

Wren

by [Donna Pucciani](#) in the [June 29, 2022](#) issue

What's the use, little one?  
You daily peck the mulch  
of summer's torpor, then  
carry a dead blade of grass  
up to the birdhouse, where you  
disappear into a black hole  
the size of my thumb.

A minute later, you do it  
all over again, beaking the pile  
of bark and old vegetation below  
to find just the perfect fragment  
of ribbon, sun-dried  
in the sparseness of drought.

You vanish once more  
into the tiny architecture  
of darkness, doing whatever  
your housekeeping demands,  
making a bed for your young,  
who will presently hatch,  
or fall, awaiting the mouth  
of next door's cat.

Yesterday, and into the morrow,  
you work, all flourish and flutter,  
confident of something I cannot fathom,  
your winged persistence some reason  
for your daily labors, your blind instinct  
a feathered hope.