



by Jane Hirshfield

The woodpecker keeps returning  
to drill the house wall.  
Put a pie plate over one place, he chooses another.

There is nothing good to eat there:  
he has found in the house  
a resonant billboard to post his intentions,  
his voluble strength as provider.

But where is the female he drums for? Where?

I ask this, who am myself the ruined siding,  
the handsome red-capped bird, the missing mate.

