

The Cardinal's Song

*Here in the falling darkness I
With my five and only senses note
The music from this careless cardinal
That whistles red the winter's tree.*

*The sky beyond is changing violet
That seems to change within this song
And turns in shades of hues and tones
And gathers at the cold day's end.*

*The rest I take to hear this bird
Repeats time's closes in my mind,
And in this light it shapes the song
That does not need the senses. So*

*Fall the dark and gather sky,
Time that murders must create:
I saw him bring notes to my sleep.
Sing on, good cardinal, sing.*

—V.P. Loggins