

Robin

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [April 24, 2019](#) issue

In their beaks they carry the chaos of the world,
odd strings, twigs and feathers, scrip-scrap,
the two of them all week weave together

on our front porch until, nimble and tough,
their architecture balances on our red shutter
and she tries it out for a day like a woman

nesting a hat on her head this way, then that,
flitting up, floating down, before she settles
wholly into it and sits, her shiny black eyes

unblinking, unperturbed as silence itself,
like God brooding over the face of the deep,
come night, still calmer, welcoming the dark,
which is his creature, as even chaos is.