

The sparrows

I spent most of my morning trying to identify a blue streaked bird.
Speeding from tree to tree, in and out of sight,
it kept moving just so, and I couldn't get a close enough look.
There was one moment where I almost caught it,
but before I could take a picture, it was gone.

Staring at this unknown bird, I thought to myself,
how silly it seems to be noticing the birds in a time like this.
When so many people suffer,
where there are lands where the birds have left because the sky is filled with drones,
where the goldfinches and seagulls and swallows have escaped in manners impossible for
the civilians below.
In a time when homes and schools and hospitals are bombed, families are incinerated,
entire ecosystems salted,
it seems so asinine to sit on my porch, and just watch.

And then the blue winged enigma flew away again.
In the silence that followed,
I was reminded that without noticing, we would not have hope.
If I had ignored the birds, I would have missed the birdsong,
and if I had missed the birdsong, I would have missed the silence,
and it was in that silence that I began to dream.

Now there are three sparrows,
hopping in the grass,
pecking at leftover seeds from the birdhouse swinging above.
They silently flit amongst the grass,
not bothered by my presence mere feet away.
In the silence,
I imagine a day where I will look upon sparrows like these,
in a time where noticing does not feel wasteful,
where there will be time for everyone, even the birds, to just stop and breathe and be.