

The Wren

Seven long days from dawn to dusk
You worked with one intent
A nest to build of rare design
Mere man could not invent

The nesting box was high above
The reach, or so I thought,
Of prowling cats' malicious claws
That your destruction sought.

An importuning blackbird
Was roundly turned away
With hero's heart and fierce demean
You fought and won the day

At last your task was all complete
A mate you found to share
The nest where she could lay her eggs
Her joy your only care.

Disdainfully she viewed your home
With supercilious eye
And thought the object of your toil
No better than a sty.

How was it that you missed the mark?
No ideal home she saw.
Was it the dog that barked too near?
What was the fatal flaw?

Deserted now, the nest is cold
No new life will it see
Unwanted, all that tireless work
Was never meant to be.

Yet still, perhaps some other bird
Will all this effort find
And make a home within it's heart
For which it was designed.