

A SMILE ON NATURE'S FACE

Leland Jamieson

The song of slated juncos—their loose-held trills,
their smacks and tickering notes—attracts my eye
to a rolled-leaf rhododendron. Goose-bump chills!
Within, a slate-white mating flight. What? *Shy?*
Why's that? My own self-consciousness, awry?
Projecting on this smile on Nature's face
my own? Recalling Lovers Lane's embrace?

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