Big Garden Bird Watch

A blackcap flew from the cill to the wall.
Beyond a robin sang, to him, invisible,
could that be in his bird role call,
Big Garden Watch, though his just a yard?
Then at midday a loud bell rang.

From memory, that winter afternoon,
he sketched a buzzard, it's broad wings out stretched. Their feathers were hard
to draw but birds called up thermal movement, air, space, flight.
His drawing expressed this well
though he no longer saw this sight.

He'd like his small bird count to matter,
to contribute. After all three was three when days were numbered behind
bars as he would never be set free.

Beverly Fry