

## **Empty Nester**

Mom became obsessed with birds sometime after Jake and I left for college.

Each morning she takes her coffee and whatever sweet thing she can find and watches the feeder- a stack of identification books on the side table. When we're home, she invites us to watch.

But now mom's started collecting the eggs of House Sparrows.

She calls it "Sparrow birth control".

Mom collects the eggs in a little wooden bowl and because she thinks they're pretty she keeps them in the bathroom. Every once in while a rotten egg will explode and the room fills with the stench of a losing battle.

If Jake and I are home, we throw out the empty shells, clean the remaining eggs, and bitch a little knowing that like the supply of sparrow eggs, mom's determination is endless.