To Feed the Birds

by <u>Sarah Rossiter</u> in the <u>March 2025</u> issue Published on February 17, 2025

each morning, break the ice in the stone birdbath, water essential as suet in this time of drought—earth cracks, brush burns, the wild beast circles beneath the unrelenting sky.

Waiting, the world shivers. Turkeys strut, preening. Stars spin, hidden, but when sun sets, the full moon rises: Without darkness, we would not know light.

Despite the cold, let go, settle, hand outstretched, palm open, trusting that in time he'll come, chickadee who dares to perch, fearless, on your quiet skin, to eat the seeds you hold for him.