

Sighting: A poem in the midst of COVID-19

Monday morning, March 30, 2020

by Connie Raub

*Walking passed my sliding door
A window to the outside world.
A world much different than before
A chance encounter would unfold.*

*A flash of white and vivid blue
An upright crest as black as coal
Caught my eye and then I knew
This delight would stir my soul.*

*A rare occurrence at my home
A Stellar Jay had come to feed.
A second Jay. He's not alone!
This is exactly what I need.*

*Two winged creatures had one intent
Ingest some seed, you might have guessed.
Without their knowledge, they were sent
To bring me hope. Thus I am Blessed.*