

Third Floor Ornithology

By Sandra Storey

When I swiveled, a barred owl did the same,
staring in at me with his round, brown eyes
centered in two circles. I nearly screamed.

Dawn to dusk and every day for weeks, owl
perches at that window of my room
as I sit at my desk with my books and papers.

Owl balances on a round limb of the evergreen
facing me from only feet away,
dozing time to time among the feathery branches.

*The owl being here has nothing to do with
who I am, I say, hoping I am wrong.*

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Last spring for a week, a robin pecked
at windows in my other rooms
as I did my morning getting-ready tasks.

Bedroom, kitchen, bath and back,
its rat-a-tat-tats followed me
dressing, sipping, brushing.

As the sun drops each evening,
owl carefully rearranges his feathers
with his small curved beak, releases giant wings and leaps

Stretched wide into a muscled force,
owl swoops silent, strong, between two houses,
disappears into the dark, returning with the sun.