

# Waxwings in the pyrocanthus

by [G. Wayne Glick](#) in the [February 22, 2005](#) issue

Heavy the waxwings hang upon the bough,  
A gospel dozen, sharing summer fruits,  
The pyrocanthus touched with winter snow,  
Alive with yellow-banded crested suits.  
There is no solitary prophet here,  
Spying the setting, ranking lesser wings;  
They come in droves, in droves they disappear,  
Unlike the dove, alone no waxwing sings.  
Of course the birds are metaphor to me,  
The waxing congregation sharing all;  
The dove, I think, practices poetry,  
Solitary, an "individual."  
Is it perverse to sing a lonely song,  
When love prescribes the place where we belong?