

# The Blue Bird

*by* Erika Byrne-Ludwig

The blue bird tapped at my window and pecked my crumbs. I talked to him as to a small person about the things of life, of flowers, of trees and the sky. Even at times pretending he was erudite, I questioned him about evolution and extinction. He looked at me as if he smiled, a little mockingly, trying to copy my voice with his chirruping. In late autumn, a cold wind came to ruffle up his feathers. He started to cough. Time to leave. A warm landscape was waiting for him far from the flu. With a wing signal and a blink of a mischievous eye, he said au revoir to me.

