



Today I see
from the window a cardinal
perched on the boney branch of a tree
here in the
dead of winter.

Didn't he get
the news? "*This* tree,"
his body says, shivering, "in *this*
courtyard."

Either he has not
received the birdcall or taken
to heart the Buddhist
memo or any of the other 1000
leaflets dropped
from the sky in their many
languages warning with directive,
Let go. Let go.

Look at him,
that tiny red shield
against a whole world of grey
under cloud cover, low
and heavy with
the mandate of snow.