

## INBRED

Finches arrive in bunches.  
They helicopter down and hover  
like hummingbirds before  
they peck in order at the feeder ---  
each to his ration.

No one  
fights.

A wild but definite  
civility prevails until  
each finch is full.

To share  
and share alike is worlds  
away from all our public  
massacres or wars we wage  
for warfare's sake.

It seems  
we are the lone species  
that kills its kind by choice.  
Lately we've invaded space  
and set our sights on Mars.  
Will we retain our malice  
in the stratosphere and be  
as lethal there as here?

The first  
murder on the moon will tell us.