

red

Yesterday a male cardinal
sounded gustily from the
powerline that cuts high
over our property. In the
next instant it was perched
silently in the uppermost,
willowy branches of a silver
maple or some such that
reaches out over the road
from across the street.

The sun shone. The wind
blew uselessly at snow that
lay in heavy wet heaps on
the sidewalk.

The day began and ended
and melted into the next
and yet it is this image that

indistinct but for a red presence

lingers.