

Open Letter to Returning Birds

What is it like to be you,
you with a bird's view,
lunatic of Spring?

Trilling from the trees
between dewed grass and daybreak
above a stroller like me,

you arrive twin-like and feather-light
as squirrels munch nuts in the open
and magnolias blush pink or white.

Glad mob of the wind's kisses,
eternal return's chatterboxes,
thank you for the song bouquet

as yesterday thaws, tomorrow unfolds
from looser ground, with slackening cold,
to mustard yellows and copper golds.

Buttercups emerge as brightness emboldens.
Who would dare not to grow?
Who can sit frozen?