

Catholics are to be silent

Spring comes too early to Louisiana.
The remaining days of March
Sitting on my stoop, I watch the baby finches'
first attempts at flight.
From eggs they have survived the
marauding bands of crows and blue jays :
now hover for their lives...
I think of coloring books

and being six, sitting at table in the cellar.
-- Good Friday, between the hours of one and three
Catholics are to be silent --
Silence and fasting makes a six-year-old
dizzy and sick, as the stomach soul searches.
Coloring pictures of Easter eggs and bunnies
is little comfort for a voice that wishes to scream,
there is even guilt for coloring outside the lines.

A finch has fallen. It spins in the grass trying to return to the air,
even though silence and stillness would better serve.
The cat comes quickly and moves off, mouth full.
The remaining finches know it is safe for a time...
-- My brother will not color and likes to sing.
When the door opens and the questions need answers,
I find I cannot save him, he must go upstairs...
It may be safe for a time.

1998 BJFR