

Sparrows

Rosemary Blake

Some days I do nothing but gaze out the window watching the turf wars
of small birds – sparrows at the feeder, the squabbling along the fence.

Under “Special Items Needed”, Adam, our landscape gardener
has written “Care” in upper case. He chides me about the grass,
his squares of new turf already yellowing at the edges like a frayed quilt.
“People *claim* they have a shade problem,” he says, “when really it’s *neglect*”,
compares me to my neighbour down the road who grows peonies
big as dinner plates; long-stemmed iris grace the borders of her lawn.

I wipe the kitchen window of its warm mist. Winter has been long.
Sparrows gather on the driveway after rain – two for a penny,
all air, bones like honeycomb.

Rosemary Blake is an Australian who lived in Canada for many years. She has been published in anthologies and literary magazine both in OZ and in Canada. Her collection *Wintering* is published by Ekstasis Editions in Canada. She lives in Geelong. Publications here include *The Best Australian Poems* and *Australian Poetry Anthology*, among others.