

Robins

by Ann Bogle

Pine nerves spike and row. A little calm in the snowy woods not news at first. It's April, so spring will be here again. Robins come, a man of robins, a steward of guards, march of hoof prints by the side-back door, they did not stay, picked another tree, another yard for their orgy—I was on to them. My mother saw just one in her yard.

