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| **Sparrow** *By Norman MacCaig*He’s no artist.His taste in clothes is moredowdy that gaudy.And his nest – that blackbird, writingpretty scrolls on the air with the gold nib of his beak,would call it a slum.To stalk solitary on lawns,to sing solitary in midnight trees,to glide solitary over gray Atlantics –not for him: he’s rathera punch-up in a gutter.He carries what learning he haslightly – it is, in fact, based onlyon the usefulness whose resultis survival. A proletarian bird.No scholar. But when winter soft-shoes inand these other birds –ballet dancers, musicians, architects –die in the snowAnd freeze to branches,watch him happily flyingon the O-levels and A-levelsof the air. | **Sparrow** *By Norman MacCaig*He’s no artist.His taste in clothes is moredowdy that gaudy.And his nest – that blackbird, writingpretty scrolls on the air with the gold nib of his beak,would call it a slum.To stalk solitary on lawns,to sing solitary in midnight trees,to glide solitary over gray Atlantics –not for him: he’s rathera punch-up in a gutter.He carries what learning he haslightly – it is, in fact, based onlyon the usefulness whose resultis survival. A proletarian bird.No scholar. But when winter soft-shoes inand these other birds –ballet dancers, musicians, architects –die in the snowAnd freeze to branches,watch him happily flyingon the O-levels and A-levelsof the air. |
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