

Waiting for the Wood Thrush

by Ashley Memory

Breath of spring has sprung
vanilla petals lost to wind
Squirrels dash and bicker
frogs peep and peep again.

Cardinals preen *pretty, pretty*
Woodpeckers hammer until noon.
Honeybees hobnob round the plum
and crickets trill to the moon.

What we don't yet hear this spring
is the voice of the shy passerine
beguiling us from the bramble
a speckled breast never seen.

He may sire a brood or not
but he never stays too long.
From May to August he haunts
with his peculiar eerie song.

It is the descant to spring's melody
those footprints in the dew
God, a whisper: *Come to me.*
Here I am. Right near you.