

Death of a Cedar Waxwing

On my morning way to the children's hospital
he was lying there near the glass doors
beside the holly where he had been feeding.
How dashing he was, all alone and still,
with his black Zorro's mask, bright red wing tips
and not a mark on him.

Without a cat or BB gun to blame, the unexpectedness
of it made me pause, and afraid a young patient
coming by might end up sadly stopped like me,
I wrapped him in a paper towel, laying him
as gently as I could in the trash can by the door,
all day thinking he deserved more.