

# Woodpeckers

**Martin Robertson**

They bear no company  
beyond their own,  
cannot endure to be  
other than alone.

They meet to mate, then share  
nurture of the young,  
yet in that loving care  
yield themselves to no  
oneness, will not even come,  
passing, beak to beak.  
One within, one without,  
taps on the hollow wood,  
the one communication they admit,  
to time their exit and their entrance so  
they may not meet.

Beautiful creatures.  
The pity of it.