

...may 25, 2022...

**a baby finch –
just old enough to fly
sat the balcony –
abandoned by its parents –
something not quite right –
it never flew away –**

**it munched at sunflower seeds
and sometimes hopped about
unconcerned
and not afraid of me –**

**i made a cradle home
then picked it up –
it perched upon my finger
quietly –
when i put it down
inside its cradle home
it tucked its head behind a wing
and a little later – died –**

**now i cherish blessings
from a spirit finch
that once held my finger
unafraid.**

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