i am psaltriparus minimus. they call me bushtit.

this body of mine, it moves with my heart
each beat will change

my direction

a snap 'n a flick

i flick because the world overwhelms me
everything's big when you are this small

i sense the rhythms before they come
and leave when they get too close

i flick because the world is sticky 'n the only stickiness i want
's in the elast-icity

of the spider's web i take to make my hanging nest
an intricate frame i dress with moss 'n grass 'n leaves 'n lichens

a tree-burrito for my young

the world is harsh but we will start with warmth.

i see my surroundings through laser-beam eyes

i know focus and breed awareness

because they think they're clever for calling us bushtit!

we find safety in numbers

speak soft but loud -ly in our shared vocabulary

our cotton-ball bodies cultivate communal care

with wings that splash in a pool of tenderness
we sing songs of protection
for our wild, beating hearts.