

# The Basic Tune of the Sparrow

*Marilyn Bushman-Carlton*

Outside the glass that keeps us warm,  
the sparrows,  
most common of creatures,  
of whom the promise is made  
that none will be lost,  
are content,  
releasing out from themselves  
the basic, expected  
tune of sparrow.  
They intone through the snows  
that flesh the limbs  
and starch white the ground  
where in rust and green seasons  
they forage for food,  
take in stride the wider design  
be it snow, or rain, shards of sun,  
the discontent of wind.  
They expect nothing more,  
accept even less.  
Brown feather, small bone, unsung  
as late love, bare light bulbs,  
a white cotton slip,  
they yield.  
No murmur no envy no pain  
leaks from their beaks.