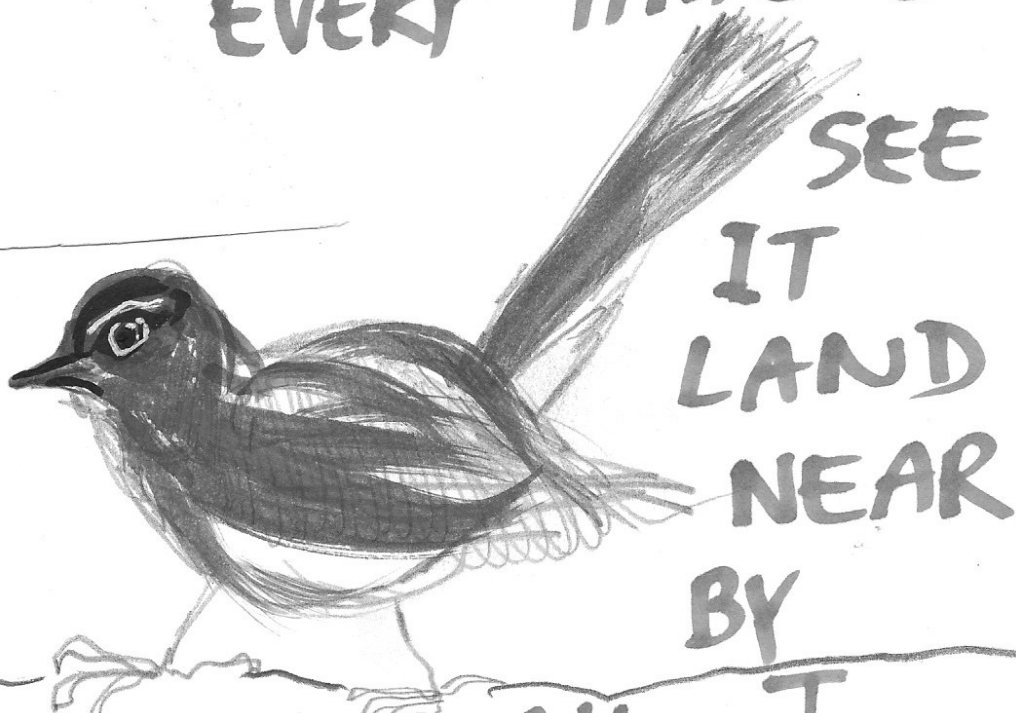
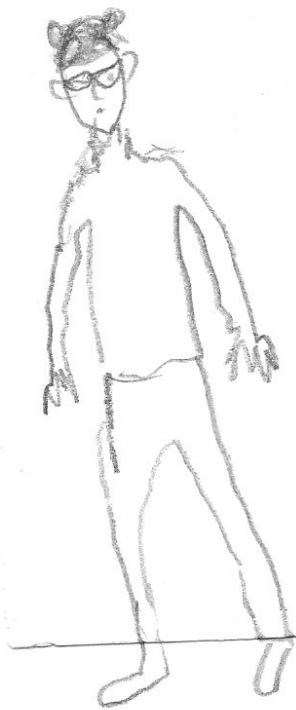


# Birds



Debbie Harman

LOOK, I KNOW  
THIS BIRD IS NOT  
MY DAD. BUT  
EVERY TIME I



SEE  
IT  
LAND  
NEAR  
BY

AND FLIT ITS TAIL I  
THINK HE IS HERE  
WITH ME.



DO YOU  
REMEMBER,  
I SAT ON THE  
BACK  
VERANDAH  
LISTENING  
FOR  
BIRDS

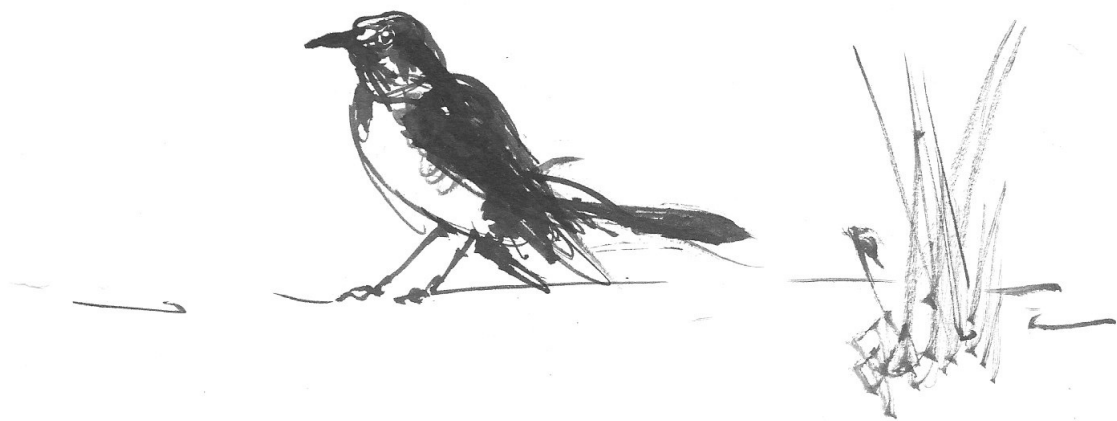
EACH MORNING  
IN THE SUN.

THE PLOVERS,  
THE WATTLE BIRD,  
SPARROWS, STARLINGS, HONEY EATERS  
THE BUTCHER BIRD

THAT  
BAND OF  
BLACK  
COCKATOOS  
THAT  
MARAUDED  
THROUGH  
THE  
SUBURB  
WRECKING  
EVERY  
TREE



DAD'S LIFE WAS VERY PAINFUL  
AND I WAS RELIEVED AT HIS DEATH.  
I FELT LIKE I HAD GRIEVED  
THROUGH HIS LONG ILLNESS, AND  
HIS DEATH WAS ALSO THE END OF GRIEF.



YOU SAID:

I WANT TO  
BE REMEMBERED  
AS A  
FAIRY WREN

LOOK!  
I BOUGHT THIS  
SCULPTURE  
MADE OF  
ROCKS,  
WIRE  
AND  
FEATHERS

WE KEEP  
IT ON  
THE  
WINDOWSILL  
AWAY  
FROM  
THE  
CAT

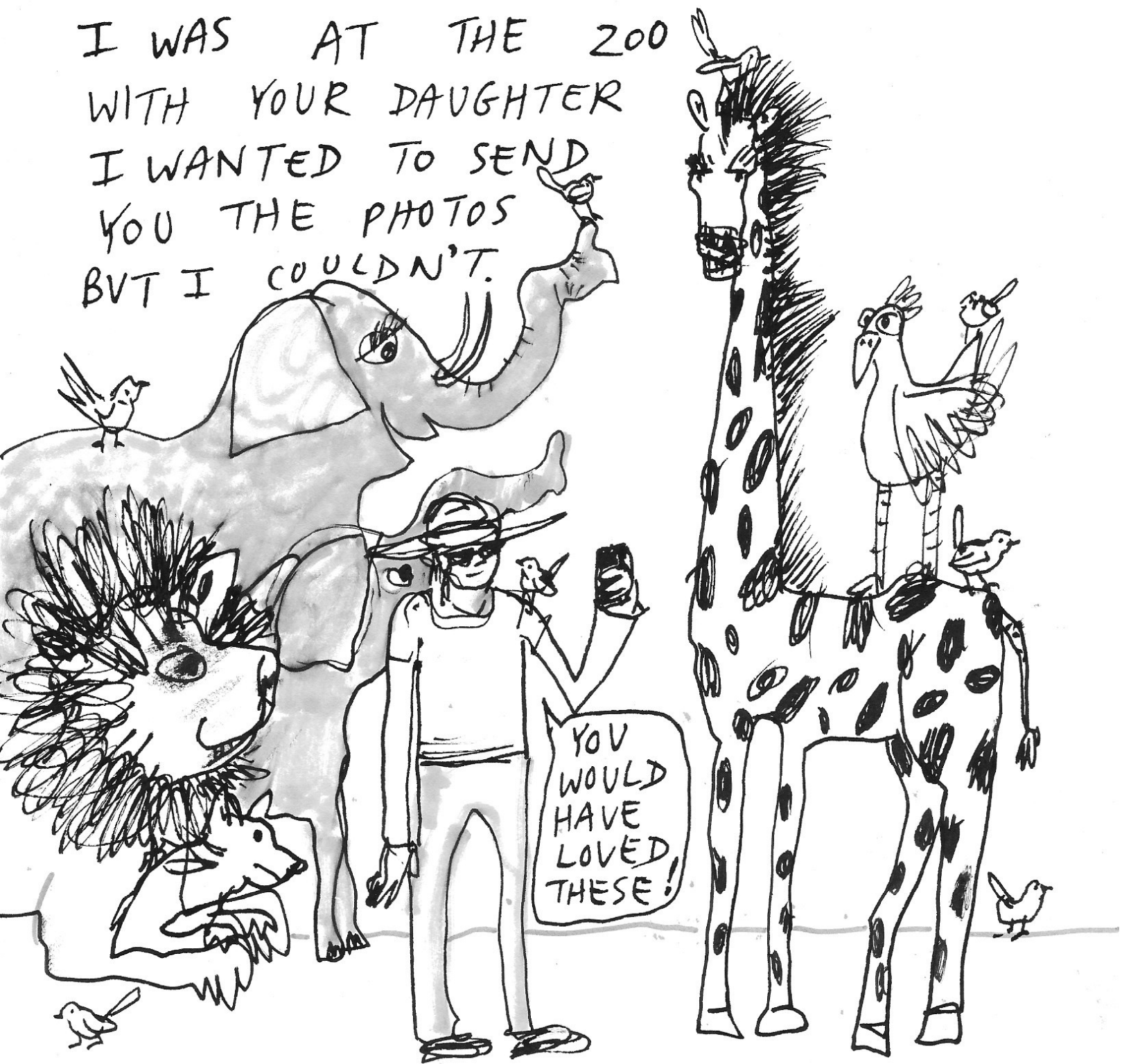


I ALREADY HAD A MEMORY GARDEN  
FULL OF LITTLE BIRDS I HAD MADE  
FOR MY AUNT, WHEN I  
WEEDED I WOULD



OFTEN  
COME  
ACROSS  
THEM.

I WAS AT THE ZOO  
WITH YOUR DAUGHTER  
I WANTED TO SEND  
YOU THE PHOTOS  
BUT I COULDN'T.



BUT ALSO... MAYBE YOU WERE  
THERE ANYWAY... THE WHOLE PLACE  
WAS COVERED IN  
WRENS.



LIKE,  
ALARMINGLY  
SO!



AFTER DAD  
DIED, I WENT WITH  
MY DAUGHTER TO VENICE.  
I LOOKED DOWN AT THE WATER  
AND WEPT. DAD LOVED BOATS  
AND WATER.



THEN,  
YEARS  
LATER I  
FOUND A  
SLIDE,  
AND THERE  
WE WERE  
IN VENICE!

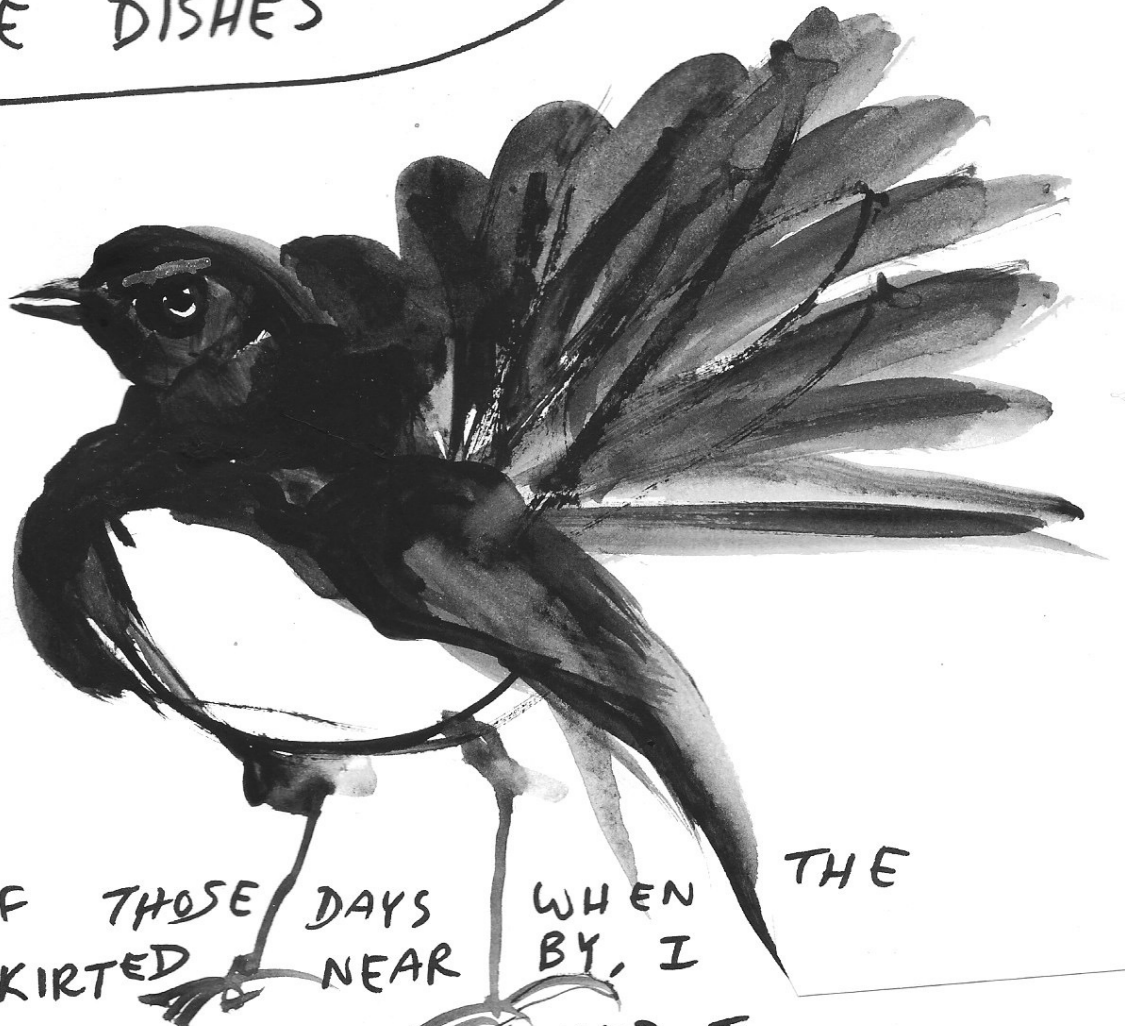


I HAD  
FORGOTTEN  
BEING

THERE  
AS A  
CHILD.

I WAS ELEVEN,  
AND MY DAD WAS  
TAKING THE PHOTO.

COME ON WILLIE!  
TIME TO DO  
THE DISHES



ON ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHEN THE  
WAGTAIL SKIRTED NEAR BY, I  
REMEMBERED THAT MUM USED TO  
CALL HIM 'WILLIE' (FROM HIS MIDDLE NAME).

***Birds***

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