

Catbirds

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [April 17, 2007](#) issue

You will be blessed if you ever catch
a glimpse of their plain feathers, the gray
of slate shingles in the rain, and their bright
black eyes shining with every good secret
they will never tell. They preferred the thickest
brush along our creek bed and what was
overgrown around the abandoned shed.
My grandfather as he lay dying recalled
the hidden catbirds from his childhood,
how they sang in the thicket of an empty house
every morning as if their hearts would break,
as if they knew the treasures of heaven lay
in every clear note they tendered to the world.