

## RED WINGED BLACKBIRD

The Cardinal interrupts  
Winter's morning chill  
To sing of one who will come  
With the wind and the cold rains of March.

Bird foretold, the Red Wing  
Comes with the earliest rains  
To gather in wind blown  
Congregations of his sable brethren.

This obscure prophet of buds,  
And leaves and blossoms nodding,  
Of further birds and ethereal hills,  
Is scarcely heeded beyond

The learned of the feathered world.  
The Robin, for overwhelming mornings  
With his hurried cherubic serenade,  
Is considered the harbinger of spring.

After his prophecies and a summer  
Of nesting and calling from alders  
And cattails, imperceptibly  
He vanishes into the speechlessness of winter.

*Written by Booth Perkins*

*Winner of the 2017 National Poetry Month Contest at*

  
Cortland Free Library

*Presented May 5, 2017*