

REDWING BLACKBIRDS

Coming into Winona from my cottage in Rushford
This early morning
As I drove over the high flats
I saw for the first time this year
Redwing Blackbirds
Perching on the barbwire fence
There on the right side ---
One of the first signs of spring for me,
So I rejoiced in the seeing –
Each was perched about twenty yards apart –
Not by man's measurement of course
But more naturally
And so approximately –
Approximate to their chosen bit of territory –
It was not quite sunrise yet
Thus their red wing patches were subdued
Not yet on fire –
Not yet their fierce blazing red
That at once celebrates their vitality
And their courage –
None were singing his song –
Waiting with due respect
For the great golden sun
To touch their breasts
With his long fingers of love
They were just perching there –
My radio was playing morning music
From the MPR turntables
Up in the Twin Cities
And just then a lady folk singer
Began to sing the Sinatra classic
Fly Me to the Moon –
She was doing a sweet good jazzy job of it --
But looking around
I found the sky too cloudy
To reveal the setting evening moon –
I do not know why this song caught hold of me so –
Only the deep of me must know that wisdom.

*“Fly me to the moon
and let me play among the stars
Let me see what spring is like
On Jupiter and Mars..... Fill my life with song
And let me sing forevermore.”*