

Bird in the Body of the World

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [December 2023](#) issue

December fifth, the first day of frost,
boxwood leaves silver in the sunlight.
Car windows coated, the glassy grass
crackles, fragile underfoot.
The sparrow steps lightly, as if he knows
what's coming. Days of deep darkness,
nests full of snow,
wind that blows you into windows.
He does not curse, nor does he bless
the weather. He only takes what comes,
each dawn a day he never expected
to see. He is one of the Holy Ones.
He doesn't know the world is a wreck.
Everything that is is perfect.