



Snow upon the Blue Jays' Nest

Last night it snowed and now it's stopped, the air is clear.
It's cool and bright. Let's lace our boots and take our walk
Into the woods behind the house. Coronas of snow
Bedeck the trees, soften their branches and dress their limbs.

No songs, no birds, just the silent cover of the snowy blanket.
Here, in the crotch of an old elm tree, is the blue jays' nest
Where two young chicks shared space made safe by bold and loving parents
Who, when threatened, would scream and drive off intruders.

No caw-cawing crow or pesky squirrel could approach the nest,
With caring parents always there, the twig-lined home a solid castle.
The birds are now gone, snow has filled the empty spaces.
The jays will return to their snow-cleansed nest next year.

But now it's time for the nest to rest, to regain its strength
For the year ahead, to rebuild its walls, to soften its twigs,
The blue jays will be welcome when the snows are gone.
I miss my jays, they must come home.

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