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