

Bird vs. Machine

The sounds of the city
Are waging war with the birds...
Rumble of trucks returning,
Chain saws mosquitos buzzing,
Mowers whirring and whining,
Autos accelerating, braking,
Speakers booming and blaring,

Machines that pour tar down the throats of
Warblers, thrushes and finches,
Cardinals and Chickadees,
Nuthatches, robins and wrens.
Only the tap and clatter of a determined
Downy woodpecker can be heard
Drilling into deadwood
During a moment's lull.

For a brief interlude in May
While the world stopped,
We had a symphony
Free and open to the public,
With staccato and legato,
Crescendos and decrescendos,
Fortissimo and pianissimo,
Triplets and trills, together
Ringing through the trees
A lively chorus with no conductor.

But today it is back to business -
The machines win again.

Nancy Dickerson May, 2020