october 14: The chickadees in their little white babushkas over black heads are first to return to the feeder.

october 18 Dead and Dying Birds:

On return from the hospital
yet again
they walked up five steps to the concrete stoop
where a bird, who, in their absence had hit the front window,
lay with its eyes being eaten.
He quietly said that he had nothing left
and went in to take a nap
instead of getting a shovel for the burial.
She went inside to get the bird book and confirmed that it was a Fox Sparrow
and then, having nothing left,
went in to take a nap
instead of getting a shovel for the burial.
The next day, it rained all day.
The next morning, she went out with a shovel,
laid him in a hole, and asked for his peaceful rest
and that perpetual light shine upon him.

december 29: This evening, half a dozen or so white throated sparrows are kicking around the courtyard—one of them, seemingly absentmindedly, singing of his exquisite tune as a dancer goes through bits of pieces while waiting in line at the grocery store. Wait! There are at least a dozen!