Eastern Bluebird

Sitting at home hiding from the virus
And knowing it’s lurking nearby.

A pall has fallen over my landscape.
I can feel it. It’s a thing.
It came in like a fog from the Gulf
And has settled in for a while,
An Old Testament narrative
That I am living.

I look to the bluebird for hope,
A delicate, even dainty,
Blue and red bird of the field
That lives with the constant pall
Of the raptors – the cagey Coopers
Or the wily Sharp-shinned Hawk -
Birds stronger than my blue friend,
A situation I juxtapose against ours
Where we fear a microscopic virus,
An issue where strength does not control,
And as my blue friend hopes
The hawk passes over,
We hope that the virus passes us by.

Passover – Passover – Passover virus
Stay away from me today
Don’t come near or make me fear
Just stay out of my way.

And to the bluebird I tip my hat
For it lives a life at constant risk,
A feathered soul who never fails
To give my soul a lift.