

TURKEY SISTERS

The turkeys descend from the mountain in the morning, ten females.

They're like a clan of close sisters, clucking softly as the one in front heads between the evergreens to their morning banquet.

There's excitement at finding a treasure each day as they peck, scratch at the ground, murmur peacefully to one another, their iridescent feathers softly lit by the winter sun as it warms them.

The two stragglers who always come down the mountain last see their sisters already feasting and kick it into a higher gear. Their lackadaisical trot becomes a full out run as squirrels, crows and jays scatter momentarily in the presence of this ungainly duo.

Blue heads bob, red legs pick up haltingly before being placed back down in measured steps, and there is short, skittish flapping and leaps into the air if squirrels race by too closely.

Later that morning, while driving to Phoenicia to visit the swamp, I see a sign on the left that announces 'turkey trap and shoot' and I think of the talkative sisters whose feathers shine in the sun.