

Non Rara Avis

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Non Rara Avis

Gary Beck

I saw a blue jay this morning.
As I walked past
a leafless tree
he looked at me
asked: 'Spring? Spring?'
I shrugged. He shrugged,
then yelled. 'Soon. Soon,'
then flew off
intent on jay business,
robbing a nest,
bullying a weaker bird,
taking off quickly
when a robin showed up,
just doing what jays do,
a typical New Yorker
managing to adapt
to an unnatural environment.