

Wasted Beauty

T

hese spring days are so full of glory. I couldn't be mad at anyone even if I wanted to. Never have I, and I say this every spring, seen so much beauty wasted on earth and sky. It seems wasted because many people are so busy at what they are busy about that they never see it at all.

There were seven red birds under the yaupon tree picking up the bright red berries that rival their own plumage, and sends me tiptoeing to the window.

The birds have staked their land lines in the yards. The thrasher with her beautifully groomed spring dress has chosen a portion of the back yard. One mockingbird selected the yaupon tree and the section far out as the front gate. Bluejays take the pines, but not without a great to-do about the selfishness of other birds. The redbirds have chosen the climbing rose vines and Confederate jasmine. Of course, the wrens selected the clothespin bag in the wash house and an old coffee pot in the greenhouse. The sparrows have, and always will, claim the eaves of the house. Our many woodpeckers hammer away at an old dead pecan tree. From the holes they've pecked in it, we figure they will rent some apartments to the little mousy birds that flit about.

The crabapple tree just out the back door is breath-taking. Two hens roost in it, having been driven from the redbud trees by the 'coons. I told them last night that never have two ladies slept in such beauty and fragrance. I didn't understand what they said to me, but I knew it was complimentary.