

why i feed the birds

by Richard Vargas

once i saw my grandmother
hold out her hand
cupping a small offering of seed
to one of the wild sparrows
that frequented the bird bath
she filled with fresh water every day
she stood still maybe stopped breathing
while the sparrow looked at her,
then the seed then back as if
he was judging her character
he jumped into her hand
began to eat she smiled
a woman holding a small god