

Sonnet Scroll

A Magic Box

By David Landon

It's easy with the birds. I have this box,
filled with all sorts of seed and piquant bits:
dried apples, walnuts, raisins, peanuts, beans.
The feeders full, I watch the species gather,
and bracket what needs thinking more about:
the death of earth, injustice, suffering,
human incompetence, abuse of power,
my own mortality. The birds are hungry,
eager, quick with being, honed in flight,
pecking, or patient in the nearby trees,
distinctive kinds, proud of their special feathers:
euphoria, gratuitous abundance—
almost as if the world might yet fulfill
the generous promise of its origin.