“The Sound of Birds at Noon”

By: Dahlia Ravikovitch

This chirping

is not in the least malicious.

They sing without giving us a thought

and they are as many

as the seeds of Abraham.\*\*

They have a life of their own,

they fly without thinking.

Some are rare, some common,

but every wing is grace.

Their hearts aren’t heavy

even when they peck at a worm.

Perhaps they’re light-headed.

The heavens were given to them

to rule over day and night

and when they touch a branch,

the branch too is theirs.

This chirping is entirely free of malice.

Over the years

it even seems to have

a note of compassion.

\*\**The seed of Abraham* refers to Genesis 22:17, in which God promises that Abraham’s descendants will be “as numerous as the stairs in the sky and the grains of sand on the seashore.”