

A Thrush

I saw a single thrush,
so russet brown
perched on the ground
near the azalea bush.
Hunting worms, I suppose,
But then it's mate
flew by low traipsing
her wings above the grass.
Do you know that even
a blade of grass is full
of spirit with an angel
standing guard over it?

Mountain Vibrations

The chill spring mornings before
the sun's warmth takes over
are exhilarating to experience.

Eerie calls of a coyotes in
the distance carry a sense of wild
to my back patio where little piles

of poop here and there tell a tale.
Our baby foxes are back at night
to romp, play, and hunt.

The evergreen bush outside
my window pruned back and cleaned
of debris can breathe again.

Now light pours thru my window
waking me to see the miracles of the early
hours when the robin sings his arias.

And the whole mountain vibrates with
song birds and their business of raising
broods and teaching fledglings to fly.

My Mother's Earrings

Gold heart stud earrings
mixed white and yellow metal.
They were a gift long ago.
Bright spotlight to my face,
wonderfully becoming.

And I wear them today,
thinking of her elegant
white curls struck through
with sterling highlights.
Her style showcasing any earrings.

I wear my hair up so the
studs can be seen and admired.
I love telling people they are
my mother's. It sounds as if
she's still here with me, and I just
snagged them from her jewelry box.

Between Life and Death

Crows—at least four—chased
the red-tail across the dawn lit
sky from north to south into the
tree line for some transgression
or imagined wrong. Hawks are
perilous, but so are crow together.
Their cries shattered the tranquility
of the song bird serenade that bathes
the mountain in an aura of grace.
Once the excitement passes over
the song birds resume calling to
one another in their dulcet tones
perhaps heralding the crows' victory.
Warnings are paramount in nature.
The difference between life and death.

The Seekers

The hawks are out circling.
I can hear their distant cries.
It is a glorious day for the hunt.

You can see for miles in all directions.
The crystalline skies are an eternal blue.
You can believe in immortality on the mountain

overlooking the distant vista of more mountains,
and glowing horizon, promising a miracle
or two. The birth of an idea to mend

what has gone wrong in our world
post pandemic. Morale is broken
by the constant stream of reports.

But on a day like today, we can imagine
a better way. A road clear of old debris.
If only we set our hearts on a higher plane.

Join the hawk on his hunt for sustenance.
Seek and you shall find. Well, I can tell we are
a planet of seekers, and that is a comforting thought.