

Filial Piety

Filial Feeding

Beneath the leaves, two macaws abide.
The younger turns, with fruit to provide.
For you, who taught me how to fly,
the sweetest bite, my love, I supply.

The elder's eye, warm and bright,
accepts the gift with gentle might.
A beak meets beak, a silent vow –
filial love, in feathers, now.