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**POETRY/FICTION**

# Poem

### Meditation on a spring morning

On my walk to the hospital this morning, I took a detour through
the park
to see the pink blossoms of the old cherry tree that stands alone
amid the newly planted elms.
There I came upon a group of birders gazing up into the empty sky,
and stood among them to feel their silenced awe.
Cars rumbled by and a siren wailed.
Without words, one of them handed me his binoculars and
gesticulated
toward the right direction. And finally,
I beheld the winged plumed creature
feeding two chicks in their nest that perched on the ledge
of the building to which my patient went yesterday
to offer his body for students to dissect
his organs and tissues and the cancer that took his
Life.

—Mark Lazenby



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