

Cloche



It sits on my desk,
a treasure harvested from the “alone days,”
when I sat at my kitchen table
staring out the window,
watching the birds busy with life
Instead of my teacher, flattened on a screen

Suddenly-
A flash of the most brilliant blue!
Gone, but reappearing
Gone, but reappearing
Gone, please come back . . .

Back!
Not one bluebird, but two!
A visit to the birdhouse, hanging from our
crabapple tree.
“Home for Rent, Perfect for a Growing Family,”
I think
As I watch them make the big decision

And now the work begins
Pine needles, moss, labrador fur, leaves,
The stuffing from a forgotten cushion

I watch them build their nest,
Hour after hour, day after day
I feel connected, included, protective

And then one day -
They do not reappear
I wait and I watch -
Hour after hour, day after day
I know they are gone,
But I am afraid to look

And then curiosity finally wins out
I gather my courage,
Open the tiny hinged roof.

And there they are!
No, not the beautiful couple I loved.

But four perfect eggs.
Tiny, oval, and baby blue,
Nestled in the cozy nest that is both
their cradle and grave

I mourn their unlived lives.
I cannot bear to throw it all away.
So much work, and so much beauty
I cannot let it go.

I gather the nest and eggs
And place them under glass

And now -
They sit on my desk,
Immune from the cruelty of time and nature.
No danger now from crow or fox or summer
storms

And my nest under glass gives me hope for
tomorrow . . .

Because I see there is no failure where there has
been love and hard work.
Because there is value in reaching towards
perfection, even in defeat.
Because the beauty is in the effort,
Not just in reaching the goal.