

Martin Robertson

Woodpeckers

They bear no company
beyond their own,
cannot endure to be
other than alone.
They meet to mate, then share
nurture of the young,
yet in that loving care
yield themselves to no
oneness, will not even come,
passing, beak to beak.
One within, one without,
taps on the hollow wood,
the one communication they admit,
to time their exit and their entrance so
they may not meet.

Beautiful creatures.
The pity of it.