

Branches Longing for Birds

There is a kind of longing that does not chase.
It does not run or reach.
It simply stretches — quietly, openly
— toward the possibility of something unseen.

Like branches.

Branches do not grasp the birds.
They do not summon them.
They do not strategize.

They simply are — unfolded skyward, available, waiting.

And sometimes, when the moment is right,
a bird comes.
Not because the branch deserved it,
but because the world is full of flight
looking for a place to land.

To live this way is not weakness.
It is not resignation.
It is the courage to remain open when the world teaches closure.
The strength to wait without guarantees.
The faith to ache without turning bitter.

This is the kind of longing that shapes a soul.
Not as absence, but as invitation.
Not as hunger, but as readiness.
Not as reaching, but as welcoming.

— *William Zeitler*
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