

Labor

Have you heard the catbird working this morning?
Just outside our bedroom's one window facing east
where the sun slivers its way through the loose
curtain,

she's scratching again at the half-rotten shutter
with her beak full of haystraw and twigs to keep
her delicate nest where she wants it forever.

I like to think that she'll make it — will perch it there
perfectly weighed against whatever wind or attack
might suddenly claw its way up our wall.

Even while you've slept, her struggle has slipped
deep to your dream and that's why your eyelids
are flying in warning, in small conspiracy . . .

everything in her toil says we must rise once again
to spend our own day among hungers and want.