

A BIRD LOOKED IN

This morning just as I opened my eyes
I saw a bird fly down and look—look hard
in through my bedroom window
from a bare oak tree.

I went to that brief time,
early spring,
when we drink from the melt,
all of us at a common trough,
and stagger in the light like newborn lambs.
The air, though, was still gray and cold,
the vernal equinox
weeks away in the almanac.

But the wonder too of an appointed day,
of periodic spheres, of a tilting earth
whose latitudes we live by:
freeze and flow,
ebb and return,
the dark solstice and the bright.

A sparrow at my window
and she stayed there unaccountably,
looking in ... at me, I knew.

How can such a drab silent little thing
be so beautiful?
She flicked her wings and cocked here head,
aware and curious,
and for a long moment
drew me into the life we share.