

## Among the Finches

Finches thread the morning,  
fill the air with chittering,  
a community arcing back and forth,  
weaving through the myrtle.

The tree, barely a suggestion of leaf,  
flashes with daubs of yellow,  
tiny dabs of black and white--

For three hours, these lemony nomads  
feed with slender beaks,  
their hectic feeding, their constant in and out.  
Within it all, rules the silent visitor.

He remains at the center,  
broad chested, stately,  
rarely bending his head  
toward the dealings of the little birds.

He is so quiet, so solemn,  
that I stand beneath his perch,  
wondering at his purpose.  
He bestows a single glance from his dark eye.

We visitors do not perturb him.  
He will act as he decides.  
It is I, then, who bows my head,  
who steps away from the mourning dove.

--Theresa McCourt