Cedar Waxwing 2

The sound comes from above the oaks,
A soft yet pervasive whistling,
A signal that comes from the Cedar Waxwings,
They were here, but were you listening?

I search the treetops and then I see,
The group of thirty or so small birds,
Flying, landing and then feeding together,
All looking alike, what a group of nerds.

The waxwing community attacks the berries,
Each bird with a distinctive black eye mask,
Signaling membership in this cohesive group -
All working together to achieve the task.

A group where members look after each other –
Warning of predators, helping to find food,
Working together to meet their needs,
All looking out for the common good.

I see a group working for all its members,
Finding safety and food among the oaks,
Unlike we humans who expose our weak,
As we work for one rather than all the folks.

And as I see the waxwings rise,
And move back north together,
I smile and think we humans need
To talk about more than today’s weather.

We need to get serious about those unprotected -
About those uprooted by this virus disaster,
Who also get nailed when our annual flood comes,
They need help, and we need to move faster.

It’s not unAmerican to help out each other,
It’s not unChristian to help your brother,
I don’t know why we can’t have a vision
That includes us caring for one another.

So, I look to the waxwings flying away,
And wish them well on their trip today,
And thank them all for giving us a view,
Of a system that’s not about good for the few.