

# *The Sparrows*

JOHN GREY

It's not their flight but how they  
alight on the gutters where I might live.  
It's a humble thing that has its own song

even in the middle of February,  
where nothing is nesting,  
where the sky is empty but for these,

and the backhoes and dozers are outside  
clearing a hole in the snow  
so they might bury me,

and there's no denying that it's me here  
in this flesh, all infrequent shards of light  
and much early afternoon shadow,

who would take his own life  
if all he were were winter,

who would overdose on the silence  
or the smother of night

if they didn't peck at his window,  
magnify the heart  
with carefree spasms of the throat.