

## Non Rara Avis

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# Non Rara Avis

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*Gary Beck*

I saw a blue jay this morning.  
As I walked past  
a leafless tree  
he looked at me  
asked: 'Spring? Spring?'  
I shrugged. He shrugged,  
then yelled. 'Soon. Soon,'  
then flew off  
intent on jay business,  
robbing a nest,  
bullying a weaker bird,  
taking off quickly  
when a robin showed up,  
just doing what jays do,  
a typical New Yorker  
managing to adapt  
to an unnatural environment.