

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Legend

By Jennifer Barber

The bluejay chided me.
The goshawk found me difficult to tell
from others of my ilk.

Only the robin, there
in a weedy corner of the yard,
stayed to watch me with my trowel.

What is wisdom, he asked, tilting his head.
I had no answer.

The milky-tongued magnolias
dropped velvet sheaths
in the furrows of the sky.

A branch shook.
The first stars surfaced like seeds.