

The birds in the trees, With their chirpy little please; Relaxes the anxious state, As they nestle at the end of the day.

Beauty in their little voices,

Brightly pleasing with their noises;

As the day comes to an end,

They cuddle up to be my friend.

Amidst the day of storm and strife,

Where they did venture through time and life;

They rest their weary heads right down,

As if the air flowed from town to town.

And in the venture of it all,

When day had gone and night did fall;

The day that passed so easily missed,

As the evening we settle into mist.

So while the bunch stays above ground,

And they can feed on and from all around;

The bird whose sound is above it all.

From mound to tree to live and call.

A beautiful magic of the sound,

A cheap or chirp so softly sweet;

To recognize the dusk when day has gone,

Coincides with the birds in the trees now on.