

The Robin

I sit alone in the woods.
As the blissful sighs
Of nature's tender breath
Echo through my ears.

A rustle of leaves.
And my vision centers
On a bustling break
In the uniform landscape:
A single bird.
A dash of charcoal gray
In a sea of swaying green.

Layered, intricate leaf patterns
Sewn with the care of a spider's web
Upon a verdant, rippling fabric
Veil you in mystery.

Your bright orange chest flickers
With the faintest fire,
Reflected by the sun's rays.

Such luster,
Such fervent pulses of the breath!
The quiet radiance of your quivering form,
Hops about to and fro
Through the gently sloping terrain.

But as I sit, enraptured
By the everchanging mosaic of foliage,
I turn to find that the bird is gone.
And I am left alone with my thoughts
To wonder how such a departure occurred.

Perhaps a bright flash of orange vibrancy
Flickered, then blurred just as quickly
As the bird darted away
Into the dulled rustling of a bush.

Or perhaps,
The bird remained for a moment.
With a modest glint of his darkened wings
As rays of sunlight delicately traced
The outlines of each feather
With the care of a craftsman
And the warmth of the most tender,
Delicate embrace of daylight.

Oh, chirping child of the sun,
Ascend toward heaven
And spiral through the air
With your blackened wings held true
Through the tumultuous winds.
And your bright chest
Bared proudly toward the sunlight,
Proclaiming that you will not be forgotten
In the sky's infinite expanse.

Streak across Earth's unwinding blue tapestry
And let your orange chest bleed
Into the colors of the wandering sunset,
Setting your dark wings aflame
With the flickering fire of the sun's rays.

Soar above the passage of time,
The falling of leaves and the bending of branches.
The rippling lights below merely echo brilliance,
While you, my friend,
May take place in the true, unfiltered symphony
Of heaven's infinite splendor.

Let your frail voice pierce through the clouds
And complement the chorus of life,
Thick with the tones of what was gained and lost
And what will forever remain.

Although I could not witness your departure,
I hope that it transpired in this way.

That you did not simply choose to mill about
And lose yourself
In the known crevices
Of the comfortable wood,
Where my eyes cannot reach you,
And where the sky must patiently await
The overdue expansion
Of your tattered wings
And the crackling of awakened life
In your weary, burning breast.