

## A Poem Not Against Songbirds

Lighten up, songbirds. Give me a break.  
No need to carry on this way,  
even if it is morning. I need more sleep.

Where were you keeping yourselves when I was thirty?  
When the house stayed dark and quiet all day,  
as if somebody had died?

And this same somebody, or somebody else,  
cooked a huge, morose meal for the survivors.  
A meal that lasted ten years.

Go on, sweethearts. Come back in an hour,  
my friends. Then I'll be wide awake.  
You'll see. This time I can promise.

## THE SISKINS

The bank swallows veer and dip,  
Diving down at my windows,  
Then flying almost straight upward,  
Like bats in daytime,  
And their shadows, bigger,  
Race over the thick grass;  
And the finches pitch through the air, twittering;  
And the small mad siskins flit by,  
Flying upward in little skips and erratic leaps;  
Or they sit sideways on limber dandelion stems,  
Bending them down to the ground;  
Or perch and peck at larger flower-crowns,  
Springing, one to another,  
The last-abandoned stalk always quivering  
Back into straightness;  
Or they fling themselves against tree trunks,  
Scuttling down and around like young squirrels,  
Birds furious as bees.

Now they move all together!—  
These airy hippety-hop skippers,  
Light as seed blowing off thistles!  
And I seem to lean forward,  
As my eyes follow after  
Their sunlit leaping.