

Another Point of View

For the heroes of the Arab Spring

I got a little carried away pruning the bush
that blocked my lake view. Now a wound

of a stump sticks up from the ground then stops
short as if it's had second thoughts

about branching out again.
The yard is littered with what can

no longer house the hundreds
of birds that called it home.

They've been displaced like refugees,
crossed the border

into my neighbors' yard
where they stare in silence having left their songs

tucked under the fallen leaves
in their flight to save their lives.

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