

excerpt from *or sleep when they should sing*
in *les Oiseaux Sauvages de Detroit* [FW page 1 of 1]

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!