



Chipping Sparrow

The small birds flittered in the grass ahead,
Moving to and fro, anxious to be fed,
As I got closer, they started to move
Of my presence, I am sure, they did not approve.

So, I stood very still, and they regained composure
As I minimized their fear of exposure,
And I watched as they fell back into their pattern
Full of ups and downs and lots of chatter.

As they relaxed, I also moved a bit closer,
And one bird posed as if for a poster,
A chipping sparrow later found in the book,
What a great view, what a great look.

And robins could be seen nearby on the ground,
And the chickadees were also hanging around,
There likely were other sparrows within,
But I wasn't able to clearly see them.

To be a part of a bird party is great fun,
It's joining a conversation occurring on the run,
Birds gracefully moving through grass and trees,
Dashing and chattering with great social ease.

I first heard of bird parties in Zimbabwe,
A local guide's term new to Garland and me,
He loved his birds, and he was a funny guy,
His wit very British, wry and dry.

During Covid times when I can't party with people,

I go to nature and become grateful and gleeful,
By partying with the chickadee and the chipping sparrow,
By attending Earth Church when options narrow.

I recommend bird parties as good for the soul,
To restore fun in life that Covid stole,
Embrace what you can - don't fret what you can't,
You'll be amazed – such ability to enchant.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we'll do what we can
To find a party for you.