

...march 28, 2017...

*a grey rain blankets air
almost too cold for spring –
bushtits huddle close –
like fuzzy balls of lint –*

*they chase the hummingbird away
to sip at sugar water
then vanish into pouring rain
only to return again –*

*they preen and sip and dart
then cuddle up for warmth
perhaps like me – wondering when
the sun will ever shine again.*

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