

## SPARROWS

Through the patio I watch you fly;  
your gluttony travels  
from the medlar to the lemon tree.  
Over the white garden wall  
you come to eat worms,  
to peck the medlars  
and find my crumbs.  
Under the eaves of the old granary,  
as in past years,  
your nest has appeared.  
The clock on the bell tower  
wearily strikes the hour,  
whilst at the washing place  
pure water flows  
with its fresh, cool sound.  
The plants have withered  
in the incessant heat.  
In the drowsy late afternoon  
the mourning bell tolls.  
A still silence descends:  
is it so as to hear the name?  
But soon the din of children  
through the empty street,  
is heard,  
and your monotonous cheeping  
begins again.

Alberic, Summer 2011

NOTES:

## SPARROWS

The 'washing place' is an outdoor area with running water used for laundry. The Church bell would toll for someone in the village who had just died. It would pause for the announcement over a loud-speaker of the name of the person, and the time of their funeral mass at the Church.