

HOSPITAL DAY

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I lift the sash to the whistle
of finches, leafy maple rustling
with squirrels. Aroma of coffee
spirals down the hall, then
I remember—no coffee allowed.
Going out to the porch, I clutch
an empty mug, watch an endless
game of ring the trunk, plumes of tails
switching. I sit on the steps, gaze
above the maple's frilled crown to see
the silver mirror of the red-tipped hawk
reverse and dive.