

To Feed the Birds

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [March 2025](#) issue

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each morning, break the ice
in the stone birdbath, water
essential as suet in this time
of drought—earth cracks, brush
burns, the wild beast circles
beneath the unrelenting sky.

Waiting, the world shivers.
Turkeys strut, preening.
Stars spin, hidden, but when
sun sets, the full moon rises:
Without darkness, we would
not know light.

Despite the cold, let go, settle,
hand outstretched, palm open,
trusting that in time he'll come,
chickadee who dares to perch,
fearless, on your quiet skin,
to eat the seeds you hold for him.