dives; spears naive fish.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

HUMMINGBIRD

Zip,zap red flash flits,
Trembling buds
offer sweet sap.
Sunbeam never
stops.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

CHICKADEE

He scouts trash for scraps,
Triumphant,he calls
his gang.
His clan flocks to
feast.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025



DISCO CHICKEN

Trevor tried to see through the hood that his handlers had put on him. He heard muffled bass and sirens. Large hands removed his hood and cacophony of noise assaulted him. Thumping low fi and a variety of other sounds mixed with flashing lights, blinding him. Trying to see through the bad smelling fog, he sees reaching hands and a forest of moving legs. "Not this again", he lamented.

He looked for a way out of the hot, noisy yurt only to view a sea of bodies with the endless noise drowning out any reason. His screams blended with house music as he ran under a nearby table. Nestling his head into his long feathers just trying to make it through another winter in this disco tent.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

BIRD PARTY

Music drifts through the late afternoon mist mixing with the rhythm of crashing waves. The crewe gathers searching through food wrappers and sipping from almost empty beer bottles near the overflowing trash cans. Feathered bodies flow in and out, perching near friends and greeting newcomers. The sisters huddle close, heads bobbing as the cool evening wind picks up. The street boys hover nearby, hopeful. “..My love for you will still be strong, after the Boys of Summer have gone..” Don Henley belts out over the muffled speakers. Night falls and more shorebirds join the shindig.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Com-m-Unity

There was never a time when they didn't have
each other,

A myriad of experiences shared but seen through
different eyes.

Going dutch in intertwined circles of life.

Celebrating every victory and mourning together
at every loss.

As one even feeding in silent communion on
different plates.

Taking to wing in tandem, pivoting on and on into
eternity.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025

OLIVER

Fog rolls down the moonlit mountain peaks. Huge gilded wings cut through the night air passing a cave near the summit. The mist dissipates and the hunter's moon reveals its bright face. A cacophony of dark, darting shapes floods out of the cave with high pitched screams.

Oliver turns his head impossibly far to try to see what creature was disturbing his nightflight. The bats small leathery bodies brush his tail feathers, courting death unaware in their nearsightedness.

Silent enormous wings speed up above the ancient hemlocks, and Oliver disappears out of sight. A vision out of time, etched into a collective memory, unforgettable.





EVERETT

OVERLORD OF THE COUNCIL OF THE COMMITTEE

The mid-afternoon sky grows dim as a vast number of lumbering wings float in front of the sun. Twenty bald heads turn towards the incoming mass. The Council of the Committee of Vultures is in session. Wise eyes watch patiently as groups of five or more land clumsily near the bleached white carcass of a long dead steer. Waddling and hopping slowly to where the Elders are perched strategically along the bones, the newcomers hiss greetings excitedly to each other. As more of the kettle lands the sun shines bright again as the last stragglers hop into the low hum of dusky feathers, rasping feet and wagging tongues.

Everett waits for the noise to die down as his orange eyes surveys those gathered, searching for weaknesses and noting potential rivals. Finally growing impatient he makes a low loud guttural growl and cuts his eyes with dominion over his subjects from his perch on the cow's skull. The Council of sixty six vultures grows silent, reluctantly, and bows as one to their Overlord.

BEATRICE

A shadow floated high above a bank of inky black storm clouds. Lightning streaked spider webs across the vast desert sky. The thirsty ground below crackled with excitement as the scent of rain blew in. The small creatures of night scurried for shelter as the thunder rumbled echoing off the distant canyonlands, booming like a freight train.

Laser sharp eyes zeroed in on a frantic movement below, honing in on a fat little shape who had paused at the din. Beatrice dropped swiftly below the nimble storm cloud; both picked up speed. The brisk wind propelled her towards her target. Seconds behind her the lightning lit up the sky with a blinding glow spotlighting the moment of impact. The ladyhawke's victorious shriek mixed with the sonorous thunderclap to drown out all sound forever more. The rain weeped down in a gentle deluge, and the cactus opened their pink flowers to drink. Beatrice's silver wet wings flew towards the canyons, and chased the lightning home.

~Angela Gauldin, 2025





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