

11-Sep-09

by [Brian Doyle](#) in the [February 23, 2010](#) issue

Sat by the river for a long time making sure it was still working.
There's a pile of finches in the currants stuffing themselves silly.
This one finch slurped so many berries he could hardly get aloft.
He sort of lurched off the branch and lumbered into the holy air.
It seemed like the other finches were razzing him but maybe not.
He fell toward the river like a huge currant covered with feathers.
You have to grin at the greedy green thrilled persistence of it all,
You know what I mean? Because there are finches in the bushes,
Exactly so. What could ever be a more eloquent prayer than that?