

## The wren's lament

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [April 7, 2021](#) issue

Who knows why the fledglings died—  
slowly—lingering even now in the nest  
built in the clothespin bag hanging from  
a nail on the porch while the frantic  
parents sing forth their lament.

Was it the cramped contours of the bag  
bristling with wooden pins, or our evening  
presence on the porch, or the early laying  
of six small eggs in this long cold spring  
of frigid nights.

Why? And how can such liquid notes  
purling like a mountain stream, be grief,  
though watching the parents' frenzied flight,  
the silent nest, the seed, uneaten, falling  
from the mother's beak, how can they not?

This is not the poem I planned to write  
when life cracked open the tiny speckled  
eggs, but even now that joy remains within  
the layered saddened heart as does the hope  
that what has been will, surely, be again.