

# The Creator Praises Birds

Vent and crissum,  
lores and crest and comb: I  
made them all—the  
nares, nape, those  
horny bill plates—I in  
feathered trochees  
made them: peacock,  
sparrow, tufted titmouse,  
flitting jenny  
filled with joy of  
beaking worm, of strut and  
glide, of piping  
double on their  
syrinx. Praise how flock and  
murmuration  
call out warning,  
call to fly or roost or  
call for pleasure:  
*See me! Hear me!*  
*Pur-ty! Pur-ty! Pur-ty!*  
*Cheer up! Pibbity!*

Praise the brave-heart  
tender fledgling, wobbly  
winging over  
houses, over  
pavement, risking all to  
climb the air by  
beating wind I  
too created, rising  
heavenward in joy.

—J. S. Absher

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