

The Basic Tune of the Sparrow

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Outside the glass that keeps us warm,
the sparrows,
most common of creatures,
of whom the promise is made
that none will be lost,
are content,
releasing out from themselves
the basic, expected
tune of sparrow.
They intone through the snows
that flesh the limbs
and starch white the ground
where in rust and green seasons
they forage for food,
take in stride the wider design
be it snow, or rain, shards of sun,
the discontent of wind.
They expect nothing more,
accept even less.
Brown feather, small bone, unsung
as late love, bare light bulbs,
a white cotton slip,
they yield.
No murmur no envy no pain
leaks from their beaks.