

## Birdsong

Every morning the sun rises,  
majestic and steady.  
She is greeted  
in all her strength  
with the joyous cacophony of birdsong.  
I like to believe  
this holy chorus  
is the birds telling each other—  
*I'm here.*  
*We made it through the night.*  
*You're not alone.*  
*What good, good news.*  
I think the resurrection is a bit like that.  
God is here.  
We made it through the night.  
We are not alone.  
*What good, good news.*