Birdsong

Randall Snyder

University of Nebraska - Lincoln, rsnyder1@unl.edu
car-di-nals
in Feb-
ru-
ary
as my fa-
ther did
whis-
t-ling two
notes

the car-di-nal does not an-
swer keep-ing his voice in a tight red shape in the
Slower

oak in the weight of his body

line of his tail

beak the black map around his eye

the sky above the trees is quiet as though the voice of the cardinal

the hard orange shell of his
my father's voice

having left the branches of the oak beats its wings out of

earshot
Hold the rabbit
her body leaping though you hold her
her body kicking in your claws
as if she were yet leap-ing a-cross snow

her thin bones gi-ving in

her last small snap

A Tempo
To-night face into wind turn to it wing running

Clean like water over the talons over

Shoulders and beak

Wind from wherever it comes
Crazy faithful

bird trying to map the lake in her

life-time to sing to it at night and in the

mornings when the trees are dripping

\[ \sum_j \phi_n \]
The loon diving under the moon shine on the surface not saying love swimming to the far
side or to a spot in the middle

coming up to call toward the

moon behind clouds to call her cry

quivering returning
141
rattle in the space above the trees

144
lapping of the water

147
Slower

Slow
Snow Geese

150 Elegaic \( \frac{4}{4} \)

154 Slower \( \frac{4}{4} \)

157 pp < mp > pp < mf >

A wo-man comes at mid-night

160 pp mp pp

to close the window in the dark kit-chen
her feet on the cool boards

the voices of the snowgeese

come into her house from the ancient dark

Faster $\frac{1}{4} = \text{mp}$
I think you must be a powerful woman swimming at night above the
cities your body ethereal

Faster only the

V of your arms taking a shape
you leave warmth and numbing sleep

to speak O pale egg on the tundra grasses

O snail asleep in the sands of the river