

String Theory

We found a bird's nest under  
the old apple tree when we  
were raking leaves.  
Maybe a strong wind blew it from

the branches where it had spent the  
Summer. It was an intricate weaving of twigs -  
large twigs, small twigs, dried grass -  
woven together to create

the perfect shelter for hatchlings,  
then lined with something soft,  
perhaps moss or thistle down.  
When we were kids, we would

leave hair and small pieces of  
yarn or string for the birds to use.  
But now we gather the recommended  
sticks and straw, leave the spider webs on the

back porch, and rake fallen leaves  
onto the flower beds for the Spring  
building season. I miss those childhood  
days when we put out string and hair -

when we felt like a little part of us was  
woven into each bird's nest.