

EARLY BIRD

Outside the dark window
at 4:00 a.m.
the early bird
flits up to swing
atop the shadowy flowers.
It warbles
Come sun, come sun.

Into the swaying bushes
followers wing
courting the light,
love's call for a new mate.

Night's indigo thins to blue
with far off a hint of rose,
and as moist soil
uncurls its worms
appetite overturns melody
swooping to fill
small feathered bellies
while my ears go hungry
for more of their song.

Susan Ioannou
Ontario, Canada