

Ready or not

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [October 31, 2006](#) issue

The readiness is all, he says, but I'm not ready, not for this: the bluebird back before her time—that is, if she ever left—the winter soft as summer mist when pink buds swell too soon, surprising. Which should, it seems, be cause for joy, but, yet again, it is not so, for on this fragile island earth, ice fields melt, dark waters rise, and sweeping north in wild flight, swans bear within them seeds of death, not yet in bloom, but it will come when warbler, wood duck, raven, wren drop from the silent sky like stones; and in the green dawn no birds sing.