

# Poor Sparrows

By Glenn Currier

It is cold and bleak today  
rain soaked.  
Poor birds,  
so afraid and alert.

the feeder restocked with seed  
what a feast  
good day to be a sparrow  
poor thing behind the glaze  
cooped and confined  
his gaze so empty of flight

But what is being inside on this cold day?

Secure in this heated space?

The cold corners.  
The dark passages  
like lava tubes once alive with fire  
now empty and echoing  
in shallow breaths  
thudding of wounds  
still raw with feeling.

Not so good  
being inside.

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