

## A trick of the light

Outside in the sun a small pear drop of a bird  
has just appeared, olive wings a-flutter, bouncing  
back and forth along the window ledge.

Flaunting his yellow crest he's tap, tap, tapping  
on the pane as if he's messaging his mate.  
**I cast my eyes** among my potted plants to see  
what captivates him so but nothing's moving, no  
it's just his mirrored self he's seeing, dancing on the glass.

I flick and flick my phone screen, tap in his identity,  
check the picture: *goldcrest*. Yes, that's him.  
To verify the match I glance out to the sun again.

He's gone...

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