

## Morning Minyan

A quorum of black birds  
settles on the birth outside the window:

ten of them, enough to pray  
the most sacred prayers.

Whom do they beseech,  
for what do they pray

with their too-toos  
and their dee-dee-dees?

Do they ask for grace?  
Cannot be. They already have it.

Do they seek forgiveness? For What?  
They cannot help but do what birds do.

Do they need healing?  
Perhaps one of them has a broken wing?

Or are they singing praises of the Creator?  
Of the creation? Of the many ilks and varieties of bird?

You would like to stay and find out,  
but you have no time this morning.

No time no time no time no time  
chants our species.

Dit-dit-dit, dit-dit-dit, dit-dit-dit-dit  
cry the birds as they fly away.

*by Marcia Falk, in The Days Between, 2014*

