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Birdsong

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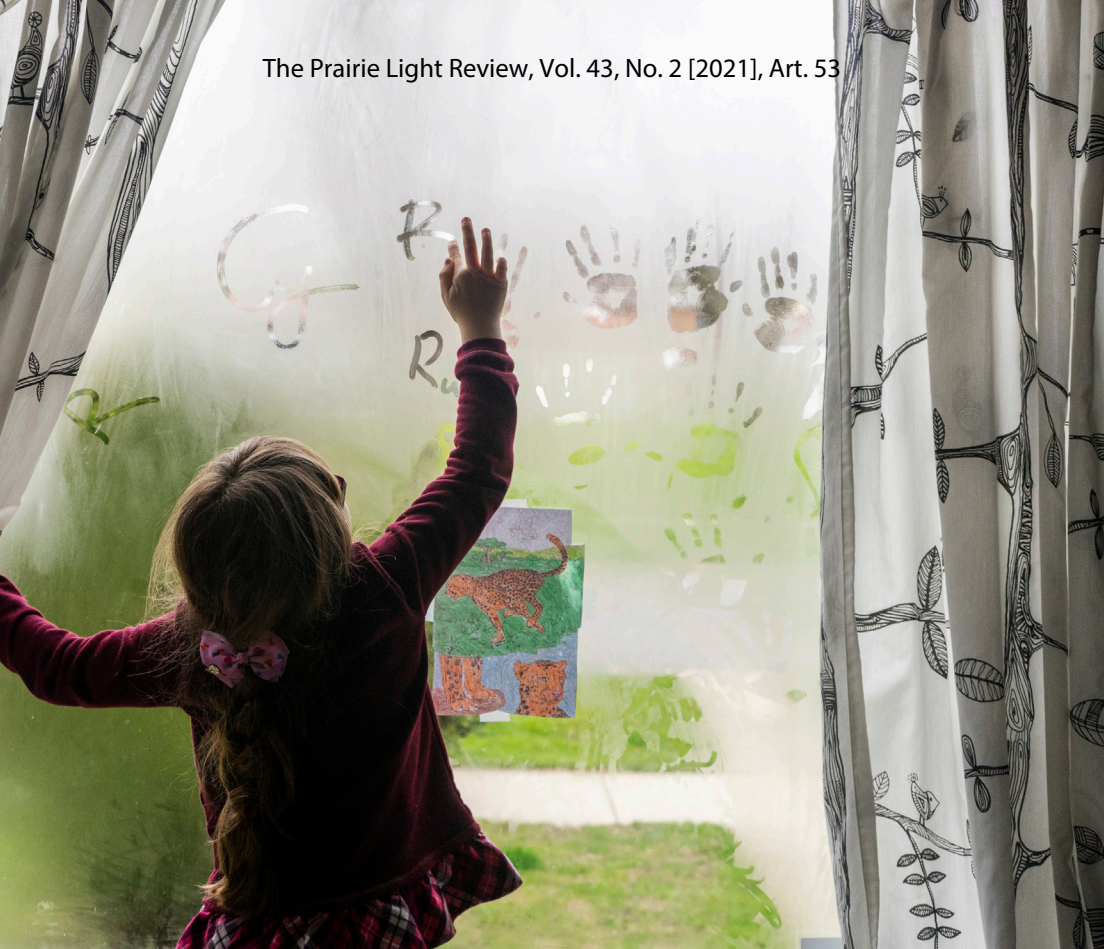
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Birdsong

I thought then to return back home;
They told me the birds would all be gone.
Better if the birds had flown away
To live in some other, better way.
They were concerned; I wanted rest.
I assured them solitude was best.
They told me I should never come back
As if I had the courage to lack!
But courage is not what moved me here,
To the place my heart once held so dear -
It was for a promise, now long ago made
So long, in fact, the memories fade.
But it would have been better if I had stayed
Far, far distances away!
For as soon as I stepped up to the door,
I found the birds returned once more.
To sing the mournful songs they weep
To drown out all else, even sleep.
I was strong before, but I've returned
And now am weak, as they have warned
But I had come, and now must stay
To hear whatever the birds would say.
The birds don't forget the words I said -
They won't forget 'til I am dead.
They cannot forgive, nor can I amend
For the fate of the man I had condemned.
So still I stood, and held my breath
Awaiting something, perhaps my death
But upon that stillness came the sound
Of flutters and flaps, which the silence, drowned.
I think I knew within my heart
I think I knew it from the start
Yet still, there was a hope I held
As the birds neared, that they'd be quelled.
First, there came that Great Blue Jay,
Not to sing, but to say:
"He'll not return, no, not today!"
Lost to affliction, I turned away;
For I knew not how to reply
To such an outburst, such a cry!
Next came a pretty little Finch,
So sweet and small I did not flinch.
And as I began to hear his song
I came to know I had it wrong.
I thought he sang to give me cheer -





Steamy Window. Lily Mayfield

He wept my crimes into my ear.
Lastly, there came to me
The ugliest bird there was to see.
For that, I thought he would be kind,
But that is what I did not find.
Then all hope left, for I had learned
Any kindness within them would be spurned!
They hoped my living or dying heart and soul
Would fill with grief, would be filled full;
And so I am haunted by these birds
By all their accusing, heart-sore words;
I shall ever be with them, and they with I
Until the day that I am to die.
And upon the day, they will watch above
As I am put down in the grove
(Where all the dead now peaceful lay)
Only then to fly far away.