



# ON WHY THE BIRDS MATTER

IPHIGENE



Pandemonium  
A chaos of closing  
doors  
Retreating to boxes  
with  
Windows for light.  
Even the biggest  
boxes  
Feel like walls  
falling into  
Your space

In the sliver of  
time  
15 minutes of  
afternoon  
Sun, sky and wind  
I look up, inhale  
cut grass and exhale  
Music slipping  
through

Single notes in  
Succession, carried  
across  
My wide enough  
street,  
Birds  
Notice them, a  
change  
In melody, In  
flutter,  
In feathers, in  
color  
In wingspan.

It sits flustered,  
Flipping through my  
chest  
Like tiny chirps  
unnoticed:  
Joy.  
Of blue skies, of  
seeing  
Winged creatures of  
Yellow tails, soot  
black feathers,  
Of chestnut  
And zebra printed  
skin

In pandemonium,  
Reprieve in the  
soaring  
Metaphors of birds  
And of hope  
encountered  
In intermittent  
songs  
Across a despairing  
Heart.

