Marcia Brown, Portland’s poet laureate, creates such drama in her description of the birds she and her husband discover, we miss for a moment that her poem for Valentine’s week is about the two of them as well.

Valentines

by Marcia F. Brown

Flame in the snow-bowed lilac tree, flare of yellow beak, coal nugget eye — I want to call you jubilantly and I do — Come, quickly — Look! And you do, and there we are at the kitchen window, my hands damp above the suds, you in your storm coat, halfway out the door to shovel a foot of new snow. Both of us suddenly blissful and buoyed by this eruption of red in the flocked and frosted wedding cake of our yard. Now he is joined by the muted rose of his mate. If they had something to do, it seems to be right here, poised between frozen buds, the storm moving out to sea, an unexpected sunset lighting the trees like glass, tinting the long field coral. Startling too, how together, they unfold like paper hearts and are gone.