



## *The Nest by Jodi Girouard*

*Hibernated dreams below the snow frosted nest that seemed to place me in a recall. How the small birds appeared beneath the mother, another layer of fluff and twigs figured into the home. Now it is only in thoughts brought on by the memory of a spring moment spent idly watching the day away with the newness of life.*

*Carefully created white capped momentum now without the humming of song belonging between branches in the bush out my door. The birds soared, roared off in a delighted stunned unison of adulthood. Would that I could hold onto my own nest, the rest of the days nearly approaching without the white years cascading down my back, the fact that I have had children then longer than without.*

*Oh, to be sure there is joy that radiates, that confiscates the saddened thoughts brought on by the sweet tweets, the retreats spent with my last fledgling. I go to sing of a new desire. Where the fires of passion burn into embers that I remember from so long before. Where more and more I go back to the discovery of every young girl going out into the world. No longer curled beneath wings and things I straighten my own perched self. I will not remain shelved as I delve into a new chapter of living soon enough.*

*Off, off, off to the soft fields melting the reserved winter. The inner child wants to fly. I cry out to the high hope that I can cope through this transition, this commission that has been gifted to me. Perhaps there is yet a song that belongs only to me and my love.*

*High above the tree where the nest is still covered with piled remnants of the icy coldness I am blessed to see the shine of the morning. The thing is there is time still, there is this season of waiting, the will to keep on as the beautiful dawn wraps a smile on my face as I trace the migration, the fascination of what flights might be tried in the soft lines of a bountiful blue sky.*