

Six Birds: Unsung/Sung

by Jenny O'Grady

I am nothing common, no,
my *witchety-witchety-witchety-witch*
echoes yet through, past this glass.

} *common yellowthroat*

And in the springtime green
sweet *teacher-teacher-teacher* wakes
the city's students from morning dreams.

} *ovenbird*

I weave harmony upon harmony,
an *eee-oh-lay, eee-oh-lay* that
trills sweetly, multiplied, hiding.

} *wood thrush*

I am tiny, but true,
spiraling *cheep, cheep, cheep,*
like a cricket in the sky.

} *brown creeper*

Will you see me? Or assume
my *peent-peent* a distant car horn,
or Baltimore breathing?

} *American woodcock*

Or, will you
see-see-see-see me
on the street, silent?

} *black and white warbler*