Every morning since the time changed  
I have woken to the dawn chorus  
And even before it sounded, I dreamed of it  
Loud, unbelievably loud, shameless, raucous

And once I rose and twitched the curtains apart  
Expecting the birds to be pressing in fright  
Against the pane like passengers  
But the garden was empty and it was night

Not a slither of light at the horizon  
Still the birds were bawling through the mists  
Terrible, invisible  
A million small evangelists

How they sing: as if each had pecked up a smoldering coal  
Their throats singed and swollen with song  
In dissonance as befits the dark world  
Where only travelers and the sleepless belong

Source: Poetry (May 2011)