



Song of the Sandhill

The pale sky of early March morning misted
As I sipped a relaxing second cup of coffee
Then came a high wind chatter not to be resisted
The traveling song of the Sandhill wild and free

In long V's they numbered in the hundreds
So high were they I struggled to make them out
What was in their imprinted instincts confronted
To make the journey with their Sandhill song devout

Where comes that faith they follow to travel North
Leaving the secure then wing to thawing fields and lake
To feed and mate and multiple and bring forth
A new generation of singing Sandhills to make

They have no knowledge the joy they gift me
In witnessing their way of uncomplicated living
Or wondering how at that moment I came to be
Traveling with them Sandhill singing-- wild and free

Don Adams

On Bethel Pond, March 2024