

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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