

## Reflection - Birds

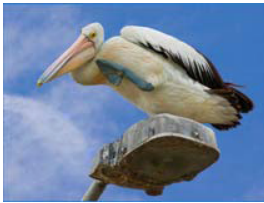
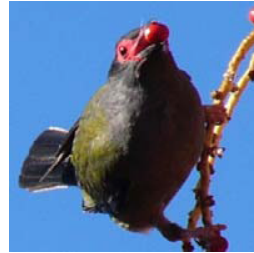
*Stray birds of summer come to my window  
to sing and fly away.*

Rabindranath Tagore



The birds who come to me don't wait for summer! They come as soon as the bottle brush flowers and they hang upside down to drink its sweetness.

The fig bird knows when the berries on the palm tree have turned deep red. He balances the bright red dot in his beak like a connoisseur savouring the vintage wine



Birds come who have adapted and profited by the city's sprawl. They sit on observation posts – telephone wires and street lights - while hunting what lies below. They frequent new sources of food as they keep vigil in parks and playgrounds.

The magpie walks on the flat roof, drinking last night's rain and nibbling seeds lodged in the gutter.

But the plover shuns progress and still nests on the ground where tall grasses have long since gone. She lives in the hope that her young ones will have a safe journey to adulthood.



Drinking at the fountain of life that springs in the birds is nothing new; across the centuries, the young at heart have often tasted their gifts.

*My heart in hiding  
Stirred for a bird, - the achieve of, the mastery of the thing.*

*The Windhover* Gerard Manley Hopkins

