

SELECT BIRDS
FROM
TIMOTHE'S GUIDE

JORDAN BIREN





LAZULI BUNTING

Loveliest lustrous blue, from whence its name derives.
Ennobled song in crowns of trees—or below, with the
sparrows flocked, foraging for seeds.



AMERICAN GOLDFINCH

Enchanting bird of purest yellow with deepest
blackened crown. A choral flock of lifting song from
perch and flight year-round.



BLACK-HEADED GROSBEEK

From lofty perch above, most magnificent of lilting
song. Gives the longing heart its rapture, and the
evening a serene tranquility.



ANNA'S HUMMINGBIRD

Humming belies the fuchsia jeweled gorget, when
caught in radiant light. Graciously consents to perching
between ferocity of diving flight.



BLACK-THROATED GRAY WARBLER

Crystalline black and glistening white, with a teardrop
amber gem. A bewitching beauty, this migrant delight,
bustling in oak and flight.



NORTHERN MOCKINGBIRD

Dullish bird with golden eye—sings its plaint
through blackest night, rapt in wistful mimicry.

When first in binoculars I saw the wood warblers forage in leaf and tree,
I'd come to Christ—or so it seemed, whatever that might be.



WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH

Masked in white in densest wood—a lovely forest
songbird. Up and down the bark it gleans—while
not foreseen—in easeful dulcet song.



BULLOCK'S ORIOLE

Intensely thrilling plumage, announced with
rich and sating song. From afar, among the
first, as spring now comes along.



BLUE GROSBEAK

Deepest passions summoned, this bird bejeweled in
glistening blue. From its silvery bill—that sweet, mellifluous
song—in the tallest grasses, its warbling lilts along.



TOWNSEND'S WARBLER

So stunning their yellow markings, olive back,
and flanks of blackened streaks—I should've
thought, but its not, a sight of rarity.



AMERICAN REDSTART

Perhaps if not uncommon, awe would not be struck.
This bird ascribed with mythic beauty, whose sighting
proclaims auspicious luck.



ACORN WOODPECKER

Gregarious emboldened bird, with a spidery cling to
trees—through ringing woods its drilling drum echoes
far and free.



WARBLING VIREO

From drab olive and dull gray, a warbling with no match—whilst carried on the breeze through the leaves of open woodland trees.



SAY'S PHOEBE

The less common than ever-present Black—a pleasure in their habitat seen, where woodland meets the tender fields of green.

I was told along the north shore there remained a Prothonotary Warbler, by several seen.
To this was then retorted, what then, was it nailed there to a tree?



BEWICK'S WREN

The lovely song forever heard before so suddenly the bird appears. Then, still at last on barren branch, as if to pleasure with reward.



YELLOW WARBLER

With chestnut streaks while richly yellowed, along the wood we hear its song— that beckons toward the willow.



PACIFIC-SLOPE FLYCATCHER

With *tsip*, *klseewi*, *ptik* by streams in moist and
shady lows, then suddenly off in sallying flight
for insects in mid-air buzzing.

I've heard tell of songbirds fattened, death by Armagnac drowning, then roasted,
eaten whole—whilst with napkin the head is hidden all.



GOLDEN-CROWNED SPARROW

A saddened charm—the golden crowns
in winter's cold—to hear them sing their
mournful three note song.



AMERICAN ROBIN

From cold receding, songs of melodious warbling peal
from trees above. The coming spring, this entrancing
ache, on wings of red-breasted harbingers of love.



ASH-THROATED FLYCATCHER

Enthralling sight this princely, dusky capped tyrant
perched upon on a twig. But marvel more, when
through hawking, again alights on that same sprig.



WESTERN TANAGER

Tangerine red, sulfur rose, and deep black markings—such beauty oddly hidden. The pleasure more, heard at the fore, then seen in flurried flight.



RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET

Flocks frenetic with warblers and chickadees, this migrant spring arrival. With its sweet, melodious song, and ruby crown commotion writ for its survival.



SWAINSON'S THRUSH

Matters not so solitary and elusive in shady underwood. For the heart's held captive, as it yearns, by fluting, dolorous song.

I asked of the kindly birder just where the singing Bell's Vireo might be. To which the smoldering other sputtered, he'd show me for a fee.



SPOTTED TOWHEE

From resounding buzzing song, the gleaming black, garnet eye, and marks of brilliant white—in winter's scrub and leaf debris, a gladdening charm to find.