

Spring 2017

## Birdsong

Kyle L. Barron

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**Kyle L. Barron**

**Birdsong**

Immersed in a peaceful, snow-cloaked forest  
not too far from where Sand Run  
pours into the Cuyahoga,  
a young woman sits on a  
wooden park bench—

tufts of light blond hair  
peek out from the gaps between  
knit hat and tightly wrapped scarf;  
her mittened hands scoop seed  
from a zippered sandwich bag,  
carefully placing mounds of millet  
just far enough away so as not to spook  
a brilliant ruby cardinal  
flitting from snow-burdened bough  
to bench and back again—his  
dusty cinnamon beloved  
never more than a few hops away.

Outstretched arm held palm-up,  
a black-capped chickadee alights on an  
index finger—firm grip of tiny feet  
barely perceptible—  
quickly but calmly selecting the  
choicest sunflower seed to  
bash open on a nearby branch.

Between feedings, she  
reads to her appreciatively  
chirping audience from a  
leather journal filled with hand-written poetry,  
a collection of her most  
beautiful words and sounds—  
syllables of human birdsong  
hung in the air on visible breath—  
offered up as a heartfelt thank you  
for the songs they have always sung for her.