Rebound

Time to Spring Forward. Now, some mornings are as dark as my coffee before adding cream and sugar. Gratefully my kitchen faces east and I can observe dawn’s light outlining the silhouette of the lone pine bracketed by the maples and outreaching oak. The highest branches cradle nests the size and shape of basketballs. If the sky is pink and blue like an Easter egg, I text my friend Gwen, “Are you up? Quick, look out your window.”

There’s the staccato “Cheep, Cheep, Cheep.” My solo robin needs to find a girlfriend soon. He is the first to call at dawn and the last at dusk. In contrast to the robin’s trill, what is that drilling almost buzzer-like sound reverberating down my chimney? With my robe tucked around me, I scoot outside to take a look: a woodpecker. No, he is not so dumb as to be pecking for bugs on my chimney cap. By selecting the loudest place to vibrate his beak, he is announcing, “I am the loudest, can’t you hear? Number one draft pick, dear.”

The moon is full and the air is chilly while I stand on my driveway. There are bird songs I recognize like the flicker and those I do not while some species pass through over Lake Erie’s shoreline. One sound that makes me cringe is the swoosh of the red-tailed hawk. “You-weee,” I do not see the skunk, but that musky smell is more potent than sweat socks in the locker room. I fast break for the side door and I charge out of the black and white zone.

Back inside, more time out with a second cup of coffee. Oh, there’s a three-pointer, as in antlers on the buck. His three cheerleaders follow him to the tulips that I will never see bloom. Some signs of rebirth are quiet. We were surprised and thrilled to find the doe twins last year in a grassy backyard. Deer are comfortable in their home court and they do not need coaching to live urban.

With increasing light and without the squirrels using the electric line as a tightrope, the mourning doves are swinging and courting there. I am relieved to see an even number. You know they
mate for life. “Coo, Coo.” Last spring, there were only three doves and I wondered if they had some sort of substitute sister wives situation. Finally, I can welcome four.

All of the seasons are framed by my kitchen window. I appreciate how my yard reveals what comes naturally. Many might think outside is ugly right now, but I focus on the sights and sounds and even smells that announce the rebound from winter. The cardinals in their red jerseys and the jays in their blue slam dunk to drink from the heated birdbath. Finches at their private feeder are switching outfits from gray to yellow, like they have been traded to another team.

You cannot miss spring’s applause for the athletic squirrels. They hustle and chase to the ends of the maple twigs and bend them like bungee cords for the ultimate hang time.

March Madness.