

## Feathered Ephemera

After I had set up the bird feeder  
and filled it with seeds,  
the past entered into my lungs  
like an old friend in a gray overcoat  
coming into the house out of November.

For a few moments  
I (not seemed) was an earlier adult,  
vibrant with hints and smells,  
living younger in this aging body  
as forgotten feelings blazed up  
in the tangy wind.

Today, sparrows are flitting about the feeder  
enjoying seedy morsels that heat them  
against crackling winter mornings.

Cheerio, sparrows!  
Each wiggly one of you  
betokens a forgotten coloration  
in the cup of my soul.  
Cheerio! Eat your fill  
before the neighbor's cat  
eats his.