

Birds

by Susan Cozzens

Walking

In active retreat from the virus

Blessed by

Trails next to a river that breathes

Up and down with spring rains,

New leaves arching out of branches

Clouds

Rolling in from the Pacific

Grey and white puppies rolling playfully

Across the sky, towards the mountains

Birds

So many urgent voices

High, low, raspy, quick, loud

Their calls have been there all along.

I heard them but did not listen.

What else have I been hearing

But not listening to?

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