

**Birds Doing**

I've never seen birds doing it.

They sing, they flit, they fly, they  
fill my life with music  
and tiny worm feet

but where do they do to, when?

I've called on them all my life,  
all my books, fast-beating hearts  
respond, it is a kind of love,  
kind of fame.

I don't want to peek, but I was  
thinking, I was, to tell it true,  
reading a poem by a friend  
I hardly ever see. Home

at night in my kitchen, wondering  
like a twenty-year-old  
do those birds we never hear after dark  
have somewhere to go?

*George Bowering*