The Dickcissel

In a rehab center in art therapy
Trying to become sober.

The blank bird molding sat before me,
Asking for paint to give form and life
To the shape without identity,
Much like my inner self – vacant, empty –
Ready to transform - unable to do it alone.

The bird book opened to the Dickcissel,
A bird I had not but now have seen,
A lovely prairie bird of soft browns and a yellow
Splash below the black bandanna on its throat,
A bird that migrates through the Texas coast,
Part of the spring river of birds flowing north,
Heading for their breeding lands, renewing life,
Much like the river to be restored within myself,
A river full of cracked mud
Desiccated by spiritual drought,
A river whose flow was restored
By the rain of self-realization
That began to fall with the first brush of paint
That brought the blank mold to life,
Rain that became a deluge as I ventured
Back outside and found other living things,
Discovering the miracle that is life,
Life that is wonderful because it exists,
Realizing I could become whole again
Like the bird that came to life before me
When I needed it most.