

# 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.