Today the incomparable Mekeel McBride of Kittery describes the singing of the mockingbird.

Mockingbird

by Mekeel McBride

The mockingbird’s a live encyclopedia of song, Listen, it can be the whole world humming to itself:
tinsel consonant of wind
in love with whatever its silken glove touches, never touches,

and then again it’s just the normal chatter of thrust or grackle.
The mockingbird’s own song? Difficult to hear in this aria that includes news from every absent bird, but slightly richer. All night it stays awake, slipping its glad opera into the delicate bone cage of the Emperor’s or your sleeping ear. For this, the glass blower wakes and weeps, knowing how frail his world is and imperfect.