

## A Still Point of Blue

Morning lifts, thin as breath,  
and already he is there,

a male bluebird  
at the lip of the box,  
breast lit with rust,  
back the color of the sky he came from.

he calls, soft, certain.

others answer —  
from the fence wire,  
from branch shadows,  
from the far edge of the yard,  
they come.

blue against blue,  
each a sharp turn of light.

they wheel,  
dive,  
break and return.

a tree swallow cuts through them,  
darker blue, quick as a blade,  
claiming nothing,  
ceding nothing.

a house sparrow arrives,  
brown, blunt, uninvited,  
testing the roof,  
pushing its luck —  
driven off  
then back  
then driven again.

at last, one remains.

he guards the opening,  
wings half-spread,  
song threading the air  
without breaking.

then she,

quieter,  
shadowed blue,

arriving without hurry,  
measuring the space  
as if it must answer to her.

she enters,  
disappears,  
returns.

and the work begins —  
stems,  
straw,  
needles,  
a pale feather.

back and forth,  
distance and return,  
until the small dark room  
lifts into shape.

days gather.

then one morning,  
she goes in  
and does not come out.

he waits nearby,  
a still point of blue.

inside, she settles.