

Birdwatching

Siren Hand

Morning coffee as normal.

I divide my front window into tic-tac-toe grid,
into nine-section,
into phone keypad.

It's easier for me that way,
to map how the birds come and go
free-form Patterns of Flight.

Take this, the case study—

At 11:37 (Local time):

one adult male sparrow darts
from Northwest Field of View (Keypad 1)
to sundeck feeder (Keypad 5), squabbles with
two already-present adult male sparrows over seed.
They peck at each other for greeting,
establish their status,
take freely from what's allowed.

Also 11:37 (Local time):

four adult female finches,
seven Adult male sparrows,
three adult male starlings
(all)
dig at the ground (Keypad 8),
scramble for the yield of another's destruction.
Seed spills from the feeder (Keypad 5 to Keypad 8).

At 1139 (Local):

two adult cardinals fly from east Field of View
mill at the Woodpecker feeder (KP6).

At 1139 (L):

two adult chipping finches hop along the path
from North FOV,
upset the whole roll-up in KP8.

At 1139L:

one military-aged male
–no, sorry, correction–
one adult male cowbird
glides from SE FOV
to ground food at KP8.

At 1139L:

one adult male sparrow departs from KP5,
to KP3
out of NE FOV.

1140L: their activity continues,
Nothing Significant to Report.

1141L: activity continues,
Nothing Significant to Report.

1142L: NSTR.

1143L: my dog blitzes,
tumbles in froth-mouthed uninvited explosion,
deepest joy at sunlight-scattered colors–
no soul left in aftershock
still.

How long does one watch after the upset,
wait for destruction reset
for no trace
for next pattern
for life to return to normal?

If I wait
watch, perhaps

I'll see Bright Boy—
slim cardinal, not yet witness to how
his body will shimmer,
will scatter in the sun
will form both
fountain and
firework.

I divide my front window into tic-tac-toe grid,
into nine-section,
into phone keypad.
It's easier for me that way,
to sit:
still
watching
waiting
wondering
if they'll all ever come back.