Watching Red Birds





I sat and watched a red bird today and a bee buzz around my head. I sat and watched the wind blow, feel its coolness against my sun-heat skin. I listened to the trees rustle and the chickadee sing. I watched the clouds roll by and tried to guess the shapes. I watched a red rose open, its petals toward the light, and a baby squirrel snuck up to say hello. I sat and watched a red bird today flutter from tree to tree as he chased his mate around, chirping the whole time. I think he knew I was there. There are many things I didn't do today, many things I should have done. But with so much to entertain me, I could not pull away. So, I sat and watched a red bird today.

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