

A Bird

An emptiness befell me
As I got out of bed
The silence was so threatening
I thought I was visiting the dead
Until a melody broke the serenity
It came through my window
As heard by my ancestors of old
His happiness was so exalting
A feathered riding hood
I was so pleased
And hoped he would not go away
The outside world began to wake
And the sun came out to play
Bees flew around in swarms
The dead silence of the world
Was woke up like after a storm
He sang until we all knew
Another day had come

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