

Bird feeder

One inch per week.

My dad said that's how much seed
the birds would take from
the feeder he got Mom for Christmas.

Turns out the word got around.

Three inches gone today;
seed piled on the porch like sand
let from a bag.

All day, the cat watched.

Titmice, morning doves, black-capped chickadees
pick grain from grain, their plumage shifting
in our backyard wind.

When we welcomed the birds, we welcomed a swarm. Feathered and full.

Mom sips coffee, puzzles, and comments on the birds
Dad watches them from the kitchen window while he cooks.

I wonder how long until the bird feeder runs out and
The house goes quiet again.