

In the Garden

Lawn Sparrow

The roar of worms beneath your feet
Is what each day you've known.
Pin-drop hearing brings repeat
Of breakfast on your own.

The sound is nothing, yet you know,
As still as feathered stone,
The thund'rous wriggings down below
Mean breakfast is full-grown.

Does the tramp of hopping feet,
Tiny on the lawn,
Warn the worm you've come to eat
Of death this pink-tinged dawn?
