

## Cape Robin

Before the dawn's faint grey had flushed the bush  
and gleamed its hooks and fruits, before the dusk  
had snuffed them out and brought its dangers near  
the robins pegged their boundaries out in song.

We heard them call and sing from perch to perch  
and wondered why our house, so blunt and stiff,  
without a worm or midge to dart upon,  
should stand within the radius of their care.

That we should share the same small patch of earth,  
yet stay familiar strangers, that they should hear  
our coaxing human talk, yet fly from us,  
is as our different pasts and roles ordained.

This listening to another creature's speech,  
our kind or theirs, this care for privacies  
that nest inside another's weave of language  
ensures our beings blend, our distance keeps us near.

