

## Woodpecker

He comes as a DIY kit. Complete with chisel,  
hammer, instructions for assembling. He'll  
fluster the trunks, nail his colours to them,  
play Knock-Down-Ginger on their doors.  
At night you'll find him busy with home  
improvements, adding extensions to the nest,  
boring into the heartwood; an expert at  
the bodge-job, Heath Robinson construction.  
Trees shudder at his drumming, neighbours  
complain at the noise. His mate is patient  
as branches break beneath her, her name  
carved into bark; she's seen it all before.  
I imagine him drilling holes in the walls of heaven,  
swathes of angels spilling like sawdust shavings.