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Sparrow Poem #1

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Sparrow Poem #1

Sparrows make me think of Chairman Mao, how something so tiny can bring a country down simply by its absence. I treasure the sparrows in my yard all year, since they're the only birds that don't leave me when winter comes.

I wonder if they know the reason I tolerate them chasing away the other finches goldfinches and weavers, the tiny speckled wrens because I admire their place in history, or because of their year-round fealty or if they even think of me at all. My spring and summer is spent

watching the little birds mate in chirps and flutters in the tree branches and lay claim to the birdhouses hanging from my trees, I cluck at them from the kitchen window, refill the feeders when they're empty, I think of all of the things Mao missed in his condemnation of sparrows of what it must have been like that first summer without them.

-Holly Day
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