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Happy New Year, Anonymous Poet's Way

As a northerner, our Anonymous Poet has his own way of thinking about the birth of a New Year. He prefers to celebrate in his mind, not just a new calendar year, but instead the birth of a new day in the Spring when he first hears the robins. He loves winter, but his thoughts look ahead, too. Here is what he offers.

First Bird of Dawn

The first bird of dawn
Is the one who sings a solo song
As first light strikes up the morn;
He alone does it,
 the first bird of the dawn.

He stirs the rest out of sleep,
Who then become the choral group,
Of inharmonious chirp and peep,
Which he alone begins,
 first bird of dawn.

Who chooses him to stir the nest?
Who is it makes him lead?
Perhaps a sun glint to the west
Makes him stretch a wing
 and yawn a yawn.

Maybe chance is this awakening,
That is repeated day by day,
That gets them all up singing;
I am very curious to know
 about this first of dawn.

Perhaps who is to make the call
Is picked by chirp and peep debate,
An evening nomination, he for all,
When cardinals, jays and robins
 all politick about the dawn.

By the Anonymous Poet

If you are not a fan of Winter, I hope that you are cheered, because that is what was intended. A toast to the New Year, yes, a celebration of good

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memories from the old, yes too, but a poem for the Spring that comes in
its wake. A simple gift.

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