

For These Brief Moments

I measure time by the angle
dim slivers of light enter my room
each morning from behind
ever-closed curtains, by the way
their faint glow subtly shifts
through the day, until it fades
beyond the reach of dusk.

One year bedbound, I lose track
of the natural world, the only place
I didn't question if I belonged.
Yet strains of it still drift
through walls in birdsong,
distant banter of crows,
whispered echoes of rain.

Spring's finches grow
chummy in summer.
Each day, around noon
settling on the windowsill
just above my head, bathing
in the warmth of the sun
for much of the afternoon.

I can't see them
but hear soft scraping
of claws scampering about,
occasional fluttering of wings,
bickerings over who sits where.
And for these brief moments
I am not lonely.