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The Chickadee's Song

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The Chickadee's Song

By: Ashley Bernett

Hummingbirds, cranes, and New World Warblers
lift off from the trees and electric power lines
under the subdued sun,
shielding itself away with a blanket of
stratus and cumulonimbus clouds.

The crusty, red and brown leaves stare up
at these clouds as their tiny bodies
decompose against the faint emerald grass,
lightly salted with the first snowfall.

Year after year, the world is born again as a
kaleidoscope of blue skies and lemon light streams,
only to grow up and evolve into this
dark grey, sub-zero reality.

All the buttercups, daffodils, and Lily
of the Incas will perish
in the apocalyptic winter wasteland.
While the perennials, evergreens, and
petunias will stand strong against the brisk air.

Fly birds, descend to the south.
Leave the poor Chickadee
whose brown and white feathers blend in
with the bare branch of the Cherry tree.
Its lone song will accompany
the hidden sunrise for the next 89 days.